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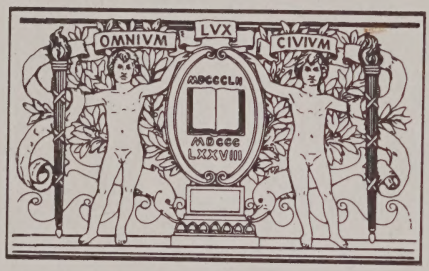

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. XXXIV.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXIV.

JANUARY, 1832.

ART. I.—*Anderson's Observations in Greece.*

Observations upon the Peloponnesus and the Greek Islands, made in 1829. By RUFUS ANDERSON, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Boston. 1830.

At the close of the year 1828, Mr. Anderson sailed from Boston for Malta, under the special instructions of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Two objects occasioned the mission of Mr. Anderson to Greece, as a special agent of the board. One of these objects was to confer with the missionaries to Syria, who had been driven from their stations by the political disturbances which agitated the Turkish empire, and who had taken refuge in Malta. The other was to ascertain, by authentic information collected on the spot, what kind of efforts it was incumbent on the board to make, for the improvement of liberated Greece. The volume before us contains, in its first part, the narrative of Mr. Anderson's tour of observation in the Peloponnesus and Greek islands, for the purpose of accomplishing the second object of his errand; and, in its second part, a digest of observations upon the territory, population, and Government of Greece, upon the state and prospects of education, upon the Greek church, and upon the measures to be pursued by Protestants, for the benefit of Oriental churches.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this unpretending little volume to be one of uncommon interest and sterling value. It is filled with authentic information. It contains the result of a tour of observation, made by an intelligent and philanthropic

traveller, with assiduity, patience, good judgment, and success. The subject matter is of commanding interest; and it is communicated in a perspicuous and unambitious style. We read the work, in the undoubted assurance that its statements come to us untinctured with the hue of political faction; that the author is far above the temptation of mere book-making, or dressing up for home consumption a pompous account of adventures abroad, injudiciously and hastily run through, in the manner of the mass of tourists. The responsible station and the character of Mr. Anderson prepare us beforehand to find the stamp of authenticity on his work, and we are not disappointed in the perusal.

An abstract of Mr. Anderson's proceedings in Greece, on the subject of education, was contained in the Missionary Herald for February, 1830. It appears from that statement, that the President of Greece, Count Capo d'Istrias, received with sensibility the overtures of Mr. Anderson, as the agent of the board, on the subject of establishing and supporting schools in Greece, by the benevolent friends of that country in America. He, however, expressed a decided preference, that the means which it might be in the power of the friends of Greece to appropriate for this purpose, should take the form of a loan to the Government of Greece, to be applied by that Government, in conformity with the systematic plan, which it has adopted for the promotion of education. The President also expressed his desire to have young men, well calculated for that purpose, sent out to Greece, who should further qualify themselves at the Normal school, established at Ægina, for the office of instruction in the Lancasterian schools of the country. It would appear, from the statement in the Missionary Herald, just alluded to, that the American board, though highly friendly to the promotion of education in Greece, by any means which the Government might think well adapted to that object, did not deem it within their competency, to make an appropriation of their funds in the way of a loan, or for a mission of teachers like that suggested.

The operations of the board in Greece appear, at present, to be confined to the support of the printing establishment at Malta, and to the mission of the Rev. Jonas King, to whom it is proposed to send an assistant.* The press at Malta has

* Other missions are supported in Greece, by other American associations, the condition of which we are not particularly acquainted with.

already, and for a long time, been very active, in furnishing school books to Greece. Large editions of manuals, adapted for that destination, have been prepared and distributed, and farther efforts of the same kind are in progress and contemplation. The following extract of a letter from Mr. Temple, of the 31st of May, appears in the Missionary Herald of September.

'I am very glad of the arrival of the spelling-books.* I have had an application some months since, from Constantinople, for three thousand of them, and from Mr. King for one thousand. So you see this supply will soon be gone. We have printed, and are printing, the lives of Joseph, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Esther, and Daniel, and I am now busily employed in preparing a book, to be entitled a Selection of the most important Events and Narratives, recorded in the Old Testament, for the use of the Schools in Greece. All these books, I am quite confident, are popular, and if so, they can hardly fail to be useful. We have Peter Parley's Geography translated; but we have not put it to press, because we want the cuts for it. There could scarcely be a better book on this subject for Greece, if I had all the cuts for the costumes of the different nations, &c.'

It appears, by a note in the Herald, that the plates for the Greek translation of this popular little work, have been generously presented by its author to the American missionary press at Malta.

We are altogether of the opinion, that the cause of education in Greece can in no way be more effectually promoted, than by the operations of the press, in multiplying copies of school books. Mr. Anderson found, on his tour, that there existed the most lamentable want of books; so much so, that in some of the Lancasterian schools, not more than a single book of any kind could be found. The more judiciously the books are prepared, the better of course it will be; but provided they contain nothing immoral or absurd, it really matters less what they are. It is the main object, to put this key of knowledge into the possession of the rising generation; to teach them to read, and (what will follow as a necessary consequence) to write; and this they may learn out of almost any

* Alluding 'to a shipment from this country of five thousand copies of the Alphabetarion, of which it will be remembered an edition of fifteen thousand was printed at Andover.' *Note from Miss. Herald.*

book. We should be disposed, therefore, to exercise a discreet tenderness for the national prejudices of the Greek people, in selecting and preparing the manuals to be printed for their schools. Biographical and moral selections from the Scriptures are, of course, in the highest degree fit for adoption. Judicious extracts of a similar character from the ancient history of Greece would appeal advantageously to the patriotic pride of the present day; and, for the more especial purpose of conciliating the feelings of the Greek clergy, whose unfriendly interference with the efforts made by benevolent foreigners to promote education in Greece, has been already apprehended, we should recommend judicious use of the writings of the Greek fathers. Basil and Chrysostom would furnish abundant materials, either to be reprinted in the original dialect, or to be translated into Romaic; and might sometimes penetrate where instruction of the same purport, from a Protestant source, would be received with suspicion.

And this leads us to hazard a remark on a topic, which forms a subject of just regret in the work of Mr. Anderson, and in the Missionary Herald, namely, the interference of the Greek Government, in the organization of the schools, particularly in prescribing the use of prayers, in which the name of the Virgin Mary is contained, and in the introduction of pictures into the schools, as objects of religious veneration. It is of course greatly to be regretted, that such an interference should take place. But the President of Greece, an enlightened and educated man, not probably himself imbued with superstition, has deemed it necessary, in his difficult position, to make this concession to the prejudices of the Greek priesthood. Under these circumstances, we are of opinion, with Mr. Anderson, that it does not constitute adequate ground for any discouragement or cessation of effort on the part of the friends of education in Greece. As for pictures, there is undoubtedly a sense in which their introduction into schools might be objectionable. But there is nothing which is not liable to abuse. The art of reading may be perverted to the perusal of dangerous books, and the art of writing employed for forgery. So pictures of saints may be made objects of idolatry. It appears that the pictures which must be suspended in the school, are either a picture of the Almighty, or of our Saviour, or the transfiguration. The first is objectionable on the score of taste, and the difficulty of embodying in a proper form, a worthy conception of the

Supreme Being; but we should not regret to have a picture of our Saviour, or of the transfiguration, decently executed, in every church and every school-house in Christendom. Enlightened men in all churches, Protestant, Catholic, and Greek, would make precisely the same use of it; the unenlightened cannot make a philosophical use of any thing. It is a very common, but a very great error, to suppose, that, by putting out of the way of unenlightened minds particular occasions or subjects of erroneous conceptions, you thereby ensure enlightened and refined views on the points in question. Thus a Catholic priest might enforce his instructions on the subject of our Saviour, by exhibiting his image carved on a crucifix. A Protestant missionary would be apt to discard and reject this symbol, on the supposition that, with the Catholic, it is an object of idolatrous worship; which, however, the Catholic disclaims. But the uncivilized catechumen will neither obtain a spiritual idea of the nature of Christianity from the Protestant, who rejects, nor an idolatrous conception from the Catholic who uses, this symbol. He forms not ideas by deduction and inference. He transfers his former crude notions of things to the new subject matter. All religion must at first be taken up and conceived in the measure of the learner, not of the teacher. Till the teacher presents it in a form comprehensible by the learner, it cannot be comprehended. If you take a mind, on a low stage of civilization, and address it only with such abstractions as suit a cultivated intellect, you simply waste your labor. You may charge the memory with 'words, words, words,' but you do no more. Now if we were called upon freely to choose the medium by which we would impart to the youth of a nation, standing precisely where the Greeks do, on the scale of civilization, a lively and affecting impression of the character of our Saviour, we do not know that we should not fix on judiciously selected pictures of scenes in his life.

We admit that the use of the prayers furnished by the Government for the schools, in which, in an address to the Virgin Mary, it is said, 'All my hope is in thee,' is still more objectionable. It is a language which no Protestant can recommend. We presume it is taken even by the Greeks *cum grano salis*, and not literally, as if there were absolutely *no* other object of spiritual hope to the Greek church. But men as well as things must be taken as we find them. The call of the school-master is not identical with that of the missionary. It may be the

duty of the latter to wage uncompromising war on the religious errors of the people to whom he is sent; but the teacher, who goes to dispense the means of education, under the sanction and with the co-operation of the Government, must, as we conceive, tolerate that Government, in all such adherence to the prevailing faith of the country, as does not require, on the part of the teacher, a direct and personal sacrifice of principle.

We have already observed, that a missionary establishment is supported in Greece by the American Board. The Rev. Jonas King is the missionary employed. This gentleman having taught a school with success at Tenos, has recently established one at Athens. According to a letter from Mr. Goodell, bearing date, Smyrna, the 31st of May, it appears that Mr. King has opened a school at Athens, containing a hundred children, and that he was about opening another. The second and third chapters of the second part of Mr. Anderson's book, contain very ample and interesting statements on the condition and prospects of education in Greece; but it would be impossible to do justice to them, in an extract. We must refer our readers to the work itself. For a convenient summary view of the same subject, we extract the following statement from the last number of the Missionary Herald; a statement, which we presume to have been prepared by the intelligent author of the work under review, and which, in its concluding remarks, coincides substantially with the opinions we have ventured to express, in a preceding page of this article.

'PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

'"Le Courrier de la Grèce," for February 1, (13,) 1831, which accompanied the President's letter, contains a brief view of the schools of instruction in liberated Greece, from which the following table is compiled.

Provinces.	Schools for teaching ancient Greek.	Scholars.	Lancasterian Schools.	Scholars.
Peloponnesus, ...	19	678	36	2,970
The Islands, ...	15	1,073	33	2,930
Western Greece, (on the continent,)	1	40	4	329
Eastern Greece, (ditto,) . . .	1	40	3	407
Totals, ...	36	1,831	76	6,636

'The number of Lancasterian schools, in the spring of 1829, was twenty-five; and in the spring of 1830, it was sixty-two, containing five thousand four hundred and eighteen scholars. These are all established under the auspices of the Government, and supported more or less at the public expense. There are a few private schools of both kinds; and in the Peloponnesus, there are nearly two thousand children taught to read on the *old method*, so called in distinction from the Lancasterian, or *new method*. In the old schools the books are in the ancient Greek, which, being nearly unintelligible to the youths, they learn to *read*, and that is nearly all. The habit, thus created, of reading without thought, is lamentably prevalent among the people of the East, and must be broken up before books will exert their proper influence. The Lancasterian schools, bringing in, as they do, new books in the vernacular tongue, and a new method of instruction, are a happy innovation and improvement in every point of view; and should they prevail through the Eastern world, will do much towards reviving the sleeping intellect.

'At Ægina, a central school has been established, containing one hundred and seventeen pupils, who are all instructed in the ancient Greek and the French languages, and in history and mathematics. Connected with this is a preparatory school, with two hundred and twenty-seven scholars. The orphan asylum, at Ægina, with which very many, if not almost all, of the children of these two schools are connected, contained, at the commencement of the present year, four hundred and seven boys, gathered from all parts of Greece.

'In a monastery, beautifully situated on the island of Poros, an ecclesiastical seminary was founded last autumn, with two professors, and fifteen scholars. The ancient Greek, history, logic, rhetoric, and theology, are taught, with the canons of the church, the fathers, and the method of interpreting the Scriptures.

'At Nauplion there is a military school, containing sixty pupils.

'Near the ancient ruins of Tiryns, on the plain of Argos, is a model-farm, on which are fifteen pupils, supported by Government. Six are learning the art of printing in the printing-offices of Government at Nauplion and Ægina. Sixty-five are training in the national marine; and twenty-four in various professions and trades at Nauplion, Hydra, Ægina, and Syra.

'The prospects of Greece, ever since the standard of liberty was raised, ten years ago, have been in a state of constant, and often of rapid change; yet, on the whole, they have been improving from that day to this. Not that this is true of them with respect to the popular apprehension, but such has been the fact.

Greece was never so likely to be an independent and respectable state, as she is at this moment. Indeed, so strongly is almost the whole territory fortified by nature,—so abundantly is it furnished with water-power, and that easily and cheaply applied to use,—so fertile are most of its valleys and plains in the necessaries of life, and so admirably adapted is the whole country for pasturage,—so without a parallel is its situation for commerce, and so numerous must commercial inducements and opportunities become to the people, who are industrious on land, and enterprising at sea;—that, let their independence only be fairly established, and they can hardly fail of taking a respectable rank in the great community of nations. There is such a quickness and perspicacity, too, in the national mind, and such an ardent curiosity, which every traveller acknowledges, and such a thirst for knowledge, evinced in the history of the educated portion of the Greeks from the year 1800 to 1821, when they burst the chains of Turkish slavery,—that we cannot doubt the prevalence of learning again in Greece. Let the country only be free, and wealth will flow in among the people, whatever shall be their form of Government; and those Greeks, who so liberally patronized schools for Grecian youth, and the works of Grecian genius, during their national slavery, and in the face of every discouragement, may be expected to abound in such acts, when urged onward to literary eminence by a more powerful array of motives, than ever operated upon any other people.

'The French nation is, at this time, exerting a considerable influence in modifying the systems of education in Greece, and that country seems to be destined to exert a still greater influence. This is owing in part to the interest which the French nation has taken in the affairs of Greece. French troops liberated the Peloponnesus from the Egyptian army, which was covering it with desolation. A French scientific corps lately explored the antiquities, the geography, and the resources of the country; and Frenchmen being among the Greeks in great numbers, and always ready to impart their knowledge and render assistance, the effect, in the forming period of the national institutions, could not fail to be great. This influence is increased, and will be continued, by the fact, that a knowledge of the French language is regarded by the Greeks as an essential part of a liberal education. This opens a channel from the fountain of French literature into Greece, and the Greeks are in danger of being flooded with French infidelity. French books will be more likely to be translated by Greeks, than any others. French school-books are believed to be the only ones, of which the Greek Government has ordered translations to be made. The

"Manual of Mutual Instruction," which the Government of Greece has made the exclusive rule of Lancasterian schools, is a French work, by Sarisin; and the Greeks plead the example of the French in suspending a picture of the Saviour in the schools, for the adoration of the pupils. In this point of view, as in many others, the late revolution in France is a cheering event. Whatever is now done in France to promote free and pure institutions, must exert some influence in Greece.

'The determination of the Greek Government to introduce pictures and idolatrous prayers into all the Lancasterian schools patronized from its treasury, as evinced in the communications of Dr. Korck and Mr. Jetter, (see number for July, page 219,) is much to be deplored. One is ready to attribute this, not to the free choice of the present enlightened head of the Government, but to the force of circumstances, which may have given the priesthood an undue influence in the councils of state. The revolution in France, the alienation of England, and the wars of Russia, can have left the President of Greece but a very feeble guaranty of his power from without; and it is natural to suppose that, in such circumstances, with a strong party against him in his own country, he might not think it practicable to resist the prejudice and importunity of an ignorant and bigoted, and at the same time influential, clergy. However this may be, such a construction is demanded by a proper regard for candor. And yet, with every allowance, probably nothing has been more injurious to the reputation of the Greek Government in this country, than this engrafting of idolatry upon the system of national instruction, and making it binding by law upon every teacher of every Lancasterian school. Being not less at variance with the principles of freedom, than it is with those of religion, its speedy abrogation may with some reason be anticipated.

'Meanwhile the existence of such a law in reference to the Lancasterian schools belonging to the Government, is no sufficient reason for discouragement, nor for abandoning the field. Mr. King does certainly not so regard it. He is earnest in the request, that he may have an associate from the Board; and Mr. Temple was never so much encouraged, in respect to the usefulness of the Greek press, as when he last wrote.

'It is proposed by the Prudential Committee, to furnish Mr. King with an associate very soon, who shall assist him in his plans and efforts to diffuse useful knowledge among the Greek people.'

The present political condition of Greece is undecided and troubled. The President, unaided at present by the allied powers, and left to contend alone with the difficulties of his

position and of the country, appears to have lost his popularity. We read of an extensive spirit of disaffection, the revolt of the pupils in the central school of Ægina, the protection accorded at Hydra to a press which the President had attempted to put down, the impeachment of the Senator Mavromichalis, chieftain of Maina, and the insurrection of his family and vassals. To what extent these disorders have proceeded, we are not apprised. They are deeply to be regretted, not merely on account of their unfavorable influence on the progress of improvement in Greece, but also for their sinister effect on the public mind of Europe, and the policy which the great powers may pursue toward the country. At this distance, we want the means of estimating the merits of Count Capo d'Istrias' administration. He is a person, whose individual and private character is pure,—his manners simple,—his mode of life frugal,—his industry unwearied, and on his first arrival in Greece he was highly popular. His popularity appears now greatly on the wane, but we are able to make very great allowances for him; and to find the fault at least as much in the difficulties of his situation, the distress of the country, and the previously existing factions, as in his own arbitrary disposition. The work of Mr. Anderson and other authentic documents from Greece put it in our power to see the extent to which, in some cases, misconception and misstatement have gone. Mr. Anderson mentions, as a praiseworthy regulation of the President's Government, that he had rigidly required boats navigating the coast with passengers, to provide themselves with passports, and thus be held accountable, at the place of landing, for the safe appearance of all the passengers taken on board at the place of embarkation. In this way robbery and assassination had been prevented. Such a precaution relative to passports, is universally adopted in all countries in a state of war or of unsettled Government. We have seen great complaints in some of our journals, that the venerable Senator Mavromichalis was arrested *merely* for leaving Napoli without a passport. Now if the law required him to take one, he ought to have been arrested for breaking it. But it so happens, that he was leaving Napoli to head an insurrection in Maina among his numerous family dependents; an insurrection which, at the last accounts, assumed a very serious aspect, and had broken out into civil war.

Deplorable as these dissensions are, they may impede, but

cannot finally arrest the march of improvement in liberated Greece; and when we cast an eye back over the period which has elapsed since the Revolution began, we are filled rather with admiration than despondency. It is a little more than eight years, since we first invited the attention of our readers to the affairs of Greece. In our journal for October, 1823, we spread before the public of this country, the original text of the appeal of the Messenian Senate of Calamata to the citizens of the United States, with a translation of the entire constitution, which had been adopted at Epidaurus, on the 1st of January, 1822. These documents were accompanied with whatever our poor ability suggested, by way of awakening the sympathy and engaging the co-operation of our countrymen in the cause of their Christian brethren in Greece. Our efforts were promptly seconded in other parts of the Union. A warm but transitory enthusiasm was enkindled. A small subscription was raised in this neighborhood and other places, and a very liberal one in New York. At the ensuing session of Congress, a most powerful and eloquent appeal in favor of the Greeks was made by our eminent fellow-citizen, Mr. Webster, and cordially supported by Mr. Clay, with a success not very flattering to the spirit of our legislative councils. The Greek Revolution was at that time considered, by the majority of those who expressed their opinions, as one of those wild and tumultuous movements, which are frequently taking place under arbitrary Governments, and invariably ending in the ruin of their authors and the increased misery of the deluded men, who have followed them. This sentiment toward the Grecian Revolution was not always unaccompanied with one of sagacious derision, for those who augured favorably of it in this country.

In 1827, an affecting appeal from the commander-in-chief of the Grecian army to the friends of Greece in this country, produced (mainly, in the first instance, through the zealous efforts of a philanthropic individual at Philadelphia*) a return of the *Greek fever*, as it was commonly called, by those whose hearts are never warm but when business is brisk, or when they have succeeded in carrying some petty point of selfish concern. This fever ran so high and spread so wide, that, under its excitement, seven or eight cargos of food and clothing

* Matthew Carey, Esq.

were sent to Greece; and contributed of course to save a portion of her destitute population from perishing by want. These contributions were the offering, in many cases, of those who entertained faint hopes of the successful issue of the revolutionary struggle in which the Greeks were engaged; and in some instances it was expressly stipulated, that they were in no degree to take the form of military supplies. Proceeding, however, on general principles,—the impossibility of utterly subduing the Greeks, which the conduct of the war had already demonstrated,—the manifest absurdity, on the part of the European allies, of co-operating in a train of events, which went to build up Turkey into a military power of the first order,—the expediency of healing this inflamed and raging wound in the very heart of Europe,—and the daily growing and concentrating power of public opinion all over the world, we did venture in our number for July, 1827, to foretell an interference on the part of the allied powers; guarantying to the central portion at least of Greece an independent Government, under their joint protection. At this period the troops of Ibrahim Pacha were in the Morea, the undisputed masters of the country, and it was admitted to be out of the power of the Greeks to expel him. It happened, however, though this fact was not then known, that the convention between the allied powers had already been concluded, by which the pacification of Greece was resolved on. The Sultan refused to accept the proffered mediation of the powers. Ibrahim violated the laws of the armistice, rather imposed upon him than concluded with him by the allied admirals; and these honest naval commanders, interpreting for themselves the spirit of their orders, and finding nothing in the letter of them exactly applicable to the case, undertook, by the 'untoward event' of Navarino, to destroy the Turkish fleet. The temporary occupation of the Morea by a French army, and its evacuation by Ibrahim soon followed, and thus in seven years, (the term of duration of our own war,) and by the immediate co-operation of an army of that power, to which we were indebted for services so all-important in our revolutionary contest, the Greek Revolution was brought to a happy close; and the sanguine hopes of its earliest friends more than justified. Then followed the war between Turkey and the Porte;—the Danube,—the Balkan are passed on one flank;—Armenia penetrated on the other,—and the gates of Constantinople threatened, and the Turkish

power broken forever. Such a sequel as this seemed all that was wanting, to put the seal on the permanence of Grecian independence.

From this period we are free to admit, that our eager interest in Grecian affairs has declined. The election of Count Capo d'Istrias, the proffer of the crown to Leopold and its refusal by him, and the troubles which have beset the subsequent administration of the President, though events unquestionably of a high order of political curiosity, have seemed to us as nothing, compared with the great consummation that was at stake, in the revolutionary struggle. To the importance of that struggle, justice was not done at the time, by the majority of men in the civilized portion of the world, and justice is hardly done to its event, even now, and by the friends of Greece. The contests, factions, and dissensions, which distract that country, are a fruitful topic of declamation to the enemies of their cause. The acquiescence of the people, (if acquiesce they did,) in the proffer of the throne to Prince Leopold, disgusted many of their friends. We have never been able to regard these matters as of great abiding moment. The evils are temporary; and the remedy is surely and rapidly overtaking them.

Let us consider a moment, what we have gained in the successful result of the Grecian Revolution.

In ancient times, the shores of the Mediterranean, all round, were civilized after the ancient type, flourishing, and happy. In this happy region (in many respects more advantageously situated for a concentrated and mutually re-acting condition of improvement than any other part of the globe,) the human mind was developed, in many of its faculties, to an extent and with a beauty, never surpassed and scarcely ever equalled. Greece was the metropolis of this great intellectual republic; and through her letters and her arts, gave the law of civilization to Asia Minor and Syria, to Egypt and Africa, to Italy and Sicily. What a state of the world was it not, when all around this wide circuit, wheresoever the traveller directed his steps, he found cities filled with the beautiful creations of the architect and the sculptor; marble temples in the purest taste;—statues whose miserable and mutilated fragments are the models of modern art;—wheresoever he sojourned, he found the schools of philosophy crowded with disciples, and heard the theatres ringing with the inspirations of the Attic Muse, and

the forum thronged by orators of consummate skill and classic renown! We are too apt, in forming our conceptions of the extent of the Grecian civilization, to confine our thoughts to one or two renowned cities,—to Athens alone. But not only all Greece, but all the islands,—Sicily and Magna Græcia around all their coasts,—the remote interior of Asia Minor and Syria, even up to the Euphrates,—the entire course of the Nile, up to its cataracts, and Libya far into the desert, were all filled with populous and cultivated cities. Cities whose names are scarcely heard of, but in an index of ancient geography, abounded in all the stores of art, and in all the resources of instruction, in the time of Cicero. He makes one of the chief speakers in *the Orator* say, 'At the present day, all Asia imitates Menecles of Alabanda and his brother.' Who was Menecles, and where was Alabanda? Cicero himself studied not only under Philo the Athenian, but Milo the Rhodian, Menippus of Stratonice, Dionysius of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidus, and Xenocles of Adramyttium. Forgotten names, perished cities, schools of art and eloquence, of which the memory is scarcely preserved!

An extraordinary subversion of things took place. The barbarous nations of Northern and Eastern Asia issued from their deserts and swept the greater part of this civilization away. Much of what was spared by them fell before the kindred barbarism of the fanatics of Arabia, the followers of Mahomet, not however without some indemnity in the substitution, under the caliphs, of a new school of civilization of no mean excellence. But this was substantially hostile to the pre-existing arts of the Grecian stock,—was embodied in an Oriental language, and engrafted on a religion at war with that which had taken root in Europe. It cannot, therefore, be considered as having preserved Europe and the west of Asia from the gradual inroads of intellectual decay and ruin. A few centuries only in fact passed away, before the empire of the Caliphs was broken down by the Turks. The new arts and literature of the Arabians declined with the dynasty of Mahomet; and the final result is what we witness at the present day, on the shores of the Mediterranean. In Italy, France and Spain, the ancient civilization has been in a good degree restored under the influence of an intellectual religion. On the opposite coasts of Africa, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, the essentially barbarous spirit of the Mahometan superstition has brought the deepest

night of darkness over the ruins of the ancient abodes of refinement. Regions once populous support but a scanty population. Wretched villages take the place of flourishing cities. Commerce and wealth have vanished, and with them liberty and refinement; till countries once the boast of our race have become its scandal and reproach; not merely on account of their present condition, but from the contrast with their former state.

But of all the countries which thus relapsed into barbarism, those in which the Greek religion and with it the Greek tongue prevailed, and especially Greece itself, were the most pitiable spectacle. These relics of other times and better things gave a keener edge to present degradation. They had the Christian religion without any of its civilizing efficacy. On the contrary, it exposed them to insult and persecution. They had a language preserving no mean portion of the classic dialect of Greece, but of no efficacy except to mark them out as a race distinct from their masters. An oppressed homogeneous population, living under a Government which bears hard on all classes, is indeed entitled to the sympathy of all the friends of liberty; but the most deplorable condition of human society is that, where the community is broken up into two distinct casts,—master and vassal,—conqueror and conquered. The condition of the Greeks was much more calamitous than that of the Saxons after the Norman conquest. The conquerors of the Saxons possessed the same religion, and a language not entirely unlike that of the subdued people. The Turks were bound by no such ties of affinity to the Greeks; but brought with them into the Christian countries, which they overran, the elements of permanent and irreconcilable hostility, moral, social, and intellectual.

Thus at a moment when the rest of Christendom was reviving, and that through the agency of the fugitives from Greece, Greece herself was doomed to the curse of a foreign and barbarous domination, and placed wholly out of the sphere of the regenerating process, which commenced in Europe in the middle of the fifteenth century, and which has brought all its other parts to the condition in which we now find them. The question then that presented itself, when the Greek revolution broke out was, as to the probability, that this renowned corner of Europe, the original metropolis of art and letters, would be enabled to throw off the incubus, which had oppressed her so long, and again take her place in the European

family. Could the dreary glacier, which for centuries had covered her, be melted away, and her fair and fertile fields again be thrown open to the sun?

The question was certainly interesting, as it respected Greece herself. She could never, of course, be what she had once been. She never could be the single source of illumination to a world, dark but for the rays proceeding from her. The rest of the world is now sitting in day-light. But she could be recovered out of the state of barbarous degradation to which she had been reduced. She could be relieved of the horde of barbarians, which garrisoned her strong places and plundered her rich domains. She could regain the liberty of conscience; be brought back to a healthy sympathy with Europe, and to a convenient and profitable intercourse with the civilized nations of the world. Her shores might be made easily accessible to the throng of travellers,—themselves by no means the least active missionaries of civilization. She might, like her own Delos, be made to emerge from beneath the foul and poisonous waters of the dead sea of barbarism; she might, like the lost sheep, be gathered back to the fold. As this was the only part of Europe, where the Turks had succeeded in keeping foothold, it was a question of just and lively curiosity, to know if this great effort to expel them would succeed or miscarry.

But when we consider that the removal of the Turks from Greece, was to be looked upon only as the first of a series of auspicious changes, destined to recover the shores of the Mediterranean to the domain of civilization, it assumes a higher importance. If we may regard it in this light, it will become an era in European history, second only in interest to the conversion of the nations of Europe to Christianity. The existing social system of Europe, as founded on one standard of public law, dates from that conversion. And perhaps we do not go too far in saying, that merely as a political engine, its force was now nearly spent. We mean, that it does not appear that in the regular course of things, any farther political changes were to be produced in Europe, by the introduction of Christianity as a new religion. In fact, the civilization of Russia and her elevation to the rank of a leading power, is to be regarded as the last great political result of the Christianization of Europe. There are no other barbarous nations of the European stock.

Either then the political progress of civilization must have come to a stand, or a new effort of a different kind must be made; and the restoration of those regions, over which the Turkish barbarism had extended itself, appears to be this effort. The success which has attended it has, thus far, been truly auspicious, and beyond the most sanguine hope. A very ample domain in Greece is liberated, and it requires no power of prophecy to foresee, that the residue of European Turkey will soon be emancipated. Wallachia and Moldavia will, no doubt, very shortly be attached to the Russian,—Servia, Bosnia, Sclavonia, and Dalmatia, to the Austrian empire. Should the Grecian State prosper, it will, no doubt, receive a considerable extension in Rumelia. While these events have been happening or preparing in European Turkey, a most astonishing, and as yet little appreciated event, has occurred on the Barbary coast; we mean, of course, the subversion of the regency of Algiers and the colonization of its dependencies, by the French Government. The Barbary regencies, it is well known, are nominally feudatories of the Ottoman Porte; and actually independent military despotisms, administered by a handful of Turks, annually recruited in the Levant, and holding the native population in abject slavery. In the time of the Greeks and Romans, Africa, as we have already hinted, was full of populous, wealthy, and polished cities. It was one of the granaries of the Roman empire. Mr. Anderson, in the Introduction to the work before us, breaks out into the following just and pertinent exclamation:

'How glorious, comparatively, was the State of Northern Africa in the age of the great Augustine.* The light of the gospel then shone upon an extent of country, stretching more than two thousand miles from the Atlantic eastward, and from the Mediterranean, two hundred and even five hundred into the interior. Within this space, were more than four hundred and fifty bishoprics, each of which might embrace three score or four score towns and villages; and if each town and village contained its church, which is probable, there were more than thirty thousand Christian churches in Northern Africa. But these lights have all been extinguished, and with them the lights of science, civilization, and liberty.'

* Augustine was Bishop of Hippo Regius, on the African coast.

The chief of the barbarous principalities on that coast, barbarous itself, and, by its too long tolerated system of piracy, a powerful agent for perpetuating barbarism in the Mediterranean, is now subverted. The Government of a Christian people, one of the first civilized powers in Europe, is now established in Algiers. Its just and equal laws have taken the place of a petty tyrant's caprice; and with tolerable discretion on the part of the French Government, we see not what is to prevent a rapid regeneration of regions so highly favored by nature, and once so highly improved. All this is the work of the last ten years. None but the enthusiastic dared, ten years ago, to predict even the emancipation of Greece. To have added to that prediction a prophecy, that the French Government would in ten years be established in Algiers, would have been deemed wild extravagance.

What is to hinder the progress of this glorious work of national regeneration? The Turkish monarchy is crumbling to pieces. It has no cohesive principle. The pachas, who govern the different provinces of the Turkish empire, possess no moral strength; no strength derived from national sentiment. They are never (we may say) natives of the provinces subjected to them, except in a few cases of fortunate usurpation, like those of Ali Pacha of Albania and the sons of the Bey of Egypt. It will now be in the power of the civilized States of Europe, whenever a continental peace will enable them to act in concert or without collision, successively to take possession of every part of the Turkish coast of the Mediterranean, and hold and colonize it at their pleasure. This will not be the work of a year, probably not of a generation, but it is begun and it will go on. It will be accelerated by the decline of the colonial system in America. Probably one cause of the duration of the Turkish power in Europe, and the islands and shores nearest Europe, was the diversion of the energies of the European powers across the Atlantic. The eyes of France, England, and Spain were fixed, not on the Archipelago, but on the Antilles. Thitherward was the march of adventure and ambition. The independence of the United States and of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, will gradually turn the tide in another direction. The emancipation and restoration of Greece; the establishment of the British power in Malta and the Seven Ionian Islands; the opening of the Black Sea by the Russians; and the occupation of Algiers by

France, will give a new direction to the politics of Europe; and the expulsion of the Turks from the remainder of their possessions in Europe and the Mediterranean, will probably follow in the train of events. In what order, or by what immediate agency, these events will take place, it would be fantastic to attempt to anticipate; but that they will be brought about, there is the strongest probability.

Meantime, there is to be carried on a great work of improvement in Greece, of which the foundations are laid as deep and solid, as those of the political system of Europe. The independence of Greece is guarantied by the leading continental powers, and cannot be shaken. The restoration of that country from the frightful depression into which it had sunk, though it may be less rapid than the sanguine philanthropist could wish, is, nevertheless, sure. The delays incident to the refusal by Prince Leopold of the Greek crown,—that spoiled child of fortune, who finds it harder to avoid a throne than Napoleon did to gain one,—have kept the country in an unsettled state; and a spirit of discontent and uneasiness under the administration of Count Capo d'Istrias, as we have observed above, is spreading. But this is of little moment. The country may remain disturbed for a generation; and if so, the happiness of a generation will be materially impaired. But a great onward step in that policy,—the policy of national improvement,—which comprehends ages in its grasp, has been taken, and cannot be retraced. More than this; though the hopes of ardent men may be disappointed, though the Grecian commonwealth may not start up at once, full-formed, a perfectly organized and tranquilly administered State, feared abroad and orderly and prosperous at home, yet the great and blighting curse of the Turkish domination is removed, Christianity is established, the press exists, though restrained,—private justice is administered on a code of law, in accordance with the jurisprudence of civilized Europe, the enterprise of other countries is attracted to this new field of adventure and industry, and schools are founded in every part of the country. Out of these elements good *must* spring. There is no ground for fear or anxiety, as to the result. Even under the Turkish domination, the commercial marine of Greece amounted to six hundred sail. What must it not become in the new state of things, when property, instead of being studiously concealed, as a source of persecution and

extortion to its possessors, will now be pursued, from all the motives which prompt in other countries to the accumulation of wealth? There were schools and academies in Greece before the revolution; and a large number of Grecian youth were annually sent into Western Europe for their education. What effects may not be hoped for in the free State, when, in addition to these means of improvement, enjoyed without restraint, the Greeks shall possess the advantage of the institutions, which are already in a course of establishment in every part of their country? A considerable number of travellers visited Greece, in spite of the enormous expense, and in some cases, the dangers of travelling in that country, while it remained subject to the Porte. It has now become, and will continue more and more, the favorite resort of travellers from every part of Europe and America. In a word, we are quite willing that the Greeks should take their own time to settle their Government, if the allied powers will allow them to do it; and if, in the interval, they suffer some of the evils of anarchy, they will the more probably adopt an efficient system. Had the United States adopted a Constitution in 1783, it would not have been so good a one as that of 1789. The refusal of Rhode Island to grant the five per cent. impost convulsed the country, and drew down upon the little State the bitter reproaches of all America. *To that refusal, we owe the Federal Constitution.* The present dissensions in Greece are destined, we trust, to teach permanent lessons of political wisdom to her ardent factions and inexperienced citizens.

But why, we shall be asked, all this zeal about the emancipation and the improvement of Greece? Why this enthusiasm to build up, on that particular spot, a free and a prosperous State? It is conceded, that the attempt to restore the Greeks to their ancient ascendancy in the world, would be the idlest dream of classical fanaticism. Why then attempt to do any thing with them? To these questions, which probably express the feelings even now of a majority of men, on the subject of Grecian affairs, we shall return a brief answer.

We desire, hope, and attempt to promote the improvement of Greece, because a combination of circumstances exists on her soil, which is necessary for the foundation of a free State; and without which such a State cannot be founded. We doubt not there is a soil more fertile in the Sandwich Islands and Australasia. There too is sandal wood, and the bread

fruit, and a tropical climate. There are delightful spots on the shores of the sea of Azof, and beyond the Caspian; and we doubt not a fine territory for a settlement might be selected in the interior of Brazil, without encroaching on Dr. Francia. But this is not enough to create the foundation of a State. There must be a strong moral principle animating the population already existing on the chosen spot, or attracting to it an oppressed and persecuted people looking out, like the fathers of America, for a new abode. Such a principle exists in Greece. The renown of its inhabitants in ancient times enters largely into that principle, though not exclusively. It is not that the Greeks for themselves, or their friends for them, expect to revive the glories of Miltiades and Plato, but the consciousness of treading the very spots, which were trod by these men and their countrymen, and the actual survey of the shores, the mountains, and the rivers immortalized in their writings, or by their exploits;—the aspect of the beautiful ruins of the wonderful fabrics of their fathers; the substantial identity of their language with the language of classic Greece; the re-action upon themselves of the enthusiasm of the world around them,—all these constitute a moral principle, adequate with other influences to form a bond of union to a people.

What, in the name of Heaven, brought our fathers to New England; protected and preserved them here, and built them up into the prosperous commonwealth, of which we are citizens? Was it the inviting aspect of our coast, frowning with its black and inhospitable rocks, except as they were covered deep with wintry glaciers and overhanging snows? Was it the tempting expanse of pine woods; or the weary waste of intervening seas? Was it honor, adventure, or wealth, that attracted the pilgrims? No, but in the utter failure of all the mere natural temptations; in a destitution, like that of the tomb, of all the lights and comforts of mere worldly existence, there was a *moral principle* at the foundation of the enterprise, which piloted the forlorn hope of our fathers across the Atlantic.

It is this principle, which has given vitality to the cause of Greece at home and abroad: at home, in the hearts of her children; abroad, in the hearts of her friends. This supported her population under the iron mace of the Turkish despotism; and cheered her friends under the sneers and evil auguries of those statesmen, who draw their rules of policy exclusively from the head. Operating in both these ways, it

was the indomitable force, with which the war of opinion was carried on and brought to its successful issue in their favor. How few years have passed, since it was currently believed and proclaimed, that the cause of Greece was desperate; that she was already sacrificed and lost! Such was perhaps the general opinion, at the time when the armies of Egypt were ranging unopposed through the Morea, the Turkish fleet encircled its coasts, and her wretched inhabitants had no allies, but her derided and enthusiastic friends in Europe and America. In two years, that fleet was annihilated by the squadrons of three great rival powers, which never before all coalesced for one object; those armies, like a congregation of felons, were quietly deported to the banks of the Nile from whence they came; and to this day, and after all the developements, which time and the explanations of Ministers and parliamentary inquiries have thrown upon the subject, there is no intelligible solution of the mysterious manner, in which the interference of the allies was begun, pursued, and accomplished, but that which ascribes it to the irresistible agency of the public opinion of the world. That public opinion had its chief foundation in the historical associations of Greece.

God forbid that we should count for nothing the spectacle of a Christian people struggling for liberty, independent of any associations with olden time. Nor do we say, that there is no other natural source of the moral principle, on which a nation is to be reared up. We say only, that the national descent of the Greeks is such a principle. It has sufficient energy for the purpose; that energy has been evinced, and warrants us to look forward, as we do, to the perfecting of the work, which has already so auspiciously begun.

Education will be one of the most efficient agents of its farther promotion. The good which will be effected by spreading the means of education in Greece, is inestimable. There is no moral *calculus*, by which it can be estimated. A village school on one of the islands; a spelling-book in the recesses of Arcadia; the labors of one judicious teacher in the most humble corner of this field, at the present juncture of the fate of Greece,—taking her affairs at this tide, which is now rolling in, swelling up, and leading her on to civilization, liberty, and her long lost arts,—may be the instrument of working out greater and brighter good than we can set forth or

conceive. The names of the learned Greeks are embalmed in history who fled from their country on the capture of Constantinople, and brought the philosophy and literature of their forefathers into Italy. A like renown awaits the benevolent and pious men, who shall take the lead in carrying back to Greece the improvements of Western Europe and America.

Art. II.—*Reform in England.*

The Debate in the House of Commons on the Reform Bill.

The more we contemplate the subject of reform in Europe, the more important does it seem to us. In our number for July, we submitted to our readers our impressions upon some general topics, connected with the present aspect of things, on the other side of the Atlantic. The state of the reform question in England, as the most interesting and important of these topics, received a proportionate share of our attention. We approached it with a diffidence, inspired by the magnitude of the subject,—our distance from the stage on which the great drama is acting,—and our consequent ignorance of many of the local details and secret springs of the movement. But its momentous character grows upon us, as we contemplate it. It tasks the apprehension, it excites the imagination. We cannot sit still, and behold unmoved this mighty operation in human affairs. The *experimentum in corpore vili*, the fate of East Retford, and Grampound, and Cricklade, and Aylesbury, might be discussed here without emotion. But this is the *experimentum crucis*. It is an operation of life or death on a mighty empire.

The question of reform in England is an American question; and this is among the strongest of the motives, which lead us to discuss it. Our greatest commercial connexions are with England; half of our foreign commerce is carried on with her; and much of the remainder is affected by the state of her markets. As the great emporium of the world, whatever powerfully affects her is felt by us. An English pamphlet now before us uses a language on this subject, which justifies us in this view of it.* Our commercial readers will recollect

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* 'The truth is, that this reform question is pressing at the present moment like an incubus on the industry and internal commerce of the

the great temporary stagnation produced in our trade with France, by the brief commotions of the 'three days.' It was at one period impossible to dispose of the best bills on Paris; no one was willing to execute an order from France; and the price of our staples was immediately affected. The influence of that revolution on this country may be estimated by the fact, that the export of cotton to France, which in the year ending in September, 1830, was two hundred thousand seven hundred and ninety-one bales, sunk, in the year ending September, 1831, to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand seventy-nine; a decline of one-third.

But we ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to resort to such an illustration of our assertion, that this is an American question. Any such effect on commerce, will, except in the event of a convulsive and bloody revolution, be temporary. But our political relations with Great Britain are so numerous and intimate, that whatever changes the nature and permanently modifies the action of the British Government, is very important to us. From the time that our continent was first settled till 1815, our politics were to a great degree affected and decided by the state of things in England; and this almost as much after the Revolution as before. The new position of the world since the downfal of Napoleon, has happily rendered our politics much more independent of Europe in general, and England in particular. But any thing, which should essentially disturb the action of England on the politics of the world, (and this, as we shall endeavor to show, will be the inevitable consequence of the reform of Parliament,) would be almost as promptly felt in this country as in England herself.

Then, too, it is to be remembered, that we are completely surrounded by British colonies. We have the West Indies on our front, and the continental colonies on our flank and almost in our rear. An idle controversy, relative to the form in which our trade with these colonies shall be carried on, has, for the

country. All great private undertakings are suspended. The opulent of every class, (but those more especially who derive their incomes from the funds, from the clerical or legal professions, or from any department of the public service,) oppressed with a growing sense of the insecurity of their resources, are limiting their expenditure very generally to articles of urgent necessity; and that instinctive propensity to hoard the precious metals, the sure forerunner of great national convulsions, is already beginning to operate on prices, as well in this country as over the continent.'

last five years, had a very considerable influence on the domestic politics of the United States. It requires no sagacity to perceive, that any thing which should seriously affect the existing organization of the British Government at home, would, in its effect on these our colonial neighbors, give rise to the most important and agitating questions in this country.

Besides all this, the general position which England stands in, as a great first-rate power, is to be confirmed or changed in the issue of the present controversy. She now claims the right to interfere in every great question of international politics, whoever may be the more immediate parties. As late as May, 1830, we find Mr. Huskisson, who adopted, with the political system of Mr. Canning, little of his ambition and less of his temperament, declaring that England, as the first maritime power in Europe, 'would not suffer the United States to bring under their dominion a greater portion of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, than they now possess.' This was said *apropos* of some speculations in the American newspapers, on the desirableness of the purchase of Texas by the United States; a province, which, in the opinion of many of our soundest statesmen, was legitimately included within the limits of Louisiana, and which stretches for a vast extent along our south-western frontier. We think it very probable, that, on the evening when Mr. Huskisson permitted himself this menace, the British ministry had received the advice of some new kingdom added to their Eastern empire. We shall have occasion, in the course of our remarks, to express the opinion, that, with the adoption of the proposed new principle of organization in the British Government, this extensive interference in foreign politics will both from necessity and of choice cease.

The event of the measure pending in Parliament is, of course, in the highest degree uncertain, and to us beyond the reach of confident conjecture. Since our former remarks were submitted to the public, a House of Commons which appeared too nearly balanced on the question, has been dissolved, and a new one, with a great supposed accession of strength in favor of reform, has been elected. The issue of this appeal to the electors showed the popular favor with which the bill was regarded; and it was supposed that, on the organization of the new Parliament, it would be urged with rapidity through a consenting House. But the details of the bill have been attended with perplexity and embarrassment. It has been

forced to run the gauntlet through the ranks of officious friends and relentless foes. Amendments both *bona fide* and vexatious have obstructed its way. It has been felt, at every step, that while the bill professed a remedy on principle of enormous evils, the remedy itself was laboring under a portion of the very evil to be remedied,—and that without the apology of prescription. It will probably be found in the practical operation of the bill, should it, as it now stands, become a law, that of itself, and unattended with other great measures of reform in the constitution and administration of the country, not one of the evils of which the people most complain will be remedied, while the bill itself stops far short of its own principles.

In this state of things, a warfare truly terrific has been waged against it by some of the most powerful periodical presses. It is attacked as a whole and in detail. The objections against the entire system are pressed forward to outweigh specific improvements; and the inconveniences of the detail are arrayed and exaggerated in prejudice of the system. It is but a few years, since it was deemed impossible even for a tory ministry, to fight through the House of Peers, the transfer to large towns of the franchise of single boroughs, convicted of the most profligate venality. What is to be expected now, when boroughs are to be disfranchised by the wholesale, without any specific charge, and the representation of towns and counties created as it were *de novo*, and all this by a whig ministry, who, though carrying with them the majority of the community and of the writers for the daily press, must, from the constitution of English society, be opposed by a great proportion of the men of high education and literary influence in the country?

Nor is the vehemence, with which the Reform Bill is assailed, matched, as it seems to us, with corresponding ardor and concert of defence. As far as we can judge beyond the Atlantic, the fervor of reform is somewhat abated on the part of its friends, and pride of opinion may possibly come in for a portion of the enthusiasm which still remains. No man can tell what he will think of a subject, till it has been not only solemnly but passionately argued. He can weigh it solemnly in his own mind and his own closet, but the heat of angry debate opens and expands the argument, and shows its joints, and seams, and cracks. The reformers in England appear to us somewhat tired of the project; they wish it to obtain, but they are less sanguine of its successful operation, and more awakened

to its difficulties. They fell in love with it at a distance, as an ideal perfection. When it is practically handled, it is found a thorny and perplexing matter of fact. They find that they are making themselves responsible for the happy issue of a thousand doubtful experiments, and buying with certain odium a very uncertain reversion of praise. Should we venture an opinion, as to the precise state of mind with which the ministers regard the bill, we should say they would not lament to have it defeated by a small majority. They would then go out in a good cause, claiming the merit of all the benefits which would have flowed from the adoption of their measure, and ascribing all the evils and troubles that exist or may arise to its rejection. They are not men, judging of course on general principles of human nature, seriously to wish to take on their shoulders the responsibility of a great revolution, which they probably begin to believe their project will prove. A revolution may be headed by men of two classes. One class consists of those who are fired by intense ambition,—who look upon the country, its laws and institutions, and the welfare of its citizens, as the steps by which they are to mount to guilty and bloody greatness. The Cæsars and Cromwells, who feel the passions which civil war enkindles, and are willing to use the means which it furnishes, are the men to lead on a revolution of this kind. It is they at least, whoever may commence it, that are too apt to break in and carry it on.—An outraged, oppressed, and exhausted people, trained in the school of liberty, but denied its rights, after years and generations of suffering, will follow the patriotic men, who, through self-denial and personal sacrifice, lead them to a revolution of the second class. The present ministry of England fall into neither of these classes; nor do they regard the situation of affairs, as resembling that, in which a revolution of either character is to be brought on. They are able and accomplished men of wealth and education, happily situated in life, enjoying,—whether in office or out,—some of the most enviable positions in society, with every thing to risk and nothing personal to gain, by a great change; and though they take up the question as one of enormous evils requiring a strong remedy, they do not admit the evils to require, nor do they propose to apply, the remedy of revolution. Should it be found or made to assume that character, they are not of the class of men elected to conduct it. It is not from elegant saloons, well furnished libraries, luxurious cabinets, nor princely

villas, that the spirit of radical reform ever did or ever will march forth, with decision in his port, and fearful change, perhaps convulsions, war, and death in his eye. That spirit issues, as the case may be, from the conqueror's tent, the dark chambers of fanaticism, the comfortless garrets of able, needy, and reckless adventurers, or the humble abodes of a long-suffering and exasperated people. Prosperous gentlemen must content themselves with *amateur* reform. Grand changes in the constitution of ancient monarchies,—great and radical reform,—may be contemplated and worshipped at a distance as a mild and genial star. But as it draws near, it swells and reddens, and throws out its streaming terrors across the firmament; and when it comes blazing down from its aphelion, heaving the tides to the mountain tops, changing the zones, unfixing the poles, and melting the heavens with fervent heat, it is a season, when none but the Titans and demigods of the moral and intellectual world may go forth to lay the foundations of the new creation amidst the wrecks of the old.

Our last accounts from England have carried the Reform Bill not quite through the Committee. When it has passed the House of Commons, it is to stand the trial of the Lords, where but last year, Mr. Huskisson despaired of ever procuring a concurrence in the transfer of the elective franchise from the rotten boroughs to the large towns.* And here we cannot withhold our testimony to the sagacity, with which Mr. Huskisson foresaw the course, which this great question has taken. This distinguished statesman, to whose character we hope to find another opportunity of doing justice, (justice which shall not be stinted by the unfriendly judgments, which he took some occasions to propagate on the subject of the American policy, nor by the false fame, which his admirers and partisans have claimed for him, as the head of a new school in British legislation,) partook all Mr. Canning's opinions and prejudices against theoretical reform. He, however,

* 'My right honorable friend, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, gave this House to understand, upon a former evening, that on some future occasion, he may acquiesce in granting the franchise to these towns. Now, sir, I contend that if we are to give representatives to these manufacturing districts at any time, it should be done now. But I am afraid, sir, that whatever *this House* may do, it will be disappointed in its efforts, by an opposition *in another place*.'—*Mr. Huskisson's Speeches, Vol. III. p.* 494.

strenuously urged the gradual transfer of the franchise of corrupt boroughs to populous towns, and sacrificed his place in the Duke of Wellington's cabinet to his advocacy of such a policy, in the case of East Retford. It was proposed to transfer the representation of that corrupt borough to the great unrepresented city of Birmingham. The Ministry had such a horror of the slightest approach to the principle of theoretical reform, that they insisted on giving the forfeited franchise to the neighboring hundred of Bassetlaw; and the Duke of Wellington allowed Mr. Huskisson, on this slender schism, to go out of his cabinet. In his speeches on that subject, Mr. Huskisson distinctly told the Ministers, that the refusal to adopt the moderate and practical course of transferring to the large towns the vacated privilege of the corrupt boroughs, was the surest way to accelerate the proposal and adoption of measures for a general and sweeping reform. The event has fulfilled the prediction, sooner perhaps than its lamented author had foreseen.

It is probable that before these pages see the light, the question will have been decided. In this country, and under the lights here possessed, it is the better opinion, that the bill will, in some form, become a law; but this opinion is entertained with less confidence than formerly.

But suppose it passed. A great change has then taken place in the British Constitution. We will not insist on the word *revolution*, if it is thought necessary to limit that term to unconstitutional changes of Government accompanied by violence and blood. But a great change has taken place. This change is *the abandonment of prescription, as the principle on which the British House of Commons is constituted.* It is not denied, that small encroachments have from time to time before been made on this principle. It is only by such encroachments and concessions, that a great principle can ever be preserved in a perpetuated application. But it is now avowed, that the House of Commons shall no longer be constituted upon this principle.

The Reform Bill comes to this, for it assumes a minimum of certain required theoretical qualifications, and prescribes that all seats, not possessed of these qualifications, shall be vacated. The old seats which remain untouched (besides the innovations applied to them in the matter of suffrage) remain so, not in virtue of the prescription, but in virtue of possessing the new theoretical qualifications.

It will, therefore, be borne in mind, (what we have not seen distinctly stated,) that the proposed reform extends to every individual seat in the House of Commons; for in addition to the boroughs wholly or partially disfranchised and the seats now for the first time given to counties or cities, every other seat is shifted from the basis of prescription to that of qualification.*

What is the new principle of the House of Commons, and (for it comes to the same thing) the British Constitution? That question has been answered by the King of England; his present Majesty, William IV. The words of kings are weighty, at least when they speak of the Constitution of their own kingdoms. The late House of Commons was very equally divided on the Reform Bill. The Ministry ventured an appeal to the people; and the King, in his speech from the throne, declared that the dissolution was ordered, '*for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the people.*'

The going of the King to the House of Lords, to proclaim this dissolution, is described, by the journals friendly to reform in England, in the most glowing and triumphant terms. We seem almost to be reading of the descent of *the god of navies*, from the summit of Thracian Samos to the depths of Ægæ:

'τρέμε δ' οὔρεα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη,
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰόντος.'

The House of Lords shakes with the concussion of 'booming' artillery, and its portals fly asunder before the approach of the patriot King. Seated upon his throne, surrounded by his Ministers and the peers of England, with his faithful Commons in attendance at the bar, he tells them he dissolves the Parliament, 'for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the people, in the only way in which it can most conveniently and authentically be expressed, for the purpose of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may require.'

It is true, the only question avowedly put to the people by the dissolution was, whether they, or rather such of them as exercised the right of suffrage, were in favor of the bill. But that bill is a great change in the representation. It applies a new principle to every seat of the Commons' House of

* We except, of course, the seats already and within recent times created for qualification; as one of the seats of the County of York, which was taken from Grampound for corruption.

Parliament, and the King says, the adoption of this change is referred by him TO THE SENSE OF THE PEOPLE. For as good a reason as those which dictated this reference, the extent and details of this change ought to be, and eventually and indirectly will be, referred to the sense of the people. For the same reason, if any other mode of collecting the sense of the people on these great questions, more authentic and convenient than that of an election of members of Parliament, should be proposed, it must be adopted. That is, if a regular constituent assembly should be convened, on the principle of an equal geographical representation, or any other equal principle, the sense of the people, thus authentically expressed in favor of some farther modification of the Constitution, must be accepted and obeyed. For the same reason, if this popular sense should settle down in favor of a Government popular in all its branches,—whoever else may stand uncommitted,—the present King of England and his responsible Ministers stand pledged to adopt it.

But the King and his Ministers have, as the event proved, not gone farther than the majority of the people of England. The election of the present Parliament showed that the people were in favor of ascertaining the sense of the people, and would have shown it much more decisively, had the elections been more popular. The sentiment expressed by the King is undoubtedly that of a majority of the people of England, and this it is, which gives it its significance and weight. There cannot be a doubt, that, as the sense of the people has been for a century and a half more and more the directing principle in the administration of public affairs in England, it is henceforth to be so, much more eminently and authoritatively. It has henceforward been applied to the administration; now and hereafter it is applicable to the Constitution. Mr. Pitt, after valiantly sustaining himself for three months against a majority of the House of Commons, took the sense of the people, (meaning always the electors, a body then smaller and less popular than now,) whether he should continue in office. The question now taken has been, whether the House of Commons, the *old* House resting on prescription, should continue in office, and it has been decided in the negative. The people have decided that a new House on new principles shall be created.

The importance of the subject, to which this principle is now

applied, no less than the Constitution of the House of Commons, —the great effective power in the British Government,—and the entire parity of reasoning, by which the same principle must and will be extended to every other question, require of us to regard it as the principle, on which the British Government is henceforward to be organized and administered.

It is, therefore, very important and curious to inquire what will be the consequences of taking *the sense of the people*, as the rule of the Government? In discussing this subject, we shall endeavor to establish and enforce the opinions, briefly indicated in our article of last July.

The following seem to us as some of the most natural and inevitable consequences :—

First. A provision, in the words of his Majesty, of a more 'convenient and authentic mode' of ascertaining the sense of the people. As to convenience, there is none to be compared with that of popular representation, the discovery of which is the merit of our forefathers, who settled the American Colonies. For though the then existing organization of the British Parliament wore, as it does now, a semblance of a representative body, it was but a semblance; whereas the state of things in this country made it necessary to create a real representation. In our article of last July, we stated that Mr. Canning denied that the House of Commons was intended to represent the will of the people. The correctness of this statement has been called in question. But if our readers will turn to his speech, made at Liverpool, on occasion of his re-election, 18th of March, 1820, they will find him using this language :—

'The radical reformer will tell me fairly, that he means not simply to bring the House of Commons back either to the share of power, which it formerly enjoyed, or to the modes of election by which it was formerly chosen; but to make it what according to him it ought to be,—a direct, effectual representative of the people; representing them, not as a delegate commissioned to take care of their interests, but as a deputy appointed to speak their will. Now to this view of the matter, I have no other objection than this :—that the British Constitution is a limited monarchy; that a limited monarchy is, in the nature of things, a mixed Government; but that such a House of Commons, as the radical reformer requires, would in effect be a pure democracy; a power, as it seems to me, inconsistent with any monarchy and unsusceptible of any limitation.'

There are many other passages in Mr. Canning's speeches to the same effect.

We consider it then admitted, that the House of Commons, as now constituted, does not express the sense of the people. That it does not, is declared by the authors of the present bill, to be a grievance too heavy to be longer borne. The measure now before Parliament places the House of Commons on a new basis; a basis far more favorable to an authentic expression of the people's sense. But the reform neither can, nor should stop here. Although the constituency (we quote a word of recent British coinage, which we commend to Sir Robert Peel, as an offset for *talented*) is greatly increased, every reason that has been or can be given for increasing it, demands a farther and systematic extension. What is now proposed to be done is too loose, too conjectural, too destitute of uniformity and equality. A vote in Parliament is too momentous to be given or taken away on averaging calculations. If the bill become a law, it will appear that towns which differ considerably in wealth and population elect the same number of members; that adjacent counties differing in like manner do the same thing, and that a still greater disproportion exists between counties and boroughs as compared with each other. It will also appear, that large numbers of British citizens will be excluded from the right of suffrage, as competent and as well entitled to exercise it as their neighbors. In the last debate, of which we have seen a report, Lord Granville Somerset moved an amendment to the bill, providing for a new district of boroughs in the county of Monmouth. Taking the population of the three northern counties together, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham, he found that there was one member to every nineteen thousand persons; but, taking the population of the three counties of Monmouth, Glamorganshire, and Brecknockshire, the proportion was but one to every twenty-four thousand. Lord John Russell said, in reply;

'That in arranging this system of representation, his Majesty's Ministers did not affect to have settled the just proportion between the population and the number of members, in every case; though the population altogether was more fairly and equally represented than before. If an addition was made to the representation, he could assure the noble Lord, that greater irregularities might be pointed out than that of Monmouth. Monmouth

had a proportion of one member to twenty-three or twenty-four thousand persons, whilst Derby had only one member to thirty-five thousand souls, and Lancashire only one member to every forty-seven or forty-eight thousand persons!'

When great questions come to be decided by a few votes in the House of Commons, will Lancashire, with one member for forty-eight thousand inhabitants, be content to be voted down, by members representing other counties on a ratio of one for nineteen thousand? London is to have eight members, which, we suppose, is one for every hundred thousand persons. Liverpool sends but two, which is one for every seventy thousand. Again, it will appear that great differences exist between England, Ireland, and Scotland, in all these respects. Ireland contains one third of the population, and will send but a sixth of the members. Will this satisfy Ireland?

These diversities are all at war with the true principle of the bill. They require for their justification, the old and now discarded principle of prescription, and cannot all plead even that. And when the newly constructed machine comes to work; and when momentous questions come to be carried by very small majorities, and it then appears that a different result would have been produced, had the representation been equal and apportioned on any systematic plan among the population of the United Kingdom, it will be impossible to resist the demand for such a plan. It will be absolutely necessary to organize the House on a system, which will represent the sense of the people *authentically*. There is no way to do this, but that of dividing the country into districts, according to population. There is no other systematic plan that will bear examination. The idea of combining with a ratio of population a ratio of wealth, has something plausible in it. It was one of the provisions of the first new Constitution, adopted in France after the revolution of 1789. But it is wholly nugatory. Under the idea of representing property, as well as population, you apportion representatives among the districts according to the amount of taxation imposed on each. Thus far the plan, perhaps, looks well; at least it conforms to the principle. But when you enter the districts, and come to the exercise of the right of suffrage, you find that you have given to the poor inhabitant of the rich district a larger share of constituent power, than to the rich inhabitant of the poor district;—a result neither reasonable in itself, nor such as the plan was intended

to produce. Mr. Burke exposed the vices of this plan, in his comments on the French Constitution referred to above.

But in addition to this, it is as impossible as it is needless, from the nature of things, in a representative Government, to represent property *as such*. Has there been a question respecting property before Parliament since 1688, on which the men of property of all classes,—nobles, gentlemen, and commoners,—have not been divided? One great interest rules in one county; an opposite interest rules in the next. One peer, with a rental of £200,000 is on one side, and another with the same rental is on the other side.

There is no interest in the community, which can be identified as that of *the property*, apart from a wise and equal administration of law. If you were to put all the rich men into a class, on the plan of Servius Tullius, you would find them divided by the same parties, which in all free Governments divide the people.

Besides all this, the indirect influence of wealth is amply sufficient for its own protection, and quite as great as it ought to be. It must be recollected, that as far as the enactment of equal laws and the just administration of them are concerned, the man of frugal property is the ally of his opulent neighbor. The industrious mechanic is quite as much concerned as the rich capitalist, to have property safe, and to see that the laws protect its acquisition and enjoyment. Beyond the promotion of this end, wealth in great masses ought to have no influence; and in the promotion of this end, it has, as such, no *exclusive* interest.

We come back then to our proposition, that with a view, as the King expresses it, to ascertain the sense of the people authentically, it will very soon be found necessary to establish a regular plan of geographical districts. A little study of our Congressional system will show our friends across the water, with what surprising simplicity and ease this may be done; and they will look at the Gothic complication of burgesses and knights, and the arithmetical entanglements of schedule A and schedule B, with astonishment bordering on incredulity.

Secondly. Next to a convenient and authentic way of expressing the sense of the people, it will be found necessary to remove all great, organized, and insuperable obstacles to its effective expression; and this will require a new modification of the House of Lords. The peers, originally and theoreti-

cally, were a separate estate in the realm; that is, we suppose, a class of men performing separate functions, and for this purpose enjoying separate privileges. This estate stood originally on the tenure of military service. It would be idle to parade the cheap historical lore that belongs to the subject. Our readers know all about it. No one is ignorant, that the four or five hundred individuals, who now compose the House of Peers, have long ceased to be an estate of the realm, in its ancient authentic sense. They sit, we are taught, in a House of Parliament, *because* they are an estate. But take away their House, and what estate are they then? They have no functions, no interests peculiar to themselves. They raise and pay no troops, lead no armies; and are neither wiser, richer, nor better bred than their neighbors. It is the principle of the Reform Bill, that the enjoyment of the parliamentary franchise from the oldest periods of the Constitution, creates no claim to its continuance, unless the requisite *qualification* is united with it. Now the qualification of the House of Peers, that is, their being a separate estate of the realm, has for many generations been wearing out, and is now wholly gone. They remain in theory a separate estate, and so is old Sarum in theory a borough, entitled to send two members to Parliament. But, in fact, the peers are distinguished in nothing but their titles from the rest of the community. We take it for granted, that nobody denies this; and that no one has a better defence to make for the House of Lords, than that made by Mr. Canning, viz. that the Government is a mixed and limited monarchy, and that a House of Peers is a necessary part of such a monarchy. This, of course, is not *reasoning*. It merely asserts a historical fact, as to the official character of the House of Lords. But is this defence of the peerage agreeable to the new principle of the British Government? Is it conformable *to the sense of the people*, that after *their* representatives have adopted an important measure, three or four hundred gentlemen, (selected by the chance of birth, and for no qualifications, from the mass of the population,) shall say, we do not like this measure, and it shall not become a law? This is to suppose the people to have, at the same time and on the same subject, a judgment at war with itself:— to wish that their own will should not be carried into effect. In the Edinburgh Review for July, in estimating the force with which the Reform Bill will go up to the House of Lords,

our learned brother argues, and justly, that from the number of votes against it in the House of Commons, there should be a deduction of all the votes given by the rotten and close borough nominees, because these votes represent merely the opinion of the individual noblemen, having the nomination of those boroughs. And what but the opinions of the same and three or four hundred other individual noblemen is represented, by the entire vote of the House of Lords? And why was not the tradition, by which a nobleman made the nomination to the seat in the House of Commons, as good as the tradition by which he holds his own seat in the House of Lords?

The Governments of Europe (except the French) rest, if we may so express it, on an historical basis; they are what time and events have made them, and a great deal of which no reasonable account can now be given, exists and is perpetuated by the force of custom. In countries not despotically governed, this acquiescence in what exists, is the great strength of the Constitution. The English institutions rest, for the most part, on this basis. It is the basis of the common law. It is a basis firm enough for common times. But when violent times come, and radical changes are projected by ambitious innovators armed with military strength, or when sweeping reforms are undertaken by speculative statesmen, it is then plain, that the historical basis fails. It is avowedly repudiated. The military usurper tramples it under foot; the speculative reformer professes to disregard it. They are the more successful, because it is of the nature of the historical basis, as it were, of itself to perish, to rot away. The name remains,—and scarcely that,—but the thing is gone. The friends of the existing system tell you, that a nobility is a part of the history, nay, of the antiquity of the British monarchy, that there have been barons, and earls, and dukes, from time immemorial; an integral estate of the realm, of eminent dignity. But when you scrutinize the subject nearly, you find that the name only is ancient, that the substance which it once described, has ceased to exist; and that the peers of England are in no degree different from the rest of the citizens, nor for any reason more competent or better entitled to form a house of legislation, than many hundreds and thousands of their fellow-citizens. So that even on the historical basis, the House of Peers has no solid foundation. It might stand unshaken so long as the principle of prescription is not called in question, but questioned

and rejected as it is in the House of Commons, we see not how it can stand in the House of Lords.

What does the great English revolution of the seventeenth century teach us on this subject,—what is the lesson of the Commonwealth? We think it entirely safe to ask that question, for we cannot doubt, that the revolution now commenced will go, to say the least, as far, not in popular violence, but in giving a popular character to the Government. The revolution of 1640 was a passionate, tumultuary, perhaps we may say fanatical movement, soon running into a military despotism. Great principles were struck out, but not calmly and systematically developed. Old institutions were rudely torn down, and any thing which the turbulence of the moment permitted was provisionally reared in their place. The various Parliaments assembled during the Commonwealth, were but a bitter and bloody mockery of a representation. The present revolution has begun, and we trust will proceed calmly, and for that reason systematically and far. It will be likely to go further than the Commonwealth, because it will proceed on rational grounds, reforming not subverting; and building anew wherever it is necessary to take down the unsafe and antiquated structures of ancient days. There will be no Straffords impeached, nor Lauds accused of treason, but we should not be surprised should the Commons again vote 'the Lords to be useless and dangerous, and therefore to be abolished.'

This is rendered as certain as any thing of the kind can be, by what is now going on in France. It is now proposed by the ministry of France, under the auspices of the King, to abolish the *hereditary* house of peers. It is possible, that the influence of this example may be impaired by the disorders, which perhaps await France. But if any thing like a happy issue is in reserve to reward the dangers and sacrifices of the patriots in France, then it will be just as impossible to retain an hereditary peerage in England, after it has been abolished in France, as to keep the tide at one level at Dover, and another at Calais. In both countries, the natural course of things will lead to an imitation of our senatorial bodies. Practice has seemed thus far, to establish the beneficial operation of two chambers of legislation, to an extent not promised by the theory. It is true, that the Senate of the United States was not organized merely for the sake of having a second chamber of legislation; but as the basis of a compromise be-

tween the Federal and the State principles, which, when the Constitution was formed, were supposed to be in collision. But the uniform experience of our twenty-four State Governments has been thought to establish the necessity of two houses of legislation. Of that necessity, in a simple Commonwealth, we entertain some doubts. We are not sure, that the plan of two chambers, as it was historically suggested by the division of Parliament into Lords and Commons, is not without any real ground of expediency or convenience.

It is not probable, however, that England will take the risk of a single assembly. It is far more likely, that the kingdom will be divided into senatorial districts, electing perhaps a hundred senators for a period somewhat longer than that of the House of Commons, and like our Senate invested with a portion of the executive functions of the Government.

Thirdly. We cannot draw any line between the House of Lords and the crown, in reference to most of the foregoing arguments. It appears to us, on the contrary, that though an hereditary monarchy is by no means the part of the system, where it infringes most directly on the new principle of the Government, it is that part, where the inconsistency of the old and new principles is most apparent to the observer. When the delicacy of the discussion is once overcome, it will perhaps appear, that the original and traditionary foundation of the crown has more effectually disappeared in the lapse of ages, than even that of the peerage. It never was pretended, we believe, that the peers sat in the House of Lords *Dei gratia.* It was thought that this formed the king's right to his throne. Is there a man now living in England, who entertains that opinion of the royal office? There cannot be one. But it is the ancient constitution of the realm, that there should be a king. It would be more proper, perhaps, to say, that it is the ancient constitution of the realm, that there should be a chief executive officer, clothed with such powers as Parliament may from time to time, by law, ordain, and acceding to the throne, under such modifications of the rule of hereditary succession, as the Parliament may establish. Except the name, there is very little in common between Elizabeth or Henry VIII. and William IV. The kingly office, as administered by the Tudors, is about as different from what it now is, as it is now from the office of President of the United States. The right given by act of Parliament (28 Henry VIII. c. 7) to Henry VIII. in

defect of children, to appoint his successor by testament, a right exercised by other sovereigns, differs almost as much from the present tenure, by which the crown is held,—an hereditary Protestant succession, limited by act of Parliament,—as this last does from popular choice. Now suppose it to be the sense of the people of England, (whether it be so or not we are really ignorant,) that an hereditary succession to the chief magistracy is an institution in arrears of the present state of civilization. Suppose the republicans in theory should think it time that what they consider an absurd mode of constituting the executive were reformed. Suppose economical men should think so expensive an establishment, as the crown and its incidents and appendages, ought to be retrenched. Suppose the men of sense of all parties should say, that the question, how the chief executive office should be constituted, is one on which it is as important to ascertain the sense of the people, as the proposed change in the mode of choosing the House of Commons. Suppose a House of Commons under these views, and reflecting that the subject never was fairly and without prejudice put to the people, were to raise and discuss the question, and finally either decide it themselves in favor of an elective chief magistrate, or pass an act providing for the meeting of a convention, deputed by the people to consider and settle this question; could any consistent and satisfactory objection be made to such a course, by the patrons and supporters of the present bill?

We repeat, that we do not assume to know, what would be the decision of such a convention. Captain Hall tells us, that the people of England have a warm loyal feeling, in addition to their respect for the official character of the king; that they love monarchy. It is perhaps so; and this may be in England a feeling of a generous and amiable character. But it seems to us a feeling belonging to an earlier day, and a lower stage of civilization. We should rather think, that when Lord Brougham and Vaux, 'together with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by Garter,' was employed in going round to the four sides of Westminster Abbey, and making the recognition, four times, at the late coronation, he must have been divided between an inclination to smile and to sigh; and have perhaps put the question to himself, 'What the school-master would say of this pageantry?'

The opinion of the school-boy would be a matter of less doubt. We should think, that whoever in England should amuse a leisure hour, in reading Sir William Blackstone's chapter on the royal prerogative, would come to the conclusion, that it was nearly time that the sense of the people was taken on the whole subject. It is of the king's prerogative, in reference to foreign powers, to send and to receive ambassadors; to make treaties, leagues, and alliances; to make peace and war. At home, the king is a branch of the Legislature, and has a negative on the acts of its other branches; he is generalissimo of the army and navy; he is the fountain of justice and of honor; the arbiter of commerce, and the supreme governor of the Church. Such, according to Sir William, are the heads of the prerogative of the crown. Should his present majesty die to-morrow, this crown, with all these prerogatives, would descend to a female child eleven years old. We should think, when the people come to put that and that together, it would be their decided sense that, if these vast prerogatives ought to vest even nominally in a girl of eleven years of age, Old Sarum and Gatton might as well be let alone. Sir William speaks of 'those branches of the royal prerogative, which invest our sovereign lord, thus all perfect and immortal in his kingly capacity, with a number of authorities and powers, in the exertion whereof consists the executive part of the Government. This is wisely *placed in a single hand by the British Constitution, for the sake of unanimity, strength, and despatch.*' If Sir William has rightly stated the points, in which the wisdom of this arrangement consists, it would seem a departure from that wisdom, to place

> 'upon a baby brow the round
> And top of sovereignty.'

Among the consequences which will flow from adopting 'the sense of the people' as the new principle of the British Government, we reckon, *in the fourth place*, the entire abrogation of the present national Church establishment. This, in fact, would seem to us more likely to happen at an early day, than the suppression of the peerage or the crown. The case of the established Church, we believe to be somewhat as follows. The Church of England is established by law in England and Ireland, with certain great exclusive privileges; and about one half of the English population are attached to that Church. In

Scotland, the Presbyterian Church is the Church established by law, and a small minority of the people belongs to the Episcopal or English Church. In Ireland, five sixths, some authorities say four fifths, of the people are of the Catholic Church.

Now, in the House of Peers, (we believe) thirty bishops and archbishops of the Church of England sit, as spiritual lords, possessing the same privileges, as members of that House, with the other peers. No Catholic bishop or priest is permitted a seat in the House of Lords, although by the late act of emancipation, the lay Catholic nobility are restored to their seats. No dignitary nor teacher of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland is allowed to sit in the House of Lords, although that Church is by law the established Church of that part of the British empire. No dissenting teacher of any rank is allowed a seat in the House of Peers, although the dissenters are one half of the population of England. Will it be in conformity with the sense of the people of Great Britain, that thirty of the dignitaries of the minority Church should possess this great privilege? Is it right, that they should? If the cause of religion require, that certain of its functionaries should hold seats in one of the Houses of Parliament, can any reason be given, why these seats should be monopolized by one communion, and that the minority?

Here even the great argument of antiquity fails; the Catholic Church is entitled to the advantage of that argument on this point. The Church of England, as such, dates, at the earliest, from 1532.

Then, too, the property of the Church. Considerable endowments were made in ancient times, and in the days of the Catholic Church, for the support of religion. A part of these were confiscated by Henry VIII., and by him bestowed on his lay favorites; a part are still applied to the service of religion, and are appropriated by the State exclusively to the established Church. Is it right, that these endowments of the ancient Catholic land-owner should be monopolized by one communion of Protestants, and that the minority? A considerable addition has, we believe, been made to these endowments since the Reformation, by reserving the tithes or a commutation of them, on the enclosure of common lands. These funds, like the more ancient ones, are also appropriated exclusively to the support of the minority Church.

The universities may be considered as a part of this Church. A liberal share of the ecclesiastical endowments is in the disposal of these noble establishments. All the dignities, offices, and emoluments of these institutions are monopolized by the minority Church; and what is harder, their advantages, as places of education, are monopolized in the same way. If we are not misinformed, a subscription to the articles of the Church of England is required at one of the universities on admission, at the other on graduation. So that a young man, who is a conscientious member of the Church established by law in Scotland, cannot be graduated at an English university; nor the son of the Earl Marshal of England, the heir of all the blood of all the Howards, receive his education at the college which, perhaps, one of his ancestors endowed.

Such a state of things cannot stand under a representative system. The universities, as a matter of course, will at least be thrown open to all comers. Equally, as a matter of course, we apprehend, will the ecclesiastical funds be applied to the support of religious teachers, on some principle of equal distribution. We go thus far, on the assumption, that these funds will continue to be raised to the extent to which they are now levied. But whether it will be thought just, by the reformed Parliament, giving effect to the popular sense, to assess on the owner of the land the whole cost of supporting the teachers of religion,—which is the effect of the present system,—we do not pretend to say.

That something will be done, and that speedily, with the Church, seems to be understood. It appears to be admitted, even on the present system, that its revenues require a new apportionment between the dignitaries and the laboring clergy. A commencement has already been made with the Irish Church. On the 6th of last September, Mr. Hume made a motion in Parliament, that an address should be presented to his Majesty, 'that he will be graciously pleased not to recommend to fill up the vacant sees of Derry and of Dublin, until the revenues of those sees are regulated in a manner consistent with the best interests of the established Church and the peace of Ireland.' On occasion of this motion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that in making a disposition of these sees, it was the intention of the Government to make it, not as regarded the see of Derry, but generally as regarded

all the sees. It was his opinion, that no appropriation should be made of the revenues of the established Church to any other object; but that a different distribution of those revenues could be made with great advantage.

It is plain, that the principle here advanced applies equally to the English sees, and, probably, to some of them in an equal degree.

Did the whole population belong to the Church of England, a new distribution of the revenues of the Church, which should give a fair remuneration to the laboring clergy, would be all that justice requires in this respect. It may be, as we have said, a question of public expediency, how far it is right to raise those funds exclusively from the land. But as the present owner of the lands came into possession of them with this incumbrance, he does not appear to be wronged. That the tenant however, does not, as is alleged, suffer a proportionate share of this burden on the land, we are not prepared to admit. But this is aside from our purpose, and would plunge us into the whole metaphysics of the subject of rent.

But the Church of England being the Church of the minority, it is plain, that 'the sense of the people' will go beyond a more equal distribution among the teachers of that Church of the funds consecrated to the purpose of religion. It will require, that by some process or other, these funds should be apportioned among all the communions. Whether this shall be done, by permitting the tithe-payer to make his payment to the religious teacher of his own election, or whether the whole shall be paid into the exchequer, to be apportioned by the Government among all the Churches of all communions, will be a question for future decision. In France, in consequence of the alienation of Church property in the revolution, the entire religious establishment is supported by the Government. It ought to be borne in mind, to the honor of the French Government, that the Protestant teachers are paid their salaries from the treasury, as well as the priests of the establishment. A similar liberality is extended by the Government of Austria to the dissenting communions in that empire, not excepting the Unitarians of Transylvania.

But we cannot disguise the conviction, that the sense of the people of Great Britain, equally represented in a free Parliament, will go much farther in the matter of Church reform, than we have yet indicated. If we have not mistaken the

state of public opinion in that country, it has on this subject been ripening toward *a grand and general system of independency* and religious freedom. If ever there was a truly Anglo-Saxon idea struck out,—if ever there was a notion suggested in the full spirit of English liberty, it was that of our glorious forefathers, the Puritans or Independents. They developed it, in all its perfection, as far as it concerns the independence of each single religious society; but even they did not carry it out to the liberty of each and every individual conscience. But the civilization of the age has pretty nearly reached the goal on this subject, and the one principle is as widely admitted as the other.

It is an essential,—the most essential,—part of religious liberty to be permitted to join those, who agree with us in opinion, in electing the religious teacher to whose instructions we choose to listen. If we voluntarily attach ourselves to a communion, whose spiritual heads are authorized to designate the subordinate teachers, there is, of course, no hardship in their designation in this way. But the State, as such, must not interfere. Whether after its interference shall be withdrawn in Great Britain, the spiritual organization of the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Catholic, and other Churches will subsist, as it does at present, will depend on themselves. There will, probably, be a great extension of the practice of a choice of the religious teacher, by the society which he is to instruct. What difficulty would there be in adopting, in the Church of England, the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, whose clergy are as respectable as their brethren in England, and are elected by the churches to which they minister? The pecuniary interest possessed in advowsons will, of course, if any change should be made in this system, be a proper subject for equitable indemnification. But this we are bold to say, that before a Parliament representing the sense of the people, the present ecclesiastical system cannot stand a day. There is not an argument in favor of it. Dr. Paley, a high dignitary of the established Church, admits that the provision for the support of religion in some parts of America, as he understood it, was the most perfect which had been devised. The provision to which he referred was one, which obliged the citizen to contribute to the support of a religious teacher, leaving to each individual the choice of his teacher. Short of this, the progress of reform will hardly stop in England.

In *the fifth place*, a considerable modification,—perhaps the dissolution,—of the colonial system will, probably, be among the effects produced by the new principle of the Constitution. Among the incidental, perhaps we may say the unexpected operations of the bill now pending, it has not escaped observation, that by destroying the rotten and close boroughs, that virtual representation of the Colonies, which consisted in the nomination for such boroughs of members competent and disposed to take care of colonial interests, will be destroyed. The colonial interests will now have no influence in constituting the House of Commons. To remedy this evil, Mr. Hume proposed, on the 16th of August, to apportion to the Colonies nineteen out of the thirty-two seats, by which the bill reduces the present numbers of the House. He proposed to give to British India four members, to the crown Colonies, (those having no legislative assemblies of their own) eight members, to British America three, to the West India Islands four. Mr. Hume accompanied his motion with an elaborate exposition, showing plainly the reasonableness of the plan, though the crudity of some parts of it is manifest enough. Thus Malta was to send one member, and all British India only four!—Mr. Hume's motion was seconded by the Marquis of Chandos, whose own successful proposition to divide the counties seems to have caused no little discontent on the part of the friends of the bill. Mr. Hume's motion was negatived without a division; but it was not scouted. How could it be? Has England learned nothing out of the book of our Revolution? Have all its seals been opened in vain? Are the inhabitants of the Colonies free men? Are they British citizens? Do they inherit the birthright of British privileges? Have they the common pride and sensibility of men?

Mr. Labouchere, (the intelligent member of Parliament, who visited the British American Colonies and the United States a few years since, and with his companions, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Dennison, and Mr. Wortley, carried back the respect and good will of all in America, who had the good fortune to make their acquaintance,) in replying to Mr. Hume, expressed the opinion, that the colonial members would prove merely an insulated force, at the disposal of the ministers on all other points; and cited the authority of Mr. Burke in support of the proposition, that Nature herself had placed an insuperable obstacle in the way of the attendance of colonial representatives

in the British Parliament. We do not perceive why a colonial member should be deemed incapable of entering the great and general arena of British statesmanship, and acting an independent part in the House of Commons. As to the natural obstacle, we think it greatly exaggerated. Mexico was represented in the Spanish Cortes. The case of British India is the strongest. But if we suppose the members elected a year beforehand, as half the members of the American Congress are elected,—and suppose the average voyage from India to London to be one hundred and twenty days, where is the difficulty? As to all the other colonial members, the case is unattended with difficulty. Thirty days may be safely calculated upon as a passage from Quebec or Jamaica. *No other objection, that we find, was stated!*

The American Revolution is a standing demonstration, that British Colonies must be represented or become independent, whenever the popular feeling is awakened on the subject. England brings up her children to a notion of rights and liberties, which makes them awkward subjects of arbitrary power. There never was gathered together, under the name of a people, a race more kindly disposed to order and manly subordination, than the citizens of these United States, while yet Colonies of Great Britain; and yet their colonial history is one long series of murmurs, complaints, and struggles, ending in revolution and separation. Are the Englishmen in the present Colonies of baser clay? We do not believe it. Besides this, the physical difficulty being proved to be imaginary, how can the friends of reform refuse, on principle, to give a representation to the Colonies?

But here comes a great difficulty. When a Colony reaches a state in which it is fit to be represented, and in which it has a free population to represent; when it ceases to be held by military force and is capable of a Government of laws, then it is fit for independence. The colonial system, with or without representation, never was intended for free, intelligent communities, of the kindred of the mother country. It suits infant plantations, remote and conquered savage or semi-civilized tribes, and military posts like Malta and Gibraltar, which are rather garrisons than Colonies. But the moment you recognize them as an intelligent population, possessing rights which they understand and are capable of protecting, you must then incorporate them into your body politic, as integral members, or

they will set up for themselves. So that it may be taken as an axiom, that a representative Government cannot hold distant Colonies, on any great scale. Such Colonies, if admitted to be entitled to representation, will say, You think us entitled to a voice in the Parliament of the empire. But it is not a voice in *your* metropolitan councils which we need. Your interests concern not us, and in protecting our own interests, we ought to have more than a voice, we ought to have the exclusive control. We know what is good for ourselves. If you know what is good for us, you cannot, and do not profess to make it the rule of your colonial policy. That rule is the interest of the mother country, and the interest of the Colonies only as it coincides with yours. You think we understand our own interests, or you would not send for us to enlighten you upon them. But understanding these interests, we do not see why we should have to come to London to manage them. We can manage them at home.

This is a language likely to come from some at least of the Colonies; not probably from British India. Its Government is a military despotism. Mr. Hume's idea of granting it a representation, seems to us absurd. How can a military despotism, a country containing one hundred and ten millions of men, kept in awe by twenty thousand foreign, and one hundred and eighty thousand native troops, be represented? Represent whom? The native population? Why, they have no political rights to represent or protect. Represent the army which holds them in submission? The army wants pay and promotion,—*panem et circenses*,—and nothing else. If any body in India needs representation, it is the poor natives. Mr. Hume's plan would throw the election of the four members for Hindostan into the hands of the British interest. Is that interest now too weak in the House of Commons? He says, we believe, that the member from Calcutta will be sufficient for all Upper India. Does Mr. Hume know how many provinces, kingdoms, and millions of men are contained in *all Upper India*, which he thinks will be sufficiently represented by one Englishman, chosen by the British residents at Calcutta?

British America is ripe for representation; but the people who are fit for a representative Government, are, as we have said, fit for independence. Mr. Hume proposes to give all British continental America but three representatives, (because they have assemblies of their own,) while Malta is to have one,

Gibraltar one, and Newfoundland one. A strange discrimination! Malta and Gibraltar are mere garrisons, Newfoundland a poor fishing station. The continental provinces are an empire, daily growing in numbers, wealth, and importance. Represented or not, they will soon fall away from the British Government. A liberal Parliament could not well throw obstacles in the way of this separation. If it should be the sense of that part of his majesty's people, that they are fit to govern themselves, how could their right to do so be gainsaid? If this right be peaceably conceded, the British Colonies on the North American continent will probably establish an independent republic of their own. If a compulsory policy be pursued by the mother country, they will as probably, on the breaking out of the first war, join the United States. British India will be held, as long as the British Government will pay the troops necessary to retain it in its present condition. The state of the British West Indies is peculiar. Their question, as to political relations, is affected by the other all-absorbing question of their domestic condition. They would unquestionably be soothed by being admitted to Parliament; but as their great question will there be decided on grounds, which one, or two, or half a dozen colonial members, however well informed, could not affect,—on abstract grounds of moral argument,—no permanent good effect on their dispositions and feelings would be produced, by allowing them to be represented in the House of Commons. The slavery question is all in all to them. If that be decided in their favor, they will care very little about representation. If decided against them,—a result which Mr. Hume's four members would be able to do nothing to avert,—they will revolt. We have before us extracts from the West India papers, which leave no doubt on this question.

There is no part of the landscape, of which we find it so difficult to get a clear view as Ireland. A fatal wall of partition is kept up between her and the English Government. If that wall should be broken down, Ireland is safe; if not, we see not how, under a popular Parliament, it can be retained. That wall of partition is the legal establishment in Ireland of a Church hostile to the faith of the people of Ireland. Turks and Greeks do not differ more in their feelings on this subject, than the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. Ireland is outraged by the Church establishment; and doubly so, on the comparison of herself with Scotland, whose national faith is

established by law. This is the great cause of Irish disaffection. Redundant population and absenteeism are evils; but it is the Church that lies at the root of the difficulty, and poisons every thing. Unless the feelings of the people are consulted on this head, they must be held in subjection by military power, or not at all. But how are you to hold a people in military subjection, who, by popular election, send one hundred members to Parliament? The thing is impossible. If that representation do not work out an entire equality of privilege for its constituents, they will swarm off. The concessions already made to the Catholics will avail nothing. Concessions to a discontented party have no effect, but to give the party new strength and confidence. There is no medium between withholding all and granting all. If the Catholic population of Ireland shall, in each and every respect, be placed on a footing with their Protestant brethren, and every point of distinction be removed, and if Ireland be admitted to a share of the representation proportioned to her numbers, it may be retained in its connexion with England. If this is not done, it can only be kept by military possession.

The *sixth* consequence of the new principle will, we think, be a great *retrenchment* of the public establishments, and of the expenditure by which they are supported. This topic would be more fruitful in comment than any we have touched. It is a subject more immediately and practically important than any other, but we have left ourselves no room to dwell on it. It will be remembered that *retrenchment* is one of the three principles, to which the present ministry pledged themselves, in coming into office.

Another of these principles was non-interference in foreign politics, and we just indicate it, (without being able to develope the idea,) as the *last* of the consequences of the adoption of the new principle, that it will be followed by a diminution of that sort of influence, which England has been used to exercise abroad. But with the decline of this foreign influence,—fruitful of strife and trouble,—her substantial strength and inward welfare will be promoted. Like the United States, she will become weak abroad and strong at home. Mighty coalitions, foreign campaigns, great naval expeditions, extravagant subsidies, and chains of colonies stretching round the globe, must be abandoned; but with them the wars which belong to the same system will cease; the burdens they impose will be re-

lieved; the swarms of consuming idlers which they nourish, will be scattered or turned into industrious producers; and the strong powers, with which they make it necessary to fortify the executive arm, will no longer be required.

In this way, the march of national improvement will be carried on. It is a process for dispensing with extra Government. As it extends itself from nation to nation, less and less will depend on the personal qualities of those who administer the Government; and it will cease to be in the power of a few individuals to embroil Europe and America in war. The capital, the labor, and the talent, that have been employed in the work of destruction, will be directed to the work of production and preservation, and a consequent increase of human happiness will result.

This state of things tends powerfully toward a new and greatly improved condition of international politics. The ancient civilization was so feeble in its principle, that it seemed hardly to admit of an extension beyond the sphere of one great political family. A series of States in the west of Asia succeeded each other, each rising on the ruins of its predecessor; and none of them proving the source of light to be contemporaneously enjoyed by other nations. The civilization of Europe next arose in Greece; struggled a while with that of Persia; was at one moment on the point of being overwhelmed; but having escaped in that crisis, obtained a mastery under the auspices of Alexander, which has never since been permanently wrested from Europe. But it proved impossible to build up the civilization of Italy, on any other basis than the ruins of Greece.

The diffusion of Christianity was followed with a great extension of the arts congenial to a spiritual religion. In the obscurity of the dark ages, a great work of spreading improvement was carried on, to which justice is hardly done. The erection throughout Christendom of churches and religious houses, with the organization of a body of men devoted to the service of a faith built on written records, and providing a system of religious instruction, was itself an engine for diffusing intellectual improvement, beyond all which the ancient world possessed. Nor must we forget the new instruments of social intercourse and communication, the compass and the press. In a word, it was found in the formation of the modern political system, that Europe had become capable of supporting more

than one civilized nation; that a family of States, rivalling each other in the arts of life, could subsist side by side.

But then sprang up the difficulties incident to their perpetual collisions, feuds, and wars. These nations, being all organized under forms of Governments, which threw the control of affairs into the hands of a few men, their personal passions and contested titles were a source of eternal wars. A principle of international peace became necessary. We now want to constitute our Governments so that it will be hard to go to war. We wish to put the last hand to the great improvement of modern civilization over that of the ancient world, and put an end to this cruel necessity of waging war every thirty years.

It is plain that this can only be done, by giving full developement to the representative principle. This will cut off the great source of wars, the personal passions of those in power. It was the unfortunate prejudice which Mr. Canning had conceived against the United States, which eventually produced the war of 1812; neither Lord Castlereagh, nor the Duke of Wellington, nor Lord Grey, would, in the judgment we have formed of these ministers, have allowed the collisions between the two countries to ripen into war; certainly a free Parliament would not have allowed it. The revolutionary war of 1775, was against the sense of the people of England. It has ever appeared to us, that the unnecessary interference of Mr. Pitt in French politics brought on the wars of the French Revolution, with all their consequences.

Our whole simple philosophy on this subject is contained in the words of Cowper;

> 'War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at.'

By kings, we mean, of course, kings and ministers. It is itself a great triumph of modern improvement, that so much less depends on the personal character of the prince in many States of Europe, than formerly. Still, however, his personal character greatly influences the selection of ministers; and the ministry do but substitute their own personality for that of the king. For personal reasons, from personal views, opinions, passions, they play this dreadful game of war. The sense of the people,—the calm, deliberate sense of the people,—is against it. Two enlightened countries, freely represented, could scarcely be wrought up to the point of carrying a declara-

tion of war against each other, through all the stages of a legislative enactment. If a thorough reform of the British Government shall bring the collective sense of the people of England into the councils of that country, and a like happy issue crown the movement in France; we should not despair of finding the influence of these two countries, in connexion with that of the United States, prove sufficient to put an end to war among civilized nations, and leave it to barbarous and despotic nations and Governments,—a fit engine to be employed by them for mutual havoc.

How long will it be before such a consummation will be brought about? Let no man, who loves his race and augurs favorably of its destinies, be put out of countenance by this question. How long is it since all Western Europe, now the seat of Christianity and of letters, and the abode of an intelligent population, was covered with tribes of painted savages? Less than eighteen hundred years. Compare the condition of Great Britain, and the entire North of Europe now, with what it was eight or nine centuries ago. The mechanical and industrious arts have added incalculably to the power of social and improving influences in modern times. There is no extravagance in predicting a vastly accelerated progress of civilization. But should it be slower than we wish or hope, it is not the less sure; and the object is one worthy to be obtained by generations and centuries of effort. No sacrifice is costly; no time is long. A thousand years are as one day. It is not we who are doing the work; it is the long line of generations, of which we are but a little part, and which, from the first blow that was struck for liberty in modern Europe, has been struggling toward the same end.

We have intimated our opinions as to measures, some of which we think are likely to follow the recognition of the sense of the people, as the rule of the Government and the principle of the constitution of England. These farther reforms, as far as they depend on the will of the people of England, may be brought about by parliamentary enactment, or by a still *more authentic* mode of ascertaining the sense of the people; we mean the adoption, by the people themselves, of a new *Magna Charta*, a reformed written constitution. Should the friends of reform in England be disposed to pursue this course, we beg leave to suggest the method of procedure usually adopted in this country, as simple, convenient, and safe.

Several of the States of this Union, and among them the largest and most powerful, have found occasion to revise their constitutions. This was last done in Virginia, two years ago. For this purpose, an act is passed by the State Legislature, authorizing the assembling of a convention, and prescribing the qualifications of its members, and their mode of election, which are usually those of the most popular branch of the State Legislature. The convention meets, revises the constitution, and prepares its report. This is submitted to the people, who accept or reject it, and this ends the matter. This has been done over and over again in the United States, and always without embarrassment, difficulty, or commotion. An analogous course in England would be, to provide by act of Parliament for the election of members of a convention, in proportion to the population, (including or excluding the Colonies, according as it might be intended to incorporate them or not into the State,) to be chosen in convenient geographical districts, and on some popular principle of suffrage. Let this convention meet, not like the barons at Runnymede, to extort a charter of liberties from a tyrant, but to devise a liberal constitution of Government for the people; to be accepted or rejected by them; and containing in itself proper conservative principles, like those embodied in the constitution of the United States. It has been with no small satisfaction, that, after listening so long to the denunciation of republics in general, and the Government of the United States in particular, on the score of fluctuation and instability,—after hearing our constitution reproached on this ground in the present debate, by one of the most respectable members of Parliament, we find our learned colleague of the British Quarterly Review asking of the friends of the Reform Bill, if they 'are aware of the existence of that *powerful conservative principle*, so wisely embodied in the original frame of the American constitution,' and contrasted, by the same writer, with the exposure of the British constitution 'to the mercy of an omnipotent Legislature.' We had ourselves drawn this contrast, in our remarks of last July; but we did not flatter ourselves that we should so soon see it recognized in such a quarter.

If a new constitution should be drawn up for England, by such a convention as we have described, conforming to the ascertained sense of the people, and containing a provision that no change shall be made in it, but on a vote of two thirds of

Parliament, ratified by two thirds of the people, the liberties of England, in our humble judgment, will be put upon a basis of security, beyond the reach of all the ordinary causes of political decline. A vast reduction of expenditure would be the consequence of the simplification of the Government, and the change in its foreign policy. This would lead to a proportionate diminution of the burden of taxation, and to an effectual attack on the mountain mass of the public debt. Look at the United States. Behold what these free institutions have done for us! In fifty-seven years, we have passed through two wars, and great vicissitudes of domestic politics, and have, nevertheless, paid off a public debt of nearly two hundred millions of dollars,—grown up from three millions of inhabitants to thirteen,—and settled the continent for a thousand miles into the interior. Forty millions of pounds sterling of public debt paid off!—Should we be extravagant, if we said, that, compared to our population and wealth, this debt is as great for us, as the British debt for Great Britain? Yet this has our tumultuous democracy achieved. What has the stable monarchy of Great Britain done in the meantime? Quadrupled her debt. And for what purpose? To put down the French revolution. Is it down? Look at its *denouement* in July, 1830. To put down the French revolution? Every dollar spent by Great Britain in that cause tended to assure its success. No, this mighty burden was laid on England, in support of a system of politics, conceived by a great man, but, even on English principles, of doubtful soundness, and so regarded by other English statesmen as great as he. Such a policy, under a free representation of the deliberate and intelligent sense of the people, could not have been persevered in. It has entailed on England her present heritage of embarrassment. It is the load of taxation,—the intolerable weight of each man's share of that load,—which now gives all its force to this clamor for reform. The British statesman, who thinks to give quiet to the country,—lasting quiet,—by any thing short of a great diminution of taxation, deceives himself. The topic of agitation may vary, but the discontent will continue. They may change the place, but they will keep the pain. Catholic disabilities may be removed, test and corporation acts repealed, parliamentary reform be granted. It is only filing away successively another piece of parchment in the archives of State. And unless the

reform of Parliament is followed by radical changes in the system of Government, in virtue of which it can be administered at half its present expense, nothing will have been gained toward satisfying the public mind. There the great load of taxation remains; the mighty weight, which runs down, and runs down, and never finds a bottom, but is giving a constantly accelerated motion to the whole madding machinery of opposition, agitation, disaffection, and revolt. But it is probable that the reformed Parliament, containing, as it will, a greatly increased representation of the public voice, will lead to other reforms, productive of diminished expenditure and reduced taxation, and in this probability rests the hope, that it will prove a measure of health and preservation to the State.

ART. III.—*Defence of Poetry.*

The Defence of Poesy. By SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. *Republished in the Library of the Old English Prose Writers. Vol. II.* Cambridge. Hilliard & Brown. 1831.

'Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewest what belonged to a scholar; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travel, conduct to perfection; well couldest thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert, 'cause none more virtuous, witty or learned than thyself.'* This eulogium was bestowed upon one of the most learned and illustrious men, that adorned the last half of the sixteenth century. Literary history is full of his praises. He is spoken of as the ripe scholar, the able statesman,—'the soldier's, scholar's, courtier's eye, tongue, sword,'—the man 'whose whole life was poetry put into action.' He and the Chevalier Bayard were the connecting links between the ages of chivalry and our own.

Sir Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst in West Kent, on the 29th of November, 1554, and died on the 16th day of October, 1586, from the wound of a musket-shot, received under the walls of Zutphen, a town in Guelderland, on the banks of the Issel. When he was retiring from the field of battle, an incident occurred, which well illustrates his chival-

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* Nash's Pierce Penniless.

rous spirit, and that goodness of heart which gained him the appellation of the '*Gentle* Sir Philip Sidney.' The circumstance has been made the subject of an historical painting by West. It is thus related by Lord Brooke.

'The horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the General was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."'

The most celebrated productions of Sidney's pen are the Arcadia and the Defence of Poetry. The former was written during the author's retirement at Wilton, the residence of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Though so much celebrated in its day,* it is now little known, and still less read. Its very subject prevents it from being popular at present; for now the pastoral reed seems entirely thrown aside. The muses no longer haunt the groves of Arcadia. The shepherd's song,—the sound of oaten pipe, and the scenes of pastoral loves and jealousies, are no becoming themes for the spirit of the age. Few at present take for their motto, '*flumina amo, silvasque inglorius*,' and, consequently, few read the Arcadia.

The Defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as Chrysostom did the works of Aristophanes. We do not, however, mean to analyze it in this place; but recommend to our readers to purchase this 'sweet food of sweetly

* Many of our readers will recollect the high-wrought eulogium of Harvey Pierce, when he consigned the work to immortality. 'Live ever sweete, sweete booke: the simple image of his gentle witt; and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world, that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the muses, the honey-bee of the daintyest flowers of witt and arte; the pith of morale and intellectual virtues, the arme of Bellona in the field, the tongue of Suada in the chamber, the sprite of Practice in *esse*, and the paragon of excellency in print.'

uttered knowledge.' It will be read with delight by all who have a taste for the true beauties of poetry; and may go far to remove the prejudices of those who have not. To this latter class, we address the concluding remarks of the author.

'So that since the ever praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue, breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honor poesy, and to be honored by poesy; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverend title of "a rhymer;" but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus, that they were the first bringers in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger, that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and "quid non?" to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused; to believe, with Landin, that they are so beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you, they will make you immortal by their verses.

'Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, though you be "libertino patre natus," you shall suddenly grow "Herculea proles,"

"Si quid mea carmina possunt:"

thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises.

'But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of

Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.'

As no 'Apologie for Poetrie' has appeared among us, we hope that Sir Philip Sidney's Defence will be widely read and long remembered. O that in our country, it might be the harbinger of as bright an intellectual day as it was in his own!—With us, the spirit of the age is clamorous for utility,—for visible, tangible utility,—for bare, brawny, muscular utility. We would be roused to action by the voice of the populace, and the sounds of the crowded mart, and not 'lulled asleep in shady idleness with poet's pastimes.' We are swallowed up in schemes for gain, and engrossed with contrivances for bodily enjoyments, as if this particle of dust were immortal,—as if the soul needed no aliment, and the mind no raiment. We glory in the extent of our territory, in our rapidly increasing population, in our agricultural privileges, and our commercial advantages. We boast of the magnificence and beauty of our natural scenery,—of the various climates of our sky,—the summers of our Northern regions,—the salubrious winters of the South, and of the various products of our soil, from the pines of our Northern highlands to the palm-tree and aloes of our Southern frontier. We boast of the increase and extent of our physical strength, the sound of populous cities, breaking the silence and solitude of our Western territories,—plantations conquered from the forest, and gardens springing up in the wilderness. Yet the true glory of a nation consists not in the extent of its territory, the pomp of its forests, the majesty of its rivers, the height of its mountains, and the beauty of its sky; but in the extent of its mental power,—the majesty of its intellect,—the height and depth and purity of its moral nature. It consists not in what nature has given to the body, but in what nature and education have given to the mind:—not in the world around us, but in the world within us:—not in the circumstances of fortune, but in the attributes of the soul:—not in the corruptible, transitory, and perishable forms of matter, but in the incorruptible, the permanent, the imperishable mind. True greatness is the greatness of the mind;—the true glory of a nation is moral and intellectual pre-eminence.

But still the main current of education runs in the wide and not well defined channel of immediate and practical utility. The main point is, how to make the greatest progress in worldly prosperity,—how to advance most rapidly in the career of gain. This, perhaps, is necessarily the case to a certain extent in a country, where every man is taught to rely upon his own exertions for a livelihood, and is the artificer of his own fortune and estate. But it ought not to be exclusively so. We ought not, in the pursuit of wealth and worldly honor, to forget those embellishments of the mind and the heart, which sweeten social intercourse and improve the condition of society. And yet, in the language of Dr. Paley, ' Many of us are brought up with this world set before us, and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs this world's prosperity is blamed; and there all praise and censure end. We see mankind about us in motion and action, but all these motions and actions directed to worldly objects. We hear their conversation, but it is all the same way. And this is what we see and hear from the first. The views, which are continually placed before our eyes, regard this life alone and its interests. Can it then be wondered at, that an early worldly-mindedness is bred in our hearts so strong, as to shut out heavenly-mindedness entirely !'—And this, though not in so many words, yet in fact and in its practical tendency, is the popular doctrine of utility.

Now, under correction be it said, we are much led astray by this word utility. There is hardly a word in our language whose meaning is so vague, and so often misunderstood and misapplied. We too often limit its application to those acquisitions and pursuits, which are of immediate and visible profit to ourselves and the community; regarding as comparatively or utterly useless many others, which, though more remote in their effects and more imperceptible in their operation, are, notwithstanding, higher in their aim, wider in their influence, more certain in their results, and more intimately connected with the common weal. We are too apt to think that nothing can be useful, but what is done with a noise, at noonday, and at the corners of the streets; as if action and utility were synonymous, and it were not as useless to act without thinking, as it is to think without acting. But the truth is, the word utility has a wider signification than this. It embraces in its proper definition whatever contributes to our happiness;

and thus includes many of those arts and sciences, many of those secret studies and solitary avocations, which are generally regarded either as useless, or as absolutely injurious to society. Not he alone does service to the State, whose wisdom guides her councils at home, nor he whose voice asserts her dignity abroad. A thousand little rills, springing up in the retired walks of life, go to swell the rushing tide of national glory and prosperity; and whoever in the solitude of his chamber, and by even a single effort of his mind, has added to the intellectual pre-eminence of his country, has not lived in vain, nor to himself alone. Does not the pen of the historian perpetuate the fame of the hero and the statesman? Do not their names live in the song of the bard? Do not the pencil and the chisel touch the soul while they delight the eye? Does not the spirit of the patriot and the sage, looking from the painted canvass, or eloquent from the marble lip, fill our hearts with veneration for all that is great in intellect, and godlike in virtue?

If this be true, then are the ornamental arts of life not merely ornamental, but at the same time highly useful; and Poetry and the Fine Arts become the instruction, as well as the amusement of mankind. They will not till our lands, nor freight our ships, nor fill our granaries and our coffers; but they will enrich the heart, freight the understanding, and make up the garnered fulness of the mind. And this we hold to be the true use of the subject.

Among the barbarous nations, which, in the early centuries of our era, overran the South of Europe, the most contumelious epithet which could be applied to a man, was to call him a Roman. All the corruption and degeneracy of the Western Empire were associated, in the minds of the Gothic tribes, with a love of letters and the fine arts. So far did this belief influence their practice, that they would not suffer their children to be instructed in the learning of the South. 'Instruction in the sciences,' said they, 'tends to corrupt, enervate, and depress the mind; and he who has been accustomed to tremble under the rod of a pedagogue, will never look on a sword or a spear with an undaunted eye.'* We apprehend that there are some, and indeed not a few in our active community, who

* Procop. de bello Gothor. ap. Robertson, Hist. Charles V. Vol. I. p. 234.

hold the appellation of scholar and man of letters in as little repute, as did our Gothic ancestors that of Roman; associating with it about the same ideas of effeminacy and inefficiency. They think, that the learning of books is not wisdom; that study unfits a man for action; that poetry and nonsense are convertible terms; that literature begets an effeminate and craven spirit; in a word, that the dust and cobwebs of a library are a kind of armor, which will not stand long against the hard knocks of 'the bone and muscle of the State,' and the 'huge two-fisted sway' of the stump orator. Whenever intellect is called into action, they would have the mind display a rough and natural energy,—strength, straight-forward strength, untutored in the rules of art, and unadorned by elegant and courtly erudition. They want the stirring voice of Demosthenes, accustomed to the roar of the tempest, and the dashing of the sea upon its hollow-sounding shore; rather than the winning eloquence of Phalereus, coming into the sun and dust of the battle, not from the martial tent of the soldier, but from the philosophic shades of Theophrastus.

But against no branch of scholarship is the cry so loud as against poetry, 'the quintessence, or rather the luxury of all learning.' Its enemies pretend, that it is injurious both to the mind and the heart; that it incapacitates us for the severer discipline of professional study; and that, by exciting the feelings and misdirecting the imagination, it unfits us for the common duties of life, and the intercourse of this matter-of-fact world. And yet such men have lived, as Homer, and Dante, and Milton;—poets and scholars, whose minds were bathed in song, and yet not weakened; men who severally carried forward the spirit of their age, who soared upward on the wings of poetry, and yet were not unfitted to penetrate the deepest recesses of the human soul, and search out the hidden treasures of wisdom, and the secret springs of thought, feeling, and action. None fought more bravely at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, than did the poet Æschylus. Richard Cœur-de-Lion was a poet; but his boast was in his very song:

> 'Bon guerrier à l'estendart
> Trouvaretz le Roi Richard.'

Ercilla and Garcilasso were poets; but the great epic of Spain was written in the soldier's tent and on the field of battle, and the descendant of the Incas was slain in the assault of a castle

in the South of France. Cervantes lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto, and Sir Philip Sidney was the breathing reality of the poet's dream, a living and glorious proof, that poetry neither enervates the mind nor unfits us for the practical duties of life.

Nor is it less true, that the legitimate tendency of poetry is to exalt, rather than to debase,—to purify, rather than to corrupt. Read the inspired pages of the Hebrew prophets; the eloquent aspirations of the Psalmist! Where did ever the spirit of devotion bear up the soul more steadily and loftily, than in the language of their poetry? And where has poetry been more exalted, more spirit-stirring, more admirable, or more beautiful, than when thus soaring upward on the wings of sublime devotion, the darkness and shadows of earth beneath it, and from above the brightness of an opened heaven pouring around it? It is true, the poetic talent may be, for it has been, most lamentably perverted. But when poetry is thus perverted,—when it thus forgets its native sky to grovel in what is base, sensual, and depraved,—though it may not have lost all its original brightness, nor appear less than 'the excess of glory obscured,' yet its birth-right has been sold, its strength has been blasted, and its spirit wears 'deep scars of thunder.'

It does not, then, appear to be the necessary nor the natural tendency of poetry to enervate the mind, corrupt the heart, or incapacitate us for performing the private and public duties of life. On the contrary, it may be made, and should be made, an instrument for improving the condition of society, and advancing the great purpose of human happiness. Man must have his hours of meditation as well as of action. The unities of time are not so well preserved in the great drama, but that moments will occur, when the stage must be left vacant, and even the busiest actors pass behind the scenes. There will be eddies in the stream of life, though the main current sweeps steadily onward, till 'it pours in full cataract over the grave.' There are times, when both mind and body are worn down by the severity of daily toil; when the grasshopper is a burden; and thirsty with the heat of labor, the spirit longs for the waters of Shiloah, that go softly. At such seasons, both mind and body should unbend themselves; they should be set free from the yoke of their customary service, and thought take some other direction, than that of the beaten, dusty thoroughfare of business. And there are times, too, when the divinity stirs within us; when the soul abstracts herself from the world, and

the slow and regular motions of earthly business do not keep pace with the Heaven-directed mind. Then earth lets go her hold; the soul feels herself more akin to Heaven; and soaring upward, the denizen of her native sky, she 'begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.' Call, if you will, such thoughts and feelings the dreams of the imagination; yet they are no unprofitable dreams. Such moments of silence and meditation are often those of the greatest utility to ourselves and others. Yes, we would dream awhile, that the spirit is not always the bondman of the flesh; that there is something immortal in us, something, which amid the din of life, urges us to aspire after the attributes of a more spiritual nature. Let the cares and business of the world sometimes sleep, for this sleep is the awakening of the soul.

To fill up these interludes of life with a song, that shall soothe our worldly passions and inspire us with a love of Heaven and virtue, seems to be the peculiar province of poetry. On this moral influence of the poetic art, there is a beautifully written passage in the 'Defence of Poesy.'

'The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it; but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, "hoc opus, hic labor est."

'Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit,) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure

definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue.'

In fine, we think that all the popular objections against poetry may be, not only satisfactorily, but triumphantly answered. They are all founded upon its abuse, and not upon its natural and legitimate tendencies. Indeed, popular judgment has seldom fallen into a greater error, than that of supposing that poetry must necessarily, and from its very nature, convey false and therefore injurious impressions. The error lies in not discriminating between what is true to nature, and what is true to fact. From the very nature of things, neither poetry nor any one of the imitative arts, can in itself be false. They can be false no farther than, by the imperfection of human skill, they convey to our minds imperfect and garbled views of what they represent. Hence a painting, or poetical description, may be true to nature, and yet false in point of fact. The canvass before you may represent a scene, in which every individual feature of the landscape shall be true to nature;—the tree, the water-fall, the distant mountain,—every object there shall be an exact copy of an original, that has a real existence, and yet the scene itself may be absolutely false in point of fact. Such a scene, with the features of the landscape combined precisely in the way represented, may exist nowhere but in the imagination of the artist. The statue of the Venus de' Medici is the perfection of female beauty; and every individual feature had its living original. Still the statue itself had no living archetype. It is true to nature, but it is not true to fact. So with the stage. The scene represented, the characters introduced, the plot of the piece, and the action of the performers may all be conformable to nature, and yet not be conformable to any pre-existing reality. The characters there personified may never have existed; the events represented may never have transpired. And so, too, with poetry. The scenes and events it describes; the characters and passions it portrays, may all be natural though not real. Thus, in a certain sense, fiction itself may be true,—true to the nature of

things, and consequently true in the impressions it conveys. And hence the reason, why fiction has always been made so subservient to the cause of truth.

Allowing, then, that poetry is nothing but fiction; that all it describes is false in point of fact; still its elements have a real existence, and the impressions we receive can be erroneous so far only, as the views presented to the mind are garbled and false to nature. And this is a fault incident to the artist, and not inherent in the art itself. So that we may fairly conclude, from these considerations, that the natural tendency of poetry is to give us correct moral impressions, and thereby advance the cause of truth and the improvement of society.

There is another very important view of the subject, arising out of the origin and nature of poetry, and its intimate connexion with individual character and the character of society.

The origin of poetry loses itself in the shades of a remote and fabulous age, of which we have only vague and uncertain traditions. Its fountain, like that of the river of the desert, springs up in a distant and unknown region, the theme of visionary story, and the subject of curious speculation. Doubtless, however, it originated amid the scenes of pastoral life, and in the quiet and repose of a golden age. There is something in the soft melancholy of the groves, which pervades the heart, and kindles the imagination. Their retirement is favorable to the musings of the poetic mind. The trees that waved their leafy branches to the summer wind, or heaved and groaned beneath the passing storm,—the shadow moving on the grass,—the bubbling brook,—the insect skimming on its surface,—the receding valley and the distant mountain,—these would be some of the elements of pastoral song. Its subject would naturally be the complaint of a shepherd and the charms of some gentle shepherdess,

> 'A happy soul, that all the way
> To Heaven, hath a summer's day.'

It is natural, too, that the imagination, familiar with the outward world, and connecting the idea of the changing seasons and the spontaneous fruits of the earth with the agency of some unknown power, that regulated and produced them, should suggest the thought of presiding deities, propitious in the smiling sky, and adverse in the storm. The fountain that gushed up as if to meet the thirsty lip, was made the dwelling of a nymph;

the grove that lent its shelter and repose from the heat of noon, became the abode of dryads; a god presided over shepherds and their flocks, and a goddess shook the yellow harvest from her lap. These deities were propitiated by songs and festive rites. And thus poetry added new charms to the simplicity and repose of bucolic life, and the poet mingled in his verse the delights of rural ease, and the praise of the rural deities which bestowed them.

Such was poetry in those happy ages, when, camps and courts unknown, life was itself an eclogue. But in later days it sang the achievements of Grecian and Roman heroes, and pealed in the war-song of the Gothic Scald. These early essays were rude and unpolished. As nations advanced in civilization and refinement, poetry advanced with them. In each successive age, it became the image of their thoughts and feelings, of their manners, customs, and characters; for poetry is but the warm expression of the thoughts and feelings of a people, and we speak of it as being national, when the character of a nation shines visibly and distinctly through it.

Thus, for example, Castilian poetry is characterized by sounding expressions, and that pomp and majesty, so peculiar to Spanish manners and character. On the other hand, English poetry possesses in a high degree the charms of rural and moral feeling; it flows onward like a woodland stream, in which we see the reflection of the sylvan landscape and of the heaven above us.

It is from this intimate connexion of poetry with the manners, customs, and characters of nations, that one of its highest uses is drawn. The impressions produced by poetry upon national character at any period, are again re-produced, and give a more pronounced and individual character to the poetry of a subsequent period. And hence it is, that the poetry of a nation sometimes throws so strong a light upon the page of its history, and renders luminous those obscure passages, which often baffle the long-searching eye of studious erudition. In this view, poetry assumes new importance with all who search for historic truth. Besides, the view of the various fluctuations of the human mind, as exhibited, not in history, but in the poetry of successive epochs, is more interesting, and less liable to convey erroneous impressions, than any record of mere events. The great advantage drawn from the study of history is not to treasure up in the mind a multitude of disconnected facts,

but from these facts to derive some conclusions, tending to illustrate the movements of the general mind, the progress of society, the manners, customs, and institutions, the moral and intellectual character of mankind in different nations, at different times, and under the operation of different circumstances. Historic facts are chiefly valuable, as exhibiting intellectual phenomena. And so far as poetry exhibits these phenomena more perfectly and distinctly than history does, so far is it superior to history. The history of a nation is the external symbol of its character; from it, we reason back to the spirit of the age that fashioned its shadowy outline. But poetry is the spirit of the age itself,—embodied in the forms of language, and speaking in a voice that is audible to the external as well as the internal sense. The one makes known the impulses of the popular mind, through certain events resulting from them; the other displays the more immediate presence of that mind, visible in its action, and presaging those events. The one is like the marks left by the thunder-storm,—the blasted tree,—the purified atmosphere; the other like the flash from the bosom of the cloud, or the voice of the tempest, announcing its approach. The one is the track of the ocean on its shore; the other the continual movement and murmur of the sea.

Besides, there are epochs, which have no contemporaneous history; but have left in their popular poetry pretty ample materials for estimating the character of the times. The events, indeed, therein recorded, may be exaggerated facts, or vague traditions, or inventions entirely apocryphal; yet they faithfully represent the spirit of the ages which produced them; they contain indirect allusions and incidental circumstances, too insignificant in themselves to have been fictitious, and yet on that very account the most important parts of the poem, in a historical point of view. Such, for example, are the *Nibelungen Lied* in Germany; the *Poema del Cid* in Spain; and the *Songs of the Troubadours* in France. Hence poetry comes in for a large share in that high eulogy, which, in the true spirit of the scholar, a celebrated German critic has bestowed upon letters: 'If we consider literature in its widest sense, as the voice which gives expression to human intellect,—as the aggregate mass of symbols, in which the spirit of an age or the character of a nation is shadowed forth, then indeed a

great and various literature is, without doubt, the most valuable possession of which any nation can boast.*

From all these considerations, we are forced to the conclusion, that poetry is a subject of far greater importance in itself, and in its bearing upon the condition of society, than the majority of mankind would be willing to allow. We heartily regret, that this opinion is not a more prevailing one in our land. We give too little encouragement to works of imagination and taste. The vocation of the poet does not stand high enough in our esteem; we are too cold in admiration, too timid in praise. The poetic lute and the high-sounding lyre are much too often and too generally looked upon as the baubles of effeminate minds, or bells and rattles to please the ears of children. The prospect, however, brightens. But a short time ago, not a poet 'moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped;' and now we have a host of them,—three or four good ones, and three or four hundred poor ones. This, however, we will not stop to cavil about at present. To those of them, who may honor us by reading our article, we would whisper this request,—that they should be more original, and withal more national. It seems every way important, that now, whilst we are forming our literature, we should make it as original, characteristic, and national as possible. To effect this, it is not necessary that the war-whoop should ring in every line, and every page be rife with scalps, tomahawks and wampum. Shade of Tecumseh forbid!—The whole secret lies in Sidney's maxim,—'Look in thy heart and write.' For

> 'Cantars non pot gaire valer,
> Si d'inz del cor no mov lo chang.'†

Of this anon. We will first make a few remarks upon the word *national*, as applied to the literature of a country; for when we speak of a national poetry, we do not employ the term in that vague and indefinite way, in which many writers use it.

A national literature, then, in the widest signification of the words, embraces every mental effort made by the inhabitants of a country, through the medium of the press. Every

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* Schlegel. Lectures on the History of Literature, Vol. I. Lec. VII.

† 'The poet's song is little worth,
If it moveth not from within the heart.'

book written by a citizen of a country belongs to its national literature. But the term has also a more peculiar and appropriate definition; for when we say that the literature of a country is *national*, we mean that it bears upon it the stamp of national character. We refer to those distinguishing features, which literature receives from the spirit of a nation,—from its scenery and climate, its historic recollections, its Government, its various institutions,—from all those national peculiarities, which are the result of no positive institutions, and, in a word, from the thousand external circumstances, which either directly or indirectly exert an influence upon the literature of a nation, and give it a marked and individual character, distinct from that of the literature of other nations.

In order to be more definite and more easily understood in these remarks, we will here offer a few illustrations of the influence of external causes upon the character of the mind, the peculiar habits of thought and feeling, and, consequently, the general complexion of literary performances. From the causes enumerated above, we select natural scenery and climate, as being among the most obvious, in their influence upon the prevailing tenor of poetic composition. Every one who is acquainted with the works of the English Poets, must have noted, that a moral feeling and a certain rural quiet and repose are among their most prominent characteristics. The features of their native landscape are transferred to the printed page, and as we read we hear the warble of the sky-lark,—the 'hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.' The shadow of the woodland scene lends a pensive shadow to the ideal world of poetry.

> 'Why lure me from these pale retreats?
> Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
> Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
> Can Painting's glowing hand supply,
> A charm so suited to my mind,
> As blows this hollow gust of wind,
> As drops this little weeping rill
> Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
> While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
> Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners grey?'*

In the same richly poetic vein are the following lines from Collins's Ode to Evening.

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* Mason's Ode to a Friend.

'Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

'And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.'

In connexion with the concluding lines of these two extracts, and as an illustration of the influence of climate on the character of poetry, it is worthy of remark, that the English Poets excel those of the South of Europe in their descriptions of morning and evening. They dwell with long delight and frequent repetition upon the brightening glory of the hour, when 'the northern wagoner has set his sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre;' and upon the milder beauty of departing day, when 'the bright-hair'd sun sits in yon western tent.' What, for example, can be more descriptive of the vernal freshness of a morning in May, than the often quoted song in Cymbeline?

'Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that *lies:*
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!'

How full of poetic feeling and imagery is the following description of the dawn of day, taken from Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess!

'See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.'

Still more remarkable than either of these extracts, as a graphic description of morning, is the following from Beattie's Minstrel.

'But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

'The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower;
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.'

Extracts of this kind we might multiply almost without number. The same may be said of similar ones, descriptive of the gradual approach of evening and the close of day. But we have already quoted enough for our present purpose. Now, to what peculiarities of natural scenery and climate may we trace these manifold and beautiful descriptions, which in their truth, delicacy and poetic coloring, surpass all the pictures of the kind in Tasso, Guarini, Boscan, Garcilasso, and, in a word, all the most celebrated poets of the South of Europe? Doubtless, to the rural beauty which pervades the English landscape, and to the long morning and evening twilight of a northern climate.

Still, with all this taste for the charms of rural description and sylvan song, pastoral poetry has never been much cultivated, nor much admired in England. The Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, it is true, enjoyed a temporary celebrity, but this was, doubtless, owing in a great measure to the rank of its author; and though the pastorals of Pope are still read and praised, their reputation belongs in part to their author's youth at the time of their composition. Nor is this remarkable. For though the love of rural ease is characteristic of the

English, yet the rigors of their climate render their habits of pastoral life any thing but delightful. In the mind of an Englishman, the snowy fleece is more intimately associated with the weaver's shuttle, than with the shepherd's crook. Horace Walpole has a humorous passage in one of his letters, on the affectation of pastoral habits in England. 'In short,' says he, 'every summer one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters. They talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues by attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of any such thing as a *cool* evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and they cry, *This is a bad Summer;* as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other.' On the contrary, the poetry of the Italians, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, is redolent of the charms of pastoral indolence and enjoyment; for they inhabit countries in which pastoral life is a reality and not a fiction, where the winter's sun will almost make you seek the shade, and the summer nights are mild and beautiful in the open air. The babbling brook and cooling breeze are luxuries in a Southern clime, where you

> 'See the sun set, sure he'll rise tomorrow,
> Not through a misty morning twinkling, weak as
> A drunken man's dead eye, in maudlin sorrow,
> But with all heaven t' himself.'

A love of indolence and a warm imagination are characteristic of the inhabitants of the South. These are natural effects of a soft voluptuous climate. It is there a luxury to let the body lie at ease, stretched by a fountain in the lazy stillness of a summer noon, and suffer the dreamy fancy to lose itself in idle reverie, and give a form to the wind, and a spirit to the shadow and the leaf. Hence the prevalence of personification and the exaggerations of figurative language, so characteristic of the poetry of Southern nations. As an illustration, take

the following beautiful sonnet from the Spanish. It is addressed to a mountain brook.

'Laugh of the mountain !—lyre of bird and tree !
Mirror of morn, and garniture of fields !
The soul of April, that so gently yields
The rose and jasmin bloom, leaps wild in thee !

'Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

'How without guile thy bosom all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count !
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current !
O sweet simplicity of days gone by !
Thou shunnest the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount !'*

We will pursue these considerations no longer, for fear of digressing too far. What we have already said will illustrate, perhaps superficially, but sufficiently for our present purpose, the influence of natural scenery and climate upon the character of poetical composition. It will at least show, that in speaking of this influence, we did not speak at random and without a distinct meaning. Similar, and much more copious illustrations of the influence of various other external circumstances on national literature, might here be given. But it is not our intention to go into details. They will naturally suggest themselves to the mind of every reflecting reader.

We repeat, then, that we wish our native poets would give a more national character to their writings. In order to effect

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* 'Risa del monte, de las aves lira!
pompa del prado, espejo de la aurora!
alma de Abril, espíritu de Flora
por quien la rosa y el jazmin espira!
'Aunque tu curso en cuantos pasos gira
tanta jurisdiccion argenta y dora,
tu claro proceder mas me enamora
que lo que en tí todo pastor admira.
'Cuan sin engaño tus entrañas puras
dejan por transparente vidriera
las guijuelas al número patentes!
'Cuan sin malicia cándida murmuras!
O sencillez de aquella edad primera,
huyes del hombre y vives en las fuentes.'

this, they have only to write more naturally, to write from their own feelings and impressions, from the influence of what they see around them, and not from any pre-conceived notions of what poetry ought to be, caught by reading many books, and imitating many models. This is peculiarly true in descriptions of natural scenery. In these, let us have no more sky-larks and nightingales. For us they only warble in books. A painter might as well introduce an elephant or a rhinoceros into a New England landscape. We would not restrict our poets in the choice of their subjects, or the scenes of their story; but when they sing under an American sky, and describe a native landscape, let the description be graphic, as if it had been seen and not imagined. We wish too, to see the figures and imagery of poetry a little more characteristic, as if drawn from nature and not from books. Of this we have constantly recurring examples in the language of our North American Indians. Our readers will all recollect the last words of Pushmataha, the Choctaw Chief, who died at Washington in the year 1824. 'I shall die, but you will return to your brethren. As you go along the paths, you will see the flowers, and hear the birds; but Pushmataha will see them and hear them no more. When you come to your home, they will ask you, where is Pushmataha? and you will say to them, He is no more. They will hear the tidings *like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the wood.*' More attention on the part of our writers, to these particulars, would give a new and delightful expression to the face of our poetry. But the difficulty is, that instead of coming forward as bold, original thinkers, they have imbibed the degenerate spirit of modern English poetry. They have hitherto been imitators either of decidedly bad, or of, at best, very indifferent models. It has been the fashion to write strong lines,—to aim at point and antithesis. This has made writers turgid and extravagant. Instead of ideas, they give us merely the signs of ideas. They erect a great bridge of words, pompous and imposing, where there is hardly a drop of thought to trickle beneath. Is not he, who thus apostrophizes the clouds, 'Ye posters of the wakeless air!'—quite as extravagant as the Spanish poet, who calls a star, a 'burning doublon of the celestial bank?' *Doblon ardiente del celeste banco!*

This spirit of imitation has spread far and wide. But a

few years ago, what an aping of Lord Byron exhibited itself throughout the country! It was not an imitation of the brighter characteristics of his intellect, but a mimicry of his sullen misanthropy and irreligious gloom. We do not wish to make a bugbear of Lord Byron's name, nor figuratively to disturb his bones; still we cannot but express our belief, that no writer has done half so much to corrupt the literary taste as well as the moral principle of our country, as the author of Childe Harold.* Minds that could not understand his beauties, could imitate his great and glaring defects. Souls that could not fathom his depths, could grasp the straw and bubbles that floated upon the agitated surface, until at length every city, town, and village had its little Byron, its self-tormenting scoffer at morality, its gloomy misanthropist in song. Happily, this noxious influence has been in some measure checked and counteracted by the writings of Wordsworth, whose pure and gentle philosophy has been gradually gaining the ascendency over the bold and visionary speculations of an unhealthy imagination. The sobriety, and, if we may use the expression, the republican simplicity of his poetry, are in unison with our moral and political doctrines. But even Wordsworth, with all his simplicity of diction and exquisite moral feeling, is a very unsafe model for imitation; and it is worth while to observe, how invariably those who have imitated him have fallen into tedious mannerism. As the human mind is so constituted, that all men receive to a greater or less degree a complexion from those with whom they are conversant, the writer who

* We here subjoin Lord Byron's own opinion of the poetical taste of the present age. It is from a letter in the second volume of Moore's Life of Byron. 'With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he and *all* of us,—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I,—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this, by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way;—I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly.'

means to school himself to poetic composition,—we mean so far as regards style and diction,—should be very careful what authors he studies. He should leave the present age, and go back to the olden time. He should make, not the writings of an individual, but the whole body of English classical literature, his study. There is a strength of expression, a clearness, and force and raciness of thought in the elder English poets, which we may look for in vain among those who flourish in these days of verbiage. Truly the degeneracy of modern poetry is no school-boy declamation! The stream, whose fabled fountain gushes from the Grecian mount, flowed brightly through those ages, when the souls of men stood forth in the rugged freedom of nature, and gave a wild and romantic character to the ideal landscape. But in these practical days, whose spirit has so unsparingly levelled to the even surface of utility the bold irregularities of human genius, and lopped off the luxuriance of poetic feeling, which once lent its grateful shade to the haunts of song, that stream has spread itself into stagnant pools, which exhale an unhealthy atmosphere, whilst the parti-colored bubbles that glitter on its surface, show the corruption from which they spring.

Another circumstance which tends to give an effeminate and unmanly character to our literature, is the precocity of our writers. Premature exhibitions of talent are an unstable foundation to build a national literature upon. Roger Ascham, the school-master of princes, and for the sake of antithesis, we suppose, called the Prince of School-masters, has well said of precocious minds; 'They be like trees that showe forth faire blossoms and broad leaves in spring-time, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest-time; and that only such as fall and rott before they be ripe, and so never, or seldome come to any good at all.' It is natural that the young should be enticed by the wreaths of literary fame, whose hues are so passing beautiful even to the more sober-sighted, and whose flowers breathe around them such exquisite perfumes. Many are deceived into a misconception of their talents by the indiscreet and indiscriminate praise of friends. They think themselves destined to redeem the glory of their age and country; to shine as 'bright particular stars;' but in reality their genius

> 'Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at,
> Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon 't,
> And blew,—and blew,—turn'd tail and went out presently.'

We have set forth the portrait of modern poetry in rather gloomy colors; for we really think, that the greater part of what is published in this book-writing age, ought in justice to suffer the fate of the children of Thetis, whose immortality was tried by fire. We hope, however, that ere long, some one of our most gifted bards will throw his fetters off, and relying on himself alone, fathom the recesses of his own mind, and bring up rich pearls from the secret depths of thought.

We will conclude these suggestions to our native poets, by quoting Ben Johnson's 'Ode to Himself,' which we address to each of them individually.

'Where do'st thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this securitie
It is the common moth
That eats on wits, and arts, and quite destroyes them both.

'Are all th' Aonian springs
Dri'd up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgrac't,
To see their seats and bowers by chatt'ring pies defac't?

'If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
T'is crowne enough to virtue still, her owne applause.

'What though the greedy frie
Be taken with false baytes
Of worded balladrie,
And thinke it poesie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne upon their folly waites.'

ART. IV.—*Silliman's Chemistry.*

Elements of Chemistry in the order of the Lectures given in Yale College. By BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, Professor of Chemistry, Pharmacy, Mineralogy, and Geology. In two vols. New-Haven. 1831.

If the excellence of a work consist mainly in its adaptation to the professed object for which it was written, this truly is one of the best productions on the subject of Chemistry, that we have ever examined. In the preface, the author informs us, that 'the object of this work is to present the science in the most intelligible form to those who are learning its elements'; and the principles laid down, the facts adduced in support of these principles, and the mode of their presentation, are all in keeping with the design. Throughout the whole, he evidently proceeds on the ground that the students for whose use it was prepared, are entirely unacquainted with the subjects of which it treats; that he is writing for the novice and not for the initiated; and he endeavors, and we think very successfully, 'to find his way into the mind of the pupil, and to fix there the knowledge presented to him.'

When Sir Humphrey Davy composed his work on Chemical Philosophy, he had a different object in view; namely, to classify and arrange the great phenomena of the science in such a manner, that Chemistry, arrayed in all the glories of his brilliant discoveries, might not fear to take her proper rank with her sister sciences. Though he probably fell short of what was due from his fine genius, he produced a very valuable work for the master, but not such an one as the student wants. Dr. Henry's 'Elements of Experimental Chemistry' is in some degree chargeable with the same defect; for it is evident, that his eye is directed rather to the new discoveries in the science, than to what has long been known; and that in the composition of the work he was thinking more of chemists than of learners; so that while he is careful not to depart from the dignity of science, he has failed of communicating all that interest to his work, which it ought to have to recommend it to those who have but just entered on the study of Chemistry. He is correct and discriminating, and the successive editions present a fair view of the progress of the science. But however excellent the works just mentioned are, the one as show-

ing great genius in generalizing, and the other a sound judgment, they are neither of them well adapted to be text-books in our colleges.

In the preface to the work before us, the author remarks, that

'The materials of this work have been gradually accumulating since 1802. They have been drawn from scientific journals, from the transactions of learned societies, and from the principal writers who have flourished since the middle of the last century, —*the Augustan age of Chemistry.* From works of an earlier date, light has been occasionally derived, as well as from notes and recollections of the instructions of the distinguished teachers, to whom the author was formerly so happy as to listen. In this view, he takes particular satisfaction in naming the late Dr. Murray of Edinburgh, and Professor Thomas C. Hope, still a distinguished ornament of the university in the same city.

'Various notices, derived from the author's own experience, and from his personal communications with others, are introduced, with occasional figures, for illustration; and in the notes, many miscellaneous facts are preserved.

'In the immediate preparation of this work for the press, the original memoirs of authors and discoverers have been often consulted, and the abstract has been frequently drawn from them, rather than from the elementary books; but the analyses contained in the latter have not unfrequently been adopted; sometimes even after a careful examination of the original; and for this reason, among others, that the statements contained in them could be often, without injury, still further abridged. In such cases, several eminent elementary writers have been diligently compared on the same subject; and thus omissions have been supplied, and obscurity has been removed, either by the comparison or by resorting to the first record.

'References to the original memoirs have been always preserved, when such memoirs were attainable; and when the books containing them were not at hand, the citations have been copied from the latest systematical writers. Credit has also, in most instances, been given to elementary writers for materials drawn from their pages; but for brevity, and especially when the facts are the common stock of the science, the references have been sometimes omitted, or an initial letter only retained. There are, however, some works, to which a more particular acknowledgement is due. Those of Bergman and Scheele; the lectures of Dr. Black, by Robison; the system of Dr. Thomson, in all its editions, and also his more recent work on the First Principles of Chemistry; the Dictionaries of Nicholson, Aikins, and Ure,

the Compendium of Dr. Hare, the Dispensatory of Dr. Coxe, the Technology of Dr. Bigelow, the Operative Chemist of Gray, and the Chemical Manipulation of Mr. Faraday; the System of the late Dr. Murray, and his Elements, ably edited by his son; as also the writings of Mr. Dalton; the works of Lavoisier, Chaptal, Berthollet, and Fourcroy; the System of Thénard, in its most recent edition, and his miscellaneous writings, especially in connexion with Gay-Lussac; and those of Dr. Priestley, Bishop Watson, Mr. Parkes, Professor Berzelius, and Sir H. Davy, including also his Elements;—these are among the leading authorities, although it would be easy to increase the catalogue.

'A recent work by Dr. Turner, of the London University, has been of great utility. It is highly scientific and very exact, particularly on the facts and doctrines of definite and multiple proportions, and combining equivalents; and many of its details have been adopted.' Preface, pp. 4, 5.

After the preface comes the plan of the work, which we shall again have occasion to notice, and then follows an introduction, containing a spirited sketch of the main branches of natural science, and the connexion between them.

'Chemistry. The remaining branch of science relating to natural bodies, begins where natural philosophy and natural history stop. As the gleanings of its early history may be found in the prefaces of the larger elementary works on Chemistry, we shall here omit the vague annals of its infancy, and the delusions of its middle age.

'It would exceed our limits to trace the progress of Chemistry from age to age; to unfold the delusions of Alchemy, whose object was to discover the philosopher's stone, an imaginary substance, which, it was supposed, would convert the baser metals into gold or silver, or to speak of the equally delusive pursuit after the Grand Catholicon, or universal remedy, which was to remove every disease; to avert death, and confer terrestrial immortality on man; or to mention the imaginary Alcahest, or universal solvent, whose power it was supposed nothing could resist. The alchemists indeed imagined, that these miraculous virtues resided in one and the same substance, and during the dark ages, most of the cultivators of what was then called Chemistry, smitten with the delirium of Alchemy, pursued their occult processes in cells and caverns, remote from the light of heaven, and wasted their days and nights, their talents and fortunes, in a vain pursuit. The alchemist, however, accumulated many valuable facts, which have been employed with good advantage, in laying the foundations of modern Chemical Science.

'Some knowledge of chemical arts is coeval with the earliest stages of human society; and it has happened with this, as with other branches of natural knowledge, that many facts were discovered and accumulated, in the practice of the arts, and in domestic economy, long before any general truths were established, by a course of inductive reasoning, upon the phenomena.

'The arts are all either mechanical or chemical, and not unfrequently both are involved in the same processes. The practices of the arts may be regarded as experiments in natural philosophy and chemistry. The object of the arts is usually gain; but he, or any other person, who views the facts correctly, may reason upon them advantageously, and thus obtain important instruction.

'The *Science* of Chemistry, considered as a collection of elementary truths derived from the study of facts, can scarcely be referred to a period much beyond the commencement of the last century, and its principal triumphs have been achieved since the middle of that period. It would be premature, to detail on the present occasion, the particular discoveries, which, like stars, rising successively above the horizon, have broken forth in rapid succession. Those discoveries, their periods and their authors, will be mentioned, in giving the history of each particular substance. At present, it would not be proper to attempt any thing more than to convey to those to whom the subject may be new, a general conception of the nature, extent and objects of the Science of Chemistry, reserving the details for the time when they will be both the most intelligible and the most interesting.

'DEFINITION.* *Chemistry is that science which investigates the composition of all bodies, and the laws by which it is governed.*

'Not satisfied with the knowledge of the external properties and the mechanical relations, which are unfolded by natural history and by physics, but taking them into view, and retaining and using their principal discoveries, chemistry proceeds to investigate the hidden constitution of every species of material existence in earth, sea, and air.

'*Earth, air, fire, and water*, were the four elements of the ancient school. They have, however, yielded to analysis, and water, bland and simple as it seems, contains two bodies, whose properties are entirely different from its own and from those of each other; burning, when mingled and ignited in large quantities, with violent explosion; and in a small stream, with a heat, which melts and dissipates the firmest substances. We should never have conjectured that water, whose great prerogative it is

* 'For various definitions the student may see the principal authors, Thompson, Fourcroy, Henry, Murray, La Grange, Thénard, Davy, Brande, Turner, Hare, and others.'

to extinguish fire, contains both a combustible and a supporter of combustion.

'*The air*, the *pabulum* of life to the whole animal and vegetable creation, mild and negative like water, is not *simple*, but incidentally contains many bodies,—essentially, however, only two; one of which, and that constituting four-fifths of the whole, is, and was intended to be, in a high degree noxious and even deadly to animal life, and fatal to combustion. The air does not destroy life instead of invigorating our frames, and extinguish instead of inflaming combustion, because the prevalent noxious principle of the air (nitrogen) is balanced by a life and fire-sustaining principle, (oxygen) too vigorous to be trusted alone, and therefore diluted exactly to the proper degree by the opposite principle; both being, by another extraordinary provision, sustained, in constant proportion, and thus producing a salubrious and unchanging atmosphere.

'The *earth* under our feet, the soil, the sand, the gravel, the firm substance of the rocks, is not simple. In this ancient but assumed element, we have a double complexness. The one imagined simple earth contains at least nine, and each of these is again complex, containing for one principle, oxygen, the same that exists both in water and in the atmosphere, united to nine or ten varieties of metals or combustibles, none of which are known in common life.

'He who is acquainted with the wonderful effects of chemical combination, will not think it strange that half the weight of marble is carbonic acid, and that metals, when combined with oxygen, resemble very exactly the earthly substances.

'*Light as well as heat*, is contained in common fire, and therefore it is not simple, unless fire and heat are varieties of one and the same thing.

'Modern research has proved that, besides light, which, in its seven prismatic colors, is contained in the solar beam, there is also, in this emanation, an opake, radiant principle, which accompanying light and heat, neither warms nor illuminates, but acts to decompose certain chemical compounds; that there are opake rays which warm but do not illuminate, and illuminating rays which are cold to the sense of living animals, but impart to the universe its splendid drapery of colors; and that, associated with one or more of these emanations, there is a surprising power, which imparts magnetism to a needle, and gives it the properties of the load-stone. But we have used the word element without defining it.

'*An element is an undecomposable body*,—it is therefore simple, or in other words, not reducible to any other form of existence.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between *real elements*, and those which are such only in relation to the present state of our knowledge. When modern science speaks of a body as elementary, it intends nothing more than that it has not been decomposed. It is therefore simple as far as we know, but it is possible that by future efforts, it may be decomposed. Although we have no reason to doubt that there are *real* elements, we cannot say that we are certainly in possession of any one element. It is, however, perfectly safe to reason upon bodies as elementary, until they are proved to be compound. Iron is, as far as we know, a simple body; we cannot as yet exhibit it in any simple form; all we can do, is to alter its size and figure, without at all changing its nature. But iron rust, or the scales which fly off when red hot iron is hammered, are not simple; they consist of iron combined with oxygen, one of the principles of the atmosphere; we can explain these substances in a simpler form; the iron which they contain can be separated from the aerial principle, and both can be exhibited apart, and thus the proof will be complete; red lead and red precipitate are still better examples, because the former can be partially, and the latter wholly, brought back to the condition of metals, by simply heating them.

'The four ancient elements, earth, air, fire, and water, were assumed at hazard, because they are so conspicuous and important; the conception was grand, but it was wholly erroneous.

'Instead of four elements, we have at the present time not less than fifty, nearly four fifths of which are metals; the remainder are chiefly combustibles and bodies which, combining with combustibles and metals with peculiar energy, are generally called supporters of combustion.*

'Our simple bodies then are,

1. Metals, about . . . . . 40†
2. Combustibles not metallic, ... 7†
3. Principles or supporters of combustion, . 2 or 3
4. One body, or possibly two,‡ of an undetermined character, in all . . . . . 50 or 51
5. Imponderable bodies, light, heat, and electricity; besides the power called magnetism and the other varieties of attraction.

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* 'Some object to this phrase, preferring to consider combustion as being only an example of intense chemical action; this view is philosophical; but combustion is so frequent an occurrence, and involves so many important chemical events, that it is convenient, in accordance with the general practice of mankind, to designate it and the bodies contained in it, by a peculiar phraseology.'

† 'It is perhaps doubtful, where some of these bodies ought to be classed,—whether among metals or combustibles.'

‡ 'Perhaps silicon and bromine; we have, however, classed them where they appear to belong.'

'The principal object of Chemistry is to display, first, the great powers upon which its phenomena depend; and, secondly, the properties of the elements, the mode and energy of their action, the combinations which they are capable of forming, the properties of the resulting compounds, and the laws by which they are governed. This statement obviously includes all bodies, natural and artificial. There are many chemical compounds made by art, which, as far as we are informed, do not exist in nature, and there are many natural bodies which art has not yet been able to imitate.' Vol. I. Introduction, pp. 14—19.

We have already expressed the opinion, that this work is eminently adapted to the object for which it was prepared, and one circumstance which shows that it is so, is the vast number of interesting facts contained in it, illustrating most distinctly and satisfactorily the principles of Chemistry. They are drawn, not merely from the experiments of the laboratory, but likewise from the shop of the artist, and the grand processes of nature. They are not only such as are found scattered through elementary works and scientific journals, but they are also such as the author himself gathered from his own experience and observation, during the nearly thirty years which he has devoted to the subject. They are also, many of them at least, related in a manner so distinct, graphic, and attractive, as to prove that he is not only a close observer, but a warm admirer of this class of the phenomena of nature.

Now this is just what the student wants, as one said a few days since, who was endeavoring to glean some knowledge from a dry text-book. 'I should be very much interested in Chemistry, if I could find *data*.' It is peculiarly a science dependent upon facts, which are needed to give a local habitation to its doctrines; and without them, though one should write a system with all the acuteness of Aristotle, and the elegance of Plato, it would not interest a novice any more, than would a metaphysical system of divinity, compared with the narrations of the Evangelists. Every science has its metaphysics, and we know there are some who would prefer a cold statement of the abstract principles of Chemistry; just as there are those, who, from their attachment to Anatomy, would feel more interest in a naked skeleton than they would in a form through which life pours its mantling tide, and in which intelligence dwells. And we apprehend that in the progress of investigation and discovery, the tendency is to lay aside facts and to dwell on principles. One chemical philosopher, in all the

ardor of original investigation, arrives at certain conclusions, which he publishes to the world with the facts upon which they are built, and the uses to which they can be applied. Another, adopting these conclusions as his premises, while he says little about those facts or those uses, presses on in the field of discovery, and in his turn enlarges the boundaries of knowledge. And it has happened, that some of the late works on this source are very deficient in those interesting phenomena, upon which its great principles are founded, and in the discussion of the practical application of those principles; while they are fuller than the older systems of the doctrines of the science. This is the case with Dr. Turner's recent work; which is worthy of all praise for the philosophical accuracy of its statements, and yet has very little attraction for one who has just entered on the study of the science, as we have had good opportunity of knowing. And here we are happy to fortify our opinions, by quoting the kindred sentiments of Dr. Ure, from the preface of his Dictionary of Chemistry.

'It must however be confessed, that the listlessness with which chemical systems are frequently perused, is not entirely the fault of the reader. Too many of these books are dry compilations of names, qualities and numbers, in methodical complexity, containing no intelligible examples of chemical inquiry; nay, hardly a trace of the genius of discovery or of the splendid course which it has run.'

The same good judgment which appears in the selection of a great number of facts, led the author to dwell on those doctrines, that are the most important and interesting; and this is another circumstance, which renders the work well adapted to the purpose for which it was prepared. When Nicholas Lemery published his course of Chemistry, we are told that it was devoured like a novel, and we are disposed to believe, that by a selection of certain topics, illustrated in a suitable manner, a book might be prepared which would be equally attractive at the present time. Let the grand doctrine of *caloric* be exhibited, with its various phenomena of radiation and slow communication; in its vanishing and re-appearing forms, according as it becomes latent or sensible, with its several sources and its powerful effects, whether they are seen in clothing the earth with verdure and working into life the tribes that people it; in changing the dimensions and the state of bodies by its expand-

ing and decomposing power; or as they appear in the steam-engine, the noblest trophy of the conquest of science over nature; and in the volcano, which sends forth from the interior of the earth its desolating flood. Let the simple combustibles, such as carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, and hydrogen find a place; and the grand supporter of combustion, oxygen, in its several states, solid in union with the metals, liquid in the water we drink, gaseous in the air we breathe; united with one class of bodies to form the alkalies, earths and oxyds, and with another to form the common acids; expanded in large quantities to support animal life, and, by a beautiful arrangement of Providence, restored to the atmosphere by the vegetable creation. To these should be added chlorine, some of the more important metals, some of the proximate vegetable principles. It would be highly important not to omit galvanism, with its wonderful phenomena, and the laws of affinity, especially as they are exhibited in the doctrines of definite proportion. Let these and some other topics be selected and presented with sufficient detail in an appropriate form, and in the same spirit with which Sir Humphrey Davy wrote his last work, though in a less ambitious style, and the science could not fail of awakening a deep interest, and of securing more attention than it now does.

Chemistry has become very extensive in its ordinary branches and applications, and we see not why the same course should not be taken in preparing works for the learner, on this as on most of the other sciences. He who prepares a work for schools and colleges, on arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry, does not think it necessary to include in it the theory of numbers, or of analytical functions, or the porisms recorded by Pappus; and for the plain reason, that these investigations would not only be of no use to the student in his incipient course, but from their intricacy, would be actually discouraging and repulsive. But in the larger works on Chemistry, such as for instance, Thompson's, Murray's and Henry's, there are subjects introduced, with which it is impossible that a student should become acquainted in the time usually allotted to the study of Chemistry in our colleges, and which must serve only as stumbling-blocks in his way.

We are happy to find that M. Lavoisier justifies this view of the subject, in the course which he took in the composition of his work; though the reasons for it, owing to the pro-

gress of the science, are much stronger now than they were when he wrote. Having omitted the subject of affinities, he remarks in his preface that he had done so, because he considered the 'science of affinities as holding the same place with regard to the other branches of Chemistry, that the higher or transcendental Geometry does with respect to the simple and elementary part.'

In the work before us, Professor Silliman, while he has conformed to the common mode of saying something on every substance, has, for the most part, bestowed attention upon each according to its relative importance, presenting some of them in a strong light, and casting into the shade others of less importance.

The next circumstance to be mentioned, which renders this work well adapted to the object for which it was prepared, is its arrangement. Had it been prepared for the purpose of presenting to thorough-bred chemists a logical view of the various substances in nature in their relations to each other, perhaps the order in which the subjects are treated, would not have been in every respect the most scientific; while it may be the best that could be devised for those for whose use it was especially designed, and who are supposed to know absolutely nothing on the subject of Chemistry. The problem to be solved was, what is the arrangement best adapted to awaken and sustain an interest in their minds, and communicate to them clear and adequate views of the science? and from his long experience and great success as a teacher, we think that no one is better qualified than the author to furnish a solution. There is an inherent difficulty in the case, which does not exist in the exact sciences, and it is not surprising that a man trained in these, should be dissatisfied with any system that can be proposed.

Bodies are frequently related to each other in themselves, or in their proximate principles, or in their ultimate principles.

For instance, carbonate of potash and carbonate of soda agree with each other in being made up in part of carbonic acid; and after this is removed by lime, the two substances, potash and soda, agree in being made up in part of oxygen; and after this is removed by iron turnings or charcoal, the two substances agree in being metallic. Now let a classification be adopted, founded on either of these relations, and there will be practical inconveniences of one kind or another, if the system be carried through. For particular bodies it would

not be very difficult to determine what should be the arrangement, yet a mode that would answer for these, would not answer for all others. Among the British chemists, there is considerable diversity in their systems of arrangement, and which of them has adopted the best, it would be rather difficult to say; we are sure it is not Dr. Thompson, however meritorious he may be in other respects.

We are inclined to believe that too much importance has been attached to a logical system, just as theologians formerly thought lightly of doctrines, which could not find a place in some body of divinity. Instead of entering at large into arguments in support of our opinion, we shall barely allow ourselves space to quote a paragraph from Dugald Stewart's Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy. Page 248, 1 dis. part II.

'The passion of the Germans for *systems*, is a striking feature in their literary taste, and is sufficient of itself to show that they have not yet passed their noviciate in philosophy.' "To all such," says Mr. Mc Laurin, "as have just notions of the Great Author of the Universe and of his admirable workmanship, all complete and finished systems must appear suspicious."

'At the time when he wrote, such systems had not wholly lost their partisans in England, and the name of *system* continued to be the favorite title for a book, even among writers of the very first reputation. Hence the *System of Moral Philosophy*, by Hutcheson, and the *Complete System of Optics*, by Smith, titles which, when compared with the subsequent progress of these sciences, reflect some degree of ridicule upon their authors.'

In the plan of the work before us the author remarks,

'I have not thought it best to describe the simple substances in uninterrupted succession. Such a method does not appear to me to present advantages sufficient to compensate for the inconvenience of plunging at once into the most complex parts of the science; which must be done, if we would draw the elementary bodies from their combinations, and present them in the beginning in a connected view.' p. 1.

'The natural process of acquiring knowledge is the analytical, or the progress from the complex to the simple, from the whole to its parts; the shortest is the synthetic, that is, from the simple to the complex; from the parts to the whole; and this is the course now more generally pursued in Chemistry. If our knowledge were perfect, this would be not only the most obvious, but the best process; and perhaps that mode will be found to combine

most advantages, which unites them both. With this view, I have therefore sometimes adopted the one and sometimes the other, aiming to present the most important elements and combinations as early as possible.' p. 2.

'In teaching, the great object should be, *to find our way into the mind of the pupil, and to fix there the knowledge that we present to him.* He is ordinarily no judge of our theoretical views, with regard to classification and arrangement; he will in most cases even fail to understand us, when we discuss them; and he will be best satisfied with that course, which, in the most interesting and intelligible manner, presents to him the greatest amount of useful knowledge. Both in my public courses of lectures, and in the present work, I have, therefore, considered this object as paramount in importance to every other.' p. 3.

Another circumstance which adds very much to the value of the work, is this, that it presents the doctrines of Chemistry in their connexion with the practical arts of life. There is enough, indeed, in the grand and beautiful phenomena they unfold, to awaken interest and secure a generous and lasting attachment to the science from its own intrinsic excellence and beauty. But it must be confessed, that the *amor habendi* has gained a place in so many hearts, that even science herself is loved mainly for the dower she brings. You must convince men that Chemistry will enable them to increase their wealth, before they will consider the study of it as worthy of their attention. It was said by one, who had borne the honors of his country, and by his counsels had helped to increase her resources, in speaking of a young lady who was about to commence the study of Chemistry, 'Why, if it will help her to make a better pudding, let her study it.' Now to men of this class, who value every thing as it contributes to the amount of national or individual wealth, Chemistry, in its application to the arts, presents strong claims, as the experience of France can testify. Formerly, the arts were enveloped in mystery and concealment. They stood separate from each other, and a knowledge of some one of them was frequently transmitted from father to son as a valuable inheritance. But the lights of modern Chemistry have disclosed these confidently treasured secrets; and besides introducing a great many new arts, have shown a connexion between those already known, that was not suspected to exist before.

It is in this way that Chemistry, by discovering the laws of nature, has been a source of wealth to those who have applied

these laws to the practical arts of life, and enabled them to realize for themselves and their country, that of which the votaries of alchemy only dreamed.

Professor Silliman has generally mentioned the uses to which the various substances described are applied, and not unfrequently, some of the processes by which this application is made. As, for instance, under *silicia*, he mentions some particulars concerning the manufacture of glass; under *alumina*, the process for making porcelain and pottery; and under *nitre*, the mode in which gunpowder is made.

This work was needed. It was due from the author that he should promote the science by his pen, as he had long done by his lectures. It was due to the Institution with which he has been connected, with so much reputation to both. The science has undergone almost as many changes as the objects in the vegetable, the animal, and mineral kingdoms, which it investigates, though no valuable truth is lost. *Omnia mutantur, nil interit.* Take as an instance the theories of combustion. At one time, the doctrine of phlogiston prevailed, with its successive modifications. In place of this, the views of Lavoisier were brought forward, and his house, we are told, became a temple of science, where the Parisian chemists held a festival, at which Madame Lavoisier, in the habit of a priestess, burnt Stahl's *Fundamenta* on an altar, while solemn music played a requiem to the departed system. Then followed the doctrines of Davy. A science thus constantly changing requires a work suited to its present condition, enriched as it has been within a few years by a succession of brilliant and useful discoveries, and such a work is the one before us.

Art. V.—*Croker's Boswell.*

The Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L. D. Including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. *A New Edition. With numerous Additions and Notes.* By John Wilson Croker, L.L. D. F. R. S. *In five volumes octavo.* London. 1831.

We do not know the literary work, which has acquired a greater or more universal popularity than Boswell's Life of

Johnson. It gives us the history and much of the conversation of a man of vast intellectual power, who, though weighed down by many infirmities both of body and mind, and enslaved by some unfortunate prejudices, has taken his place among the greatest names of England, and will maintain it till all the pages in which her literature is engrossed shall become dust and ashes. His writings are works of great and various interest, though at times unequal; the same inequality abounds in his life, in which weakness and power, dishonor and glory, were strangely combined; his conversation is a display of unrivalled fulness and strength. All, who know how to estimate character and talent, have united in admiration of the virtues and powers of Johnson; for we have observed, that while many feel disgust at his occasional rudeness, and others profess to disdain his infirmities, all men of cultivated taste, who are able to take a view of the *whole man* at once, are ready to do reverence to his mighty name, and are really grateful to Boswell for that minuteness of record and description, which has brought so much ridicule and censure upon that worthy's devoted head.

It has been very common, to speak of the biographer of Johnson in terms of contempt. He has been heavily charged with violating the intimacy of friendship and the sacredness of private life, in giving the character and habits of Johnson so openly to the world; but it should be stated, at the same time, that he did it not in malice but admiration, and that he was sustained in it by the authority of Johnson himself. The Tour to the Hebrides, which is even more particular in these points than the Life, was submitted to Johnson, who, far from disapproving, added to it some of his own recollections. Sir John Hawkins states, that when Johnson himself was charged with being guilty of the same offence in his Lives of the Poets, he said, 'The business of a biographer is to give an exact account of the person whose life he is writing, and to discriminate him from others by any peculiarities of character and sentiment he may happen to have.' So that, in the opinion of the person most interested, Boswell is clearly justified in what he has done. The truth is, that mankind are much more apt to outpour their indignation on follies than on vices; and to this taste on their part, Boswell, who was highly gifted with the former attributes, has always been a victim. It is evident enough from his own portrait by his own partial hand, that he was vain to a degree which irritated his inferiors; that his curiosity was

intense and prying; that he had a feverish passion for excitement, which made it his special delight to attend intellectual parties and public executions, and all scenes that could for the moment interest a mind whose activity was far beyond its strength. But it seems absurd to deny, that he had the capacity to estimate and the taste to enjoy the intellectual society of such a man as Johnson. We remember that Dr. Clarke, the traveller, says, that for the sake of Tweddell's society, he would have consented to black his shoes; and we can readily believe that Boswell was influenced by a similar enthusiasm in the case of Johnson, whose conversation would certainly repay such attentions and sacrifices as well as that of any man who ever existed. Boswell certainly looked up to him with reverence and regard; and not expecting to find in a vast cathedral the comfort and elegance of a modern mansion, he submitted patiently to much inconvenience, in his admiration of the solemn grandeur of Johnson's mind. The feeling itself was doubtless praiseworthy and sincere, though it led him occasionally into ludicrous embarrassments and humiliations. Certain it is, that he was welcome in societies, where contemptible men did not easily win their way. If we wanted more evidence of this fact than his own book affords, we have it offered by Cumberland, who, excepting in his estimate of himself, was very impartial. 'The book of Boswell is ever as the year comes round, my winter evening's entertainment; I loved the man; he had great convivial powers, and an inexhaustible fund of good humor in society; nobody could detail the spirit of a conversation in the true style and character of the parties, more happily than my friend James Boswell.' The man to whom such an unsolicited testimony is given long after his death by a just observer, is not to be thought of with disdain, simply because he had his share of those follies from which no man is free, and was too unreserved to hide them as others do from the public eye.

It is a curious trait in the history of public opinion, that Boswell should be ridiculed for submitting patiently to the buffetings of Johnson, and by those, too, who would think nothing more natural than to endure the insults of great men,—statesmen, lords, and kings. For a poor pedant to assume these airs, and for the son of an aristocratic family to give way to them, seems to such men unnatural and revolting to the last degree. We think, on the contrary, that if such tyranny should

ever be submitted to, it should be in reverence for the majesty of mind; this is the only earthly sovereignty, to which the knee of man should bow. To us, this loyalty to one who ruled by the divine right of talent, seems no more absurd or excessive, than if it had been paid to an 'adulterous generation' of kings. But while the feeling was well enough, the way in which it was manifested, was sometimes very grotesque and amusing. On one occasion, when Johnson had maltreated him, Boswell remonstrated, declaring, that he did not like to be *tossed*, except when friends were present, because in a company of enemies or strangers, he fell upon stones; adding, 'I think this is a pretty good image, sir.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'it is one of the happiest I ever heard;' and Boswell, in his own inimitable way, not perceiving that the Doctor's design was to negotiate a treaty, accepts the compliment with delight. But it is difficult to avoid smiling, when Boswell, after having received a salute, which might have come from the heel of a charger, rubs the wounded part, and excuses it as 'pretty Fanny's way.' It reminds us of the words of the poet, where the lover admits that the fair had reason to be offended, but thinks it necessary at the same time to file a protest in the touching words,

'You need not have kicked me down stairs.'

The character of Johnson himself, has not escaped without its share of derision. Every thing about him was striking; so that those who consider only his infirmities see little in him to respect; and those who are impressed by his virtues, which were many and great, are apt to make too little allowance for the prejudice of others against him. In every estimate of his character it must be taken into view, that his virtues were the result of principle, and that when he exercised them, he was compelled to strive under the burden of a frame which weighed like a mill-stone upon his mind. Almost all his senses were miserably defective; his sight was so dim, that he was a stranger to the beauty of the visible world, which has power, in intellectual men, to calm the soul like the sweet expression of a friendly face; his hearing so dull, that it admitted him but half way into social enjoyment, and left him a prey to those jealousies, with which the deaf are so often tormented; his nervous system so shattered, that he was kept in perpetual irritation, and all these evils made still more grievous by the want of a

home; for we take it that his own house, infested as it was by inmates, whose whole employment it was to receive and complain of his charity, or like ancient Pistol to 'eat and swear,' was any thing but a proper and grateful home for one whose life was a long disease. Those who are unacquainted with bodily infirmity will see but a slender apology in this, and accordingly Johnson has found little mercy among that large portion of mankind who are innocent, solely because they are not tempted. But it would seem from the concurrent testimony of his friends, that he labored under constant depression, arising doubtless from a disordered frame; he dreaded solitude, which threw him back upon himself so much, that he would passionately entreat his friends not to leave him; his letters abound in affecting representations of his own misery, and if his own word, which never was broken, is believed, he hardly knew one happy day in his life from its beginning to its close. He was so wholly unacquainted with this happiness, that he did not credit its existence. When a gentleman said of a certain lady, that she was happy, Johnson replied, 'Sir, if she is really the contented being she professes herself, her life gives the lie to every research of human nature. The woman is ugly, sickly, foolish, and poor; would it not make a man hang himself, to hear such a creature call itself happy?'

Boswell himself, who finds so much fault with the other biographers, has done more than any other to bring suspicions upon Johnson's character. In the close of his work, he launches into a pompous declamation upon Johnson's early errors, and, by the alarming mystery of his manner, contrives to give the impression that Johnson had indulged in almost every excess. He would have been shocked, had he perceived what gross and unfounded imputations he was throwing on the character of his friend; but when he had once entered on this exalted key, it was as Cuddie said of Mause, 'stop her wha can.' Without knowing his bearing, on he went exulting to the close of the discussion, and afterwards seems to have thought it far too choice to be altered. Johnson had a self-accusing spirit, and small transgressions often weighed heavily on his mind. We know the strange penance which he undertook to do for a single act of disobedience to his father, and similar offences were retained and magnified in his mind, till they seemed to him like enormous crimes. Boswell could not bear to seem ignorant of any facts in his personal history, and therefore af-

fected so much wisdom on a subject where he had not even the knowledge which the injudicious publication of the Prayers and Meditations has now confided to the world. We are glad to see that the editor of this work censures this amazing indiscretion, and shows that there is no ground whatever for supposing that Johnson ever fell into the immoral excesses, which Boswell's dissertation would imply.

Having disposed of this imputation, which the reader will find ably remarked upon by Mr. Croker, nothing remains which can affect the character of Johnson, except that roughness of manner, which induced some one to call him a tremendous companion. This, no doubt, was abundantly trying; but after all, uncultivated excellence is much better than elegance without virtue. There were instances, in which his severity was not uncalled for. Hawkins tells us, that once a man of some distinction used many oaths in his presence, and Johnson said, 'Sir, all this swearing does nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear.' The narrator went on, and Johnson again said, 'Sir, I must entreat you again not to swear.' He swore again, and Johnson left the room. Sometimes it was sarcasm carried a little too far, though provoked by affectation. Thus Madame Piozzi informs us, that a young fellow lamenting to him that he had lost all his Greek; 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'it happened at the same time that I lost all my great estate in Yorkshire.' He often felt that he was not well treated, and, conscious of his own superiority, resented it more than was consistent with good taste or feeling. Often his rudeness was provoked by Boswell himself; thus, when he refused to see Lord Marchmont, and spoke impatiently of a visit from General Oglethorpe, it is very manifest that he thought, and not without reason, that his officious friend had exacted these attentions from them. It is generally supposed, that Johnson had enjoyed the advantages of polite society so much, as to leave him without an excuse for his own uncourtliness. But this is a great error; he had very little intercourse with the great; he was seldom found in the saloons of fashion, and he met with most of his eminent friends at clubs, which were not favorable to the graces, however auspicious they may have been to the mind. Before he went to London, he had few opportunities of improvement; he was then at the mature age of twenty-eight; and for some time after so obscure was he, that, as he himself declared to Cumberland, his resources for

subsistence averaged but fourpence-halfpenny a day. The same authority, who knew him well, declares that he never saw him in those moments of moroseness and ill humor which are ascribed to him, and that he lent himself to every invitation with cordiality, and brought good humor with him that gave life to the circle he was in. We know that he was at times overbearing and offensive; but these testimonials in his favor should have weight as well as those against him. Cumberland tells us that he respected Johnson highly, and loved him sincerely, and that he was not warranted by any experience of his humors, to speak of him otherwise than as a friend who always met him with kindness, and from whom he never separated without regret.

From such failings, which he undoubtedly possessed, we gladly turn to his solid and substantial virtues, and among these, his active charity is the most distinguished. His resources were never large, and at times were exceedingly small; but at all times of his life it was his luxury to relieve the distressed. In the days of his poverty, as he returned to his dreary apartment long after midnight, he would put pennies into the hands of children whom he found sleeping on thresholds and stalls, to buy them a breakfast in the morning. Mrs. Thrale says of him, that he was the most charitable of mortals, without being an active friend. But though this seems intended as a slight reproach, it only means that the kind of assistance he was able to afford, did not often require active exertion. She herself tells us, that he was extremely liberal in granting literary assistance to others, and that he furnished innumerable prefaces, lectures, sermons, and dedications to those who asked for them. Now we know that it is easier to give money than labor, and that writing was always a painful exertion to Johnson, so that her own admission is a sufficient refutation of her charge. Hawkins, who does not lean to the side of partiality, assures us, that he did not content himself with advising others to be charitable; he gave away all he had, and all he had ever earned, except the two thousand pounds left in his will. He never spent more than seventy, or at the utmost eighty pounds on himself, but gave the rest away to his dependants at home and abroad, who he said did not like to see him latterly unless he brought them money; and for the poor whom he was himself unable to relieve, he used to ask contributions from his richer friends. Several of these dependants resided in his house,

where he generously gave them a home; and how unwearied his kindness was, appears from the remarkable forbearance which he exercised towards them. Their contentions mortified and distressed him. They were constantly complaining of their food, without reflecting that they had no claim to it whatever; and he was so sure to be met by their murmurings, that he actually dreaded to return to his home. To his intimate friends he sometimes confessed, that his life was wretched from the impossibility of making theirs happy, for such was their hatred to each other, that any favor to one was wormwood to the rest. But if any one condemned them, he would instantly excuse their conduct, and tell him that he knew not how to make allowances for evils which he never knew. This forbearance extended to his servants; he used to go into the streets to buy oysters for a favorite cat, lest his servant should feel unpleasantly at being ordered on such a duty. Even animals were included in his comprehensive benevolence; he was so anxious that a favorite horse of Mr. Thrale's should not be sold to hard work in his age, that he desired to be at the whole expense of supporting the animal. Now if he was occasionally guilty of acts of rudeness in moments of pain and irritation, the same is the case with other men; but where is there one in ten thousand, who has so large an amount of charity to set in the balance against them? His benevolence was founded in principle, and therefore was consistent and much enduring. Levett has been known to insult him, and Mrs. Williams sometimes drove him from her presence by her ungovernable passion; but his kindness to both remained unaltered to the last.

In speaking of his virtues, we may add, that we were struck with a remark of Miss Reynolds concerning the direct and immediate advantage to his mind, which resulted from them. This lady was the sister of Sir Joshua, herself a painter, and like her brother, familiar with Johnson. She observes, that the rigid attention to veracity for which he was distinguished, his conscientious determination to be exact in every statement, was the cause that his memory was so wonderfully tenacious and true. In practical education, a remark like this would be found very important. We may say the same of his devotions. An air of extravagance has been given to his piety, by betraying to the public those variations of feeling which most men keep locked up in their own breast; but so far from his making

these disclosures himself, we believe that, as he said in another similar case, he would have gone mad if he had anticipated such a publication. His devotion was evidently warm and high, and if not enlarged and enlightened in proportion, the defect was owing to those early impressions and constitutional tendencies, which oppress the strongest mind. He was very apprehensive, and not without reason, that those native tendencies bordered on insanity; and it was to resist them, that he kept a stern religious guard upon his mind, and resorted so constantly to prayer, to quiet his disordered emotions. We do not think that he took such a view of this life, as religion naturally inspires. It would seem hardly grateful to represent the world as a prison,—a place of sorrow and tears; but, as we have already said, one who was for a long time ground to the dust by poverty, oppressed by a perpetual nightmare of low spirits, and blind to the glorious beauty of the earth and sky, may be forgiven if he judged rather by what he felt than what he saw, and failed to perceive that all around him was bright with happiness and eloquent with praise. The view of life given in Rasselas is exceedingly depressing and untrue; and it is rather surprising, after making every allowance for infirmity, that one who in a fine burst of inspiration, described the power of the soul 'to make the happiness it does not find,' should not have perceived, that we are answerable for that which is within our reach, as if it were within our possession; and that where the soul is able to supply its own wants, and satisfy its own desires, there must be something suicidal or unfortunate beyond the common lot in those who can find no means to be happy. The view which Johnson took of death was as unfavorable to his peace as his idea of human life, and was probably owing to causes equally beyond his control. He constantly looked forward to his dissolution with shuddering and awful dread. Familiar as he was with the faith which enables man to defy the grave, he could think of nothing but its gloom and chilness, and did not 'see the bright light that is in the clouds' beyond it. So far from ascribing this feeling to any remorse for unknown crimes, or any distrust of his religious faith, it seems to us to have been a misfortune, owing to accidental causes, and of a kind which not unfrequently befalls the good. We have known men of exalted piety and holy lives, whose faith was unshaken as the rock of ages, who suffered under the same depression, from the thought that

they must die; but the sun which had been obscured all the day, shone out clear at last. And thus it was with Johnson; his alarm subsided as he drew near the grave. He sustained the character of a Christian moralist in the closing scene; and those who witnessed his departure assure us, that they never shall forget the heavenly manner in which he taught them how to die.

With respect to the mind of Johnson, it was undoubtedly one of the very first order. There is no better evidence of this than the work before us, which shows us how his talent displayed itself in unstudied exertions. His conversation, which is perhaps the best test of real ability, is unrivalled for its point, brilliancy, and power; and if in some respects he appears to take narrow views of important subjects, it was evidently a voluntary bondage, and from his own choice if he moved in chains. In fact, we cannot tell whether we have his real opinions; he considered conversation an exhibition of skill; and he delighted to put his shoulder under a fallen theory or forsaken cause, to show what his ingenuity and power could do. Many suggestions, which were hastily thrown out by him in this way and forgotten, have been regarded as his deliberate convictions; the superstition, for example, which is supposed to have been his weakness; and various other frailties of mind, which have now become, by a not unmerited retribution, inseparably attached to his memory, in consequence of the intellectual duels in which he was constantly engaged. Many have professed to wonder, that he should have been permitted to exercise such a despotism in society; but his society consisted not of the fashionable nor the great, but of intellectual men, who admired his talent, and were content to keep silence or humor his caprice, for the sake of enjoying his inspirations. With his ready wit, shrewdness, and overpowering ability, he could not fail to predominate in any circle where he might be thrown. It is true, there were great men about him; but Fox was easy and unambitious, except in the House of Commons. In these conversations, he seems to have been too indolent or careless to take any leading part. Burke was distinguished every where; in vigor of mind he was equal to Johnson, and in comprehension, probably superior; but the careless prodigality with which he threw out his resources, sometimes made his hearers insensible of their value. In conversation he was less impressive than Johnson, from this very overflow of thought;

as the roar of the cataract is less startling than the sudden thunder of the gun. To us it seems plain, that were Johnson now living, such a master of the social power would hold the same ascendency over an intellectual society, as was conceded to him in his own day.

It has been commonly said of him, that he was not remarkable for learning; but we apprehend that this only means, that his works were rather of the literary than of the learned kind. He drew his illustrations less from classical sources, than from the inexhaustible fountains of his own invention; but it would be difficult to point out the place where he showed any deficiency in those various and important attainments, which a profound scholar might be expected to possess. Doubtless there were those, who went beyond him in every single department of learning; but we strongly doubt whether England has ever produced a scholar, whose treasures of the kind were more useful to his purpose, or one who had a greater power of recalling his acquisitions just where they happened to be wanted, or of suiting them to the demands of the occasion. That he was deficient, is matter of inference altogether; and how cautious one should be in drawing such conclusions, was well suggested by Jacob Bryant in a conversation with Gifford, to whom he gave a lesson of modesty, which, it is a pity to reflect, was entirely thrown away. Gifford became acquainted with Bryant at Lord Grosvenor's. The conversation one day turned on a Greek criticism by Dr. Johnson, in some volume on the table, which Gifford thought incorrect, and pointed out as such to the veteran Grecian. Bryant hesitated to acquiesce, and in order to overcome his scruples, Gifford remarked, that Johnson himself admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar. 'Sir,' said Bryant, with a very expressive manner, 'it is not for us to say, what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar.' We are glad that Gifford had the grace to record this story; and we hope that our readers will remember it when any thing is said in dispraise of men with whom young pretenders are disgusted, because the world has so long delighted to honor them. Much has been said also, in derision of the style of Johnson. Many writers speak of style, as if it were formed and changed at pleasure; but it seems to us as absurd to give rules for the formation of style, after the mysteries of grammar are understood, as to determine what expression the countenance shall wear. The first object

is to think clearly, and then to express the thought in the most direct and natural manner. This was the course taken by Johnson; the movements of his mind were heavy and powerful, like those of some mighty enginery, and his style assumed the same form, not by any effort or ambition, but simply by following the dictate of his nature. In his later years, when the labor of thought grew easier, and he felt more secure of fame, his style underwent a corresponding change; but from first to last, it was solemn, imposing, and majestic, and was in every respect an exact expression of the habits and character of his mind. We wish this truth were more generally understood, that the style indicates the habits of thought, though it does not always indicate the measure of strength which belongs to the mind; for we have observed in some able writers an attempt to write in an obscure and shadowy style, thinking, perhaps, that as objects are lifted and magnified by a mist, their conceptions, dimly expressed, will swell into gigantic proportions. The author of the Pelham novels is an example of this affectation, and the writer of an article on Burns in a late Edinburgh Review, a man of much higher order, brought his talent into suspicion by a similar style. Johnson's was what a style should be,—a natural expression of his mind; and those who attempted to ridicule it by travesty, overlooked the fact, that little men might appear very absurdly dressed in Johnson's clothes; and the garments might, nevertheless, sit very well on him.

There has been an impression, that Johnson's writings have had their day; and the Rambler is cited as a work which has been much admired, and is now but little read. This may be true; but the change of taste proves nothing against its excellence. New works, suited to the varying feelings of the times, have come forward, and though the Rambler is still admired, others stand more directly before the public eye. We should be sorry to estimate the merit of the Paradise Lost by the number of its readers. It is partly owing to Johnson himself, that his morality is neglected; for his original and striking maxims impressed the public mind so forcibly shortly after they appeared, that they became incorporated with the common sense of mankind, and thus by lifting man to the height where he himself stood, he rendered his own observations unnecessary. They became as 'a lamp despised in the thought of him that is at ease;' and thus the decay into which his

morality has fallen, proves at once its power, and the good which it has done. It must be remarked, too, that moral writings, not being particularly sprightly, have but little attraction for men at large, when they are no longer new. Nicol Jarvie was not singular, when he spent the Sabbath evening in reading good books and gaping. The reason is, that in order to gain popular favor, all works in which abstract truth is taught, must be made palatable by some kind of attraction; and Johnson's style, which in his own age was a recommendation, has lost its interest by the lapse of time.

If Johnson's circumstances had been favorable to the cultivation of his poetical talent, he would have been very much distinguished for the brilliancy of his imagination. Poetry, in the richest forms of image and sentiment, flashes out in almost all his writings. His poetical writings, as we now have them, abound in faults, but they are all such as practice would have cured. In his imitations of Juvenal, his thought is condensed and energetic, in order to resemble the original; but as often as he forgets his copy and breathes out his own mind and spirit, the tones of the organ are not so deep and full as his poetry in its grand and melancholy flow. It does not appear that he could ever have excelled in tragedy, even if he had not been shackled by a system, which agreed neither with public taste nor with English nature; he was far too stately and unbending, to follow the play and change of the passions. Lyrical poetry would have suited him no better; but in the moral and didactic department, to which his genius was eminently adapted, we believe that the prophetic suggestion which Pope made of his future greatness, would have been more than realized, and that he would have been the most impressive and inspiring poetical moralist the world ever saw.

We have no reason, however, to complain, since in the latter part of his life he accidentally took the employment of a critic on poetry, a field in which his splendid powers appeared to the best advantage. The Lives of the Poets has been by far the most popular of his works, and is doubtless the one for which he will be most reverenced in future times. It afforded room for the display of every kind of talent; of his critical sagacity, his burning imagination, his learned research, and that memory by which he retained many curious anecdotes and traits of character, which would otherwise have been lost. No doubt a prejudiced air is given to the work by his

political prepossessions, and he has done injustice to some distinguished names; but he wrote what he thought, and treated his subjects as he believed they deserved. It is now clear that he was wrong in some respects; but he did not err in malice, and how was it reasonable to expect, that he should follow the prejudices of others in preference to his own? The portion of this work which he esteemed the best, was the essay on the metaphysical poets, an affected race, to whom Byron's word 'metaquizzical' would much better apply. It was, however, wasting too much ingenuity on their *Euphuistical* conceits; and the happiest parts of the book, in our opinion, are those in which he was best pleased with his subject, and gave it his manly praise. The world is deeply indebted to him for this great work; and if there are instances in which injustice has been done by it, it has come to pass as he expected, that there have been enough to correct his errors, and to redeem from reproach every deserving fame.

It is but a part of his works to which we have alluded. His dictionary, a vast undertaking, from which his feelings and habits revolted, which was wrought out without aid or patronage, and in seasons of poverty and sorrow, has supplied a broad and deep foundation, on which all future improvements in the language can be built. His Preface to Shakspeare, in which he fearlessly assaulted a feeling second in strength only to religious reverence,—his dedications, many of which are eminently beautiful and happy, show how every subject was illuminated, when he held it in the concentrated light of his mind. All who are able to estimate talent, will be found among the admirers of Johnson. They will acknowledge, that there were those among the sons of light, who towered in a higher sphere, and took wider and more inspiring views of the ways of God and the duty and destiny of man; but they will not suffer him to be degraded beneath the place, which the sentence of the world has assigned him. They will forgive his imperfections and reverence his virtues; they will defend his character when it is attacked by thoughtless folly, though, to adopt his own sentiment, a reputation established like his, has little to fear from censure, and nothing to hope from praise.

Boswell's Life of Johnson has been a constant favorite with all intelligent readers, and though slight improvements have been made in the new editions at various times, it was quite necessary to revise it again, because many facts and explana-

tions which were not set down because they were universally known, and were intrusted to the keeping of tradition, were in a fair way to be entirely lost. A few years will have swept away all the associates of Johnson; but as the trouble of collecting these things is not at all estimated by readers at large, no one was willing to submit to the labor till Mr. Croker came forward, and undertook the trust. We can cheerfully bear witness to the able and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duty. But there are some things with which we are not pleased; we refer to certain sarcastic notes, in which he directs attention to the infirmities of Johnson and the follies of Boswell, as if he feared that the reader might fail to observe them. He assures us, and we have no doubt sincerely, that he feels an undivided admiration for Johnson's writings; and that, although in his conduct and conversation there may be occasionally something to regret and (though rarely) to disapprove, there is less than there would be in any other man, whose thoughts, words and actions, should be exposed so nakedly to the public view. This being the case, he would have done better to omit the notes to which we have alluded; his readers do not need them; we take upon ourselves to say, that no one is in danger of mistaking Johnson for a Chesterfield, or of feeling too much veneration for the personal character of Boswell. It is not every reader who has the decided respect for Johnson which he professes to feel; and suggestions of the kind would inspire in some, contempt for a man who, with all his faults, which were many, must certainly be numbered with the great and good.

But it is proper to give some examples, that we may not be understood as saying more than we mean. Boswell tells us that he never saw Johnson so complaisant and gentle, as on the day when he dined with the Duke of Argyle. On this the editor remarks, that 'he probably had never seen him in such high company before.' Suppose it were so, what then? A sneer of this kind, and if it be not a sneer, we know not what it is, is wholly uncalled for. It was natural that Johnson or any other man should take pleasure in such attention, when he knew that he had fairly earned it by his talents and exertions. Again; when Boswell mentions, that one day at Mr. Strahan's, he followed Johnson into the court-yard and heard him converse with a poor apprentice, the editor is grievously indignant at this *surveillance*, blessing his stars that there is no

name for such a practice in the English tongue. But he has not made out a case of eaves-dropping; it does not appear that Johnson was not perfectly aware of Boswell's presence, who, probably, went with him as usual, not feeling that any peculiar delicacy was called for on so simple an occasion. Again; when Johnson makes a very severe remark on some gentleman of his acquaintance, Mr. Croker terms the saying 'extravagantly abusive,' and observes, that the gentleman was, *probably*, unjustly treated by his friends. Mr. Croker does not appear to have the least idea who was intended, and we cannot divine how he should know that the remark was abusive or unjust. Again; when Johnson said that he could not, as a juryman, have found Mungo Campbell legally guilty of the murder of the Earl of Eglintoune, but was glad they had found means to convict him, the editor says, that the remark 'does him no honor;' but he should have remembered, that Johnson believed Campbell to be a murderer and a dangerous member of society, and, having no doubt of his guilt, why should he not be unwilling to have him escape through an informality in the law? So when Johnson remarks, that the mind must be diseased when the memory fails at seventy, Mr. Croker calls it one of the violent and absurd assertions into which Johnson was led by his private prejudices and feelings. These are hard names to apply to a casual remark, even supposing that it were mistaken, which in this case does not appear; for the failure of memory is clearly a disease of mind. We have given these examples in detail, in order to set readers on their guard; but it would be unjust not to say, that there are opposite instances, in which Mr. Croker has given a favorable construction to Johnson's words and conduct, and, even where the offence was manifest, vindicated him from the charge of ill intentions. It may have been, that interested as he was in his employment, the conversation had an air of life, and that he felt vexed with Johnson, for giving by his petulance an unfavorable impression of his character and heart. Probably, the feeling of the editor varied like that of readers of the work, changing from delight to sorrow, and from veneration to displeasure, when he saw some fine moral discussion succeeded by an explosion of anger, or a glorious expression of devotion to God followed by something, which bore little resemblance to good will to man.

Having made this trifling abatement, we acknowledge the

excellence of this work, and recommend it to our readers, to all who wish for an intimate acquaintance with Johnson, and every one who has the least respect for intellectual greatness is included in this description. Nothing is more interesting than literary history, and we could not gather from a whole library so clear and life-like a view of the English literary society of the last age, as is afforded by the incidental notices of Boswell; for there were few of its distinguished men who were not thrown in contact with Johnson, and there never was a man who, in describing character, had equal power to give to an anecdote the force of a description. The work of Boswell is much improved, by inserting extracts from the other biographers; not that they were needed to counteract the idea which he gives; for to be partial is one thing, and to give a partial impression is another. We know not why Boswell's portrait should be thought too flattering, for no man could more unsparingly bring to light the faults of another, than he did with respect to Johnson's; and we consider it in his favor, that these defects, sometimes so excessively annoying, did not make him insensible to the many virtues of his friend. The other biographers in general were not partial to Johnson, and should, therefore, be read with more distrust. Madame Piozzi, after his disapprobation of her second marriage, looked upon him with altered feelings. Sir John Hawkins, as will afterwards appear, beside that his disposition was unpleasant, had reasons of his own for disaffection. Both are more particular in giving instances of his rudeness than was necessary; their readers should remember, that the *whole man* did not appear on these occasions; and that to suffer these things to eclipse his virtues is as absurd, as refusing to enjoy the prospect from a mountain, by way of revenge upon its crags and thorns. Boswell is in every respect even ludicrously candid; insomuch that he would be unpardonable, were it not, that while he parades his friend's infirmities, he volunteers a still more vain-glorious exhibition of his own. These biographers fought over Johnson, like the Greeks and Trojans over Patroclus, and, as doubtless happened in that memorable fight, sundry blows fell upon the subject of contention, which were meant for each other. They forgot, that as the attraction of their works depended upon the interest felt in the subject, whatever lessened his character affected in an equal degree the value of their productions.

Mr. Croker has evidently labored with unwearied industry to gather materials for his work. He calls attention to the fact, which has not been noticed before, that of above twenty years during which Boswell's acquaintance with Johnson lasted, they were together only three quarters of a year, including the tour to the Hebrides. It was thought, that what Boswell magnificently calls the archives of Auchinleck might contain some additional information, and the editor made applications for it, which do not appear to have been very courteously treated. It is intimated, that the family of the biographer are not proud of the part their progenitor sustained, and yet, but for his work, we wonder what mortal beyond the limits of their own county would ever have heard of the ancient name of Boswell. Lord Stowell furnished the editor with notes, which were unfortunately lost in the mail, when, for some reason not given, they were transmitted to Sir Walter Scott. The whole mass collected in various ways is very gratifying to that insatiable curiosity, which follows every thing connected with Johnson and his times. For example, it is pleasant to know that Fox was in the chair of the club, when Johnson happened to thunder out the sentence, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' It also appears that the nameless gentleman, who was often sorely buffeted by Johnson for his intrusiveness, was no other than Boswell himself, who with unusual forbearance refrained from giving his own name. Mr. Burke's great name is often inserted by the editor, and gives an interest to many remarks, which have passed unappropriated until now. On the whole, we cannot believe that any subsequent improvement will ever be made upon this edition, and we have no doubt, that it will excite the curiosity and reward the attention of the reading world.

We are glad to see that Mr. Croker has drawn freely from Madame Piozzi's account of Johnson. Boswell's work has superseded others, so that hers is now little read; still it contains many interesting particulars respecting his life and conversation, and gives, on the whole, as just an idea of him as any work on the subject, though not always written in the spirit of a friend. Boswell has labored to give the impression, that she was habitually indifferent to truth; but the instances recorded by him to substantiate the charge, are of the least possible importance. On one occasion, when she repeated a story, which he himself had told her, she described it as

the story, which he had from *the old woman;* upon this Boswell magisterially declared to the company that he had caught her in the fact, for it was an *old man*, and not an old woman, from whom the story was derived. We believe that if such errors as this are the most momentous of which he can prove her guilty, most readers will credit her statements with very little reserve. The truth was, that these biographers were jealous of each other, and Boswell felt the greatest thirst of vengeance, because his work was the last to appear.

It seems that Johnson resided in Mrs. Thrale's family by her husband's desire and invitation. Mr. Thrale was master in his own house, and liked good conversation as well as good living, to which he afterwards fell a martyr. He had a great ascendency over Johnson, and when the sage grew severe, he could always check him by some such phrase as 'the lecture has been long enough for once,' or 'we will hear the remainder after dinner, Dr. Johnson.' He could even prevail on the Doctor to change his dress, a ceremony in which the philosopher never delighted; and as the foretop of all his wigs was burned off by his use of the candle in reading, Mr. Thrale stationed a servant daily in the way to the dining-room, whose duty it was to seize the Doctor's tresses and replace them with better. But while Dr. Johnson regarded Thrale with respect and deference, he held the lady in but little veneration; and even Boswell's work affords more cases than one of her enduring patiently, what many would never have forgiven. She did not pretend that his residence in the family was agreeable to her, but she made it as comfortable as she could to him; and when we reflect how unpleasant some of his habits were, we are disposed to praise her acquiescence in her husband's will. She says, that 'when he poured oyster-sauce over plum-pudding, and melted butter from the toast into his chocolate, one might surely say he was nothing less than delicate;' we think so too. At night he could not bear the thought of retiring to bed, which he would never call rest. 'I lie down,' said he, 'that my acquaintance may sleep; but I lie down to endure oppressive misery, and rise to pass the night in anxiety and pain.' Mrs. Thrale used often to sit up making tea for him, till four in the morning. His hours were always extravagantly late; of which Mr. George Steevens gives a ludicrous example. On returning to his house one morning between four and five, he said to Mrs. Williams; 'Take

notice, Madam, that for once, I am here before others are asleep; as I turned into the court, I ran against a knot of bricklayers.' 'You forget, Sir,' said she, 'that these people have been asleep, and are now preparing for their day's work.' 'Is it then so, Madam? I confess that circumstance had escaped me.'

Madame Piozzi gives many amusing anecdotes of Johnson; among the rest, an instance of his familiarity with the lower classes. At Mr. Thrale's election, Johnson, who was never foppish, went into the street with a beaver very much the worse for wear; and a rough fellow in the crowd, seizing the hat with one hand, and clapping him on the back with the other, said, 'Ah, Master Johnson, this is no time to be thinking about hats.' 'No,' said the Doctor, 'hats are of no use except to throw into the air and huzza with,' at the same time suiting the action to the word, and breaking out into a stunning halloo. She relates one of the happiest speeches he ever uttered. Speaking of Dr. Solander, she observed, that he was a man of great parts, who talked from a full mind. 'It may be so,' said the Doctor, 'but you cannot know it yet, nor I either; the pump works well, to be sure; but how, I wonder, are we to tell on so short an acquaintance, whether it is supplied by a *spring* or a *reservoir?*' Boswell would have it appear, that her alienation from Johnson appeared as soon as she became a widow; but he contradicts himself; for he speaks of finding Johnson domesticated at her house in Argyle-street, six months after; this could not have been the case, if the enmity had already begun. She could not expect him to approve her second marriage, and accordingly he expressed his regret; but he was not the author of the letter which bears his name, in which the 'ignominious match' is spoken of in so severe terms. On the whole, though the tone of her work is not friendly, we see no reason to charge her with injustice to his person while living, or his memory when dead.

Sir John Hawkins is the name which, next to Mrs. Thrale's, is most nearly associated with Johnson's. This, however, seems to be accidental. On account of his being much with Johnson in his last sickness, he was made one of his executors, and was therefore employed by the booksellers to write his life. But he really had very little personal intercourse with Johnson, and adds little to the information furnished by others, except with respect to the closing scene. His narrative of Johnson's

illness and death, is a very important addition to this work. Boswell speaks of him as if he were not overmuch to be trusted, and there are some circumstances which tend to prove the same thing. In one instance, he describes a society formed by Johnson's influence, as a 'sixpenny alehouse club.' His daughter, Miss Hawkins, remarks on this with sufficient candor, 'I am sorry my father permitted himself to be so pettish on this subject; honestly speaking, I dare say he did not like being passed over.' Sir John persecuted Johnson in his last illness to make a will, which the Doctor dreaded as if it were his death-warrant; it was not till after repeated attempts that he succeeded; the reason of this amiable earnestness was, according to his own account, to secure Johnson's property to his relations; but as the law would have taken care of this, and the only effect of making the will, was to give most of the property to the servant Barber, it seems strange that the knight should have followed him from house to house, to make it sure. In another instance, also, he acted with unaccountable caution. Johnson had two manuscript volumes, containing probably those Prayers and Meditations, which are now before the world. In a visit, one day, Sir John took the precaution to put one of these in his pocket; but as soon as Johnson discovered the loss, he knew where his book was gone, and compelled Sir John to restore it, which he did with little dignity or grace. He tells us, that he did it to save the book from another person, Mr. George Steevens, who, he was persuaded, had felonious designs upon it; but why he suspected Mr. Steevens, why it was better that he should abstract it than Mr. Steevens, and why he did not extend his affectionate concern to the other volume, are points touching which he has not enlightened the world. It may be observed, that after this, Johnson threw aside the will, which Hawkins, an attorney by profession, had written, and dictated another to a young clergyman. This may account for the feeling toward the memory of Johnson, which Hawkins's writings discover.

At first sight, it appears strange, that Boswell had not availed himself of Hawkins's account of Johnson's death, since it appeared so long before his own; but the reason was, that a warfare of copy-rights was waged between the biographers; and so tenacious were they, that Boswell entered at Stationers' Hall the letter to lord Chesterfield and the conversation with George III., as two distinct publications, though they are both con-

tained in the Life, where they occupy but two or three pages. What Sir John Hawkins tells us, is confirmed by another valuable paper,—the journal of Mr. Windham, which is now in the hands of a person employed to write that gentleman's life, who churlishly withheld it from Mr. Croker, though a permission to use it was readily granted by the owner, Admiral Windham, the nephew and heir of the statesman. Mr. Croker was fortunate enough to procure an extract from it in another way, and it forms one of the most interesting passages in his volumes. It appears from these two authorities, that Johnson, though much depressed in the early stages of his disease, grew calm, and remained so to the last, with but one exception; this was on the night before his death. He fancied that his physicians were forbearing through an unwillingness to give him pain, and while Mr. Desmoulins and Francis Barber were watching with him, he called for a lancet; Mr. Desmoulins expressed great reluctance to furnish it, and Johnson, said, 'Don't, if you have any scruples; but I will compel Frank.' When it was given him, he made three incisions, hoping to relieve his dropsical complaints, one of which was a deep wound, from which he lost some ounces of blood. This was owing to suspicion, to irritability exasperated by disease, and his tenacious love of a life which was fast closing; this was the only instance in which he lost the dignified composure becoming the sage and christian. Mr. Hoole mentions, that on calling to see him the morning after he had requested him somewhat sternly to read the service louder, Johnson said, 'Sir, I was peevish yesterday; you must forgive me; when you are as old and as sick as I am, you may be peevish too.' He employed his closing hours, in endeavoring to impress the minds of those about him with religious feelings and instructions. Mr. Windham asked his opinion on the subject of revealed religion, to which he replied, 'In revealed religion there is such evidence, as on any subject not religious, would have left no doubt. Had the facts recorded in the New Testament been mere civil occurrences, no one would have called in question the testimony by which they are established; but the importance annexed to them, amounting to nothing less than the salvation of mankind, raised a cloud in our minds, and created doubts unknown on any other subject.' He observed, that we had not so much evidence that Cæsar died in the capitol, as that Jesus Christ died in the manner related. He quoted with approbation

Bishop Taylor's words, 'Little, which has been omitted in health, can be done to any purpose in sickness.' He often repeated also with admiration, the close of Isaac Walton's Life of Bishop Sanderson. 'Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life;—'tis now too late to wish that mine might be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age, and God knows it hath not; but I most humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may. And I do earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say, amen.' There were some who received impressions at the death-bed of Johnson, which no time can wear away; he persevered till death had almost quenched the eye of kindness, and closed the lips of devotion, and at last, saying '*Jam moriturus*,' he expired without a struggle, or any sign of uneasiness or pain.

Of the new materials which have fallen into the editor's hands, the most valuable is the manuscript of Miss Reynolds containing recollections of Johnson, and his notes addressed to herself. She was the well-known 'Renny dear'; and Mr. Croker remarks, that this paper, written by one who knew him most familiarly, confirms all that has been said of the kindness and charity of his private life. This lady died at the age of eighty, in November, 1807. We can place entire confidence in her statements,—the more, because they were never dressed for the public eye; and though there is not much personal anecdote in her recollections, she rivals Boswell in giving an exact impression of the appearance and manners of Johnson. Boswell mourns that Johnson should once have been mistaken for a beggar; but Miss Reynolds thinks, that it would have been difficult to take him for anything else, till his dress was improved by his pension. No external circumstances of the kind ever induced him to apologize, or in the least disturbed his composure. He used to boast, that no living man better understood, or more scrupulously practised the duties of politeness, than himself. Miss Reynolds says, that he would never suffer a lady to walk unattended through the court from his house to her carriage, and so grotesque was his equipment, that a crowd always collected, who expressed in the most audible manner their astonishment and delight. Though he cared nothing for his appearance, he was not always pleased with the result to which it led. As he was once visiting Miss

Cotterel, he was pulled back by the servant in a very unceremonious way; and it was probably in resentment of this, that he said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, before some of her fashionable visiters, 'How much do you think we could earn in a week, if we was to work as hard as we can?'

Miss Reynolds supplies Boswell's deficiency, by minutely describing his extraordinary gestures. On entering Sir Joshua's house, with blind Mrs. Williams, he would sometimes quit her hand, or whirl her about in his own evolutions, and after sundry feats of the kind, would give a spring, and stride over the threshold as far as possible, entirely forgetting his helpless companion. He would often go through the same ceremony in the street, wholly disregarding the shouts of the mob, and when it was concluded, would walk on with an air of calm satisfaction. He would make a motion with his arms, like a jockey holding back a horse at full speed; at the same time he would strike his heels or his toes together, in a way that beggars all description.

Miss Reynolds also supplies another of Boswell's deficiencies, by giving us an account of Johnson's reading. He read with wonderful rapidity, glancing his eye in an instant over the page; if he paused, it was because he was particularly pleased; and after *see-sawing* a few moments, he repeated the passage aloud, especially if it were poetry. He read poetry with a strong and emphatical manner, which gave force to every word; and in repeating passages which contained any high or solemn sentiment, his expression was wonderfully fine. But in reading prose, his manner was very bad; he began pompously, and then let his voice sink away into a whine, hurrying on as if he were under oath to finish each sentence in a single breath.

Johnson was desirous to excel in every accomplishment; he could not bear to be outdone in activity, and happening once to see Mrs. Thrale jump over a cabriolet stool, he followed, with a crash which seemed like a convulsion of nature. As he was walking in a park with some gentlemen and ladies, one remarked, that when he was young he could climb the highest of the trees; hearing this, the Doctor (then about sixty) ran to one of the trees, and ascended it with miraculous alertness. Once at a gentleman's seat in Devonshire, hearing a young lady boast that she could outrun any person, he said to her solemnly, 'Madam, you cannot outrun me.' They imme-

diately started, and at first the young lady had the advantage, but the Doctor kicked his slippers high into the air, and setting off with new velocity, soon left the Atalanta far behind. Boswell perhaps thought recollections of this kind too trifling for his dignified subject; but without seeing the man 'unbent,' we cannot judge his character with precision.

Miss Reynolds aids us very much, in forming a just impression of his character. She assures us that his blindness was such, that he could not see the expression in the faces of those about him; thus he was deprived of the benefit of those intelligent signs and ready perceptions, on which the proprieties of behavior so much depend. His deafness, too, not only made him insensible to the expressive tones of others, but unconscious of the stormy sound of his own. In her opinion, it was his harsh voice which often converted into a rude attack what was meant for pleasantry, and produced an excitement which he was wholly unable to account for. She remarks, that he was once in company with Mr. Garrick, and some others who were strangers to him. In the course of conversation, he happened to bear hard on the works of a gentleman who was present, and Garrick, to prevent it, touched his foot under the table. Still the Doctor went on, and took no hint; but when Garrick touched him the third time, he said, 'David, David, is it you? what makes you tread on my toes so?' In this way, he often gave mortal offence, when, so far from intending it, he could not be made to comprehend how and where it was given.

This lady gives us a curious story with respect to Dr. Dodd, on the authority of Johnson. Had her informer been less rigid in his habits of truth, it would be difficult to believe it. He told her, that Dodd flattered himself with hopes of life to the last, and that he was encouraged by some medical friends with the imagination, that by tying the halter in a peculiar way under his ear, his life might be saved after he had undergone the sentence of the law. But this promising scheme was defeated by the person most interested in it. The hangman was bribed, and arranged matters for the purpose, whispering to Dodd on the scaffold, that he must not struggle in the least; but struggle he did, and though he was carried to a convenient place after he was taken down, and every effort was made to restore him, they were attended with no success. Truly, there were but slender chances in favor of a plan, which depended upon the presence of mind of a person swinging by

his neck in the air. Even 'simple suspension,' as Captain Dalgetty terms it, is quite sufficient to affect the firmest man's composure.

The intimacy of Johnson with Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a source of much happiness to him. The calm and dignified character of Reynolds always commanded his respect; and he in turn speaks of himself, as owing whatever is good in his lectures to his education under Johnson. The order of his family could not be much disturbed by Johnson's peculiarities, if we may judge from Mr. Courtenay's description of one of his dinners. There was always a coarse and careless plenty at his table, the very appearance of which produced good humor; but so careless were the preparations in other respects, that fifteen guests would sometimes meet at a table spread for half the number. The deficiency of plates, knives, and forks, was supplied in the most *extempore* way; the calls for attendance were very seldom answered; the guests scrambled for themselves as well as they could; lords temporal and spiritual, physicians, lawyers, actors, musicians, and painters, being all thrown together; and among them was the host, perfectly composed, entirely indifferent as to what any one ate or drank, but attending scrupulously to every thing which was said. Here Johnson was always welcome. Northcote informs us, that Johnson's visits were not always acceptable; and that Reynolds, one evening, coming into the room where Johnson was waiting for him, turned on his heel, took his hat, and immediately left the house. The refutation of this idle story is contained in the fact, that Johnson is known to have entered the house again. Reynolds was not fool enough to feel himself superior to Johnson, nor would Johnson have borne such treatment from mortal man.

A story, however, which Northcote received from Sir Joshua, is no doubt true, and so characteristic, that it deserves insertion in this work. Roubiliac, the celebrated sculptor, desired Reynolds to introduce him to Dr. Johnson, in order to procure of him an epitaph for a monument on which he was then engaged. Johnson received them very civilly, and took them into a garret, which he called his library, in which, beside his books covered with dust, were a crazy table and an old chair with but three legs. In this Johnson seated himself, contriving to support its lame side against the wall of the room. He then requested to know what they desired him to write. Roubiliac, who was a true Frenchman, immediately began a high-flown

harangue, directing the Doctor what sentiments to express; but Johnson quickly interrupted him, saying, 'Come, sir, let us have no more of this ridiculous rhodomontade, but let me know in simple language the name, character, and quality of the person, whose epitaph I am to write.'

Mr. Croker has done good service to the memory of Johnson, by preserving this testimony of the Reynolds family. At their house he was always met with a welcome, and in their society he was neither flattered nor 'shown off,' which always vexed him. At Thrale's, he felt the weight of obligation,—possibly was sometimes made to feel it, for who can properly sustain the character of a benefactor? This his independent spirit could not bear. At his own house he had, as we have seen, constant subjects of irritation; but at Reynolds's he was unembarrassed, and comparatively happy, and like most other men in these circumstances, he grew courteous in proportion. At a dinner party there, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of music, Johnson spoke contemptuously of the art. A young lady near him, who was very fond of music, whispered her neighbor, 'I wonder what Dr. Johnson thinks of King David.' Johnson overheard her, and turning to her, said, 'Madam, I thank you; I stand reproved before you, and I promise you, that on this subject at least, you shall never hear me talk nonsense again.'

It was a happy thought in the editor, to associate Sir Walter Scott with Johnson. His very name possesses a charm, and his familiarity with the highlands, the field of his own fame, enables him to illustrate and explain various parts of the tour in Scotland. But he occasionally forgets Johnson's remark, that he is a true Scotchman who does not love his country better than the truth; he shows his nationality by severe remarks on Boswell, and once goes so far as to enter into a defence of 'sheep's head,' the dish, which, it will be remembered, Owen ate at Mr. Jarvie's table, and approved in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility. 'I have passed over all the Doctor's other reproaches on Scotland,' says he, 'but the sheep's head I will defend *totis viribus*. Dr. Johnson himself must have forgiven my zeal on this occasion; for if, as he says, dinner is that which we think of oftenest during the day, breakfast must be that which we think of first in the morning.' Among other things, Scott mentions a tradition, that Boswell was so deeply interested in the Douglas cause, as to head a

mob, which broke the windows of the judges, and his father's, Lord Auchinleck's, in particular. Boswell conceals the fact, that Johnson met with Adam Smith at Glasgow; but it would seem that there was an obvious and sufficient reason, if we may credit the story which Professor Millar told Sir Walter Scott, but which we suspect was a little decorated before it reached Sir Walter. The Professor stated, that Smith came into a company where he was present after his interview with Johnson, and all were anxious to know how two such great men met and exchanged minds. Smith was in no haste to satisfy their curiosity, but being hard pressed, declared that Johnson, as soon as he saw him, attacked him respecting some statement in his letter on the death of Hume, and with a candor, which to Smith seemed excessive, assured him that he believed *he lied*. He of the Moral Sentiments was so much overcome by this communication, that he could only answer, by applying to Johnson a name which is nearly obsolete in refined society, and is considered reproachful, even when applied to the canine race, to which it rightfully belongs. Such was the affecting manner, in which the two great moralists met and parted. We doubt whether Johnson expressed his doubts of Smith's statements in a dialect quite so plain; but if it were so, it is consoling to remember a remark ascribed to Beauclerk, 'that when he was *on his hind legs*, he was one of the most polite beings that ever existed.'

The appendix to this work contains many anecdotes and descriptions, which the editor has collected. He was aided in his research by several distinguished men. Sir James Mackintosh furnished a biographical notice of Mr. Courtenay, the author of the 'Poetical Review.' It may seem strange, that when there are so many living, who can remember Johnson, there should not be more remembered. But those who can remember him, knew him only when they were very young, and tradition is so uncertain, that Mr. Croker wisely declined placing much dependence on such materials, even when they were offered to his hand. The authenticity of some, however, is established by internal evidence. Thus it is said that two young ladies waited upon him, and one of them repeated a flattering speech, which she had with much labor prepared for the occasion. She then waited for a reply. It was 'Fiddle-de-dee, my dear.' Among other things, the appendix contains a burlesque imitation of Boswell, a dialogue be-

tween Dr. Pozz and Mr. Bozz, by Alexander Chalmers; and a very pleasant sketch by Sir Joshua Reynolds, detailing two conversations, in one of which he speaks lightly of Garrick, in the other praises him in the most exalted terms. It is often said that Johnson, though he would suffer no one else to abuse Garrick, did it himself freely; but the reason is obvious; he himself was a friendly critic, naming some failings in the man whose character he loved. He knew that Garrick, though avaricious, was no miser; he could do generous things. When Mr. Berenger became unfortunate, Garrick not only relinquished his claim to five hundred pounds, which Berenger owed him, but made him an additional present of three hundred pounds. Johnson knew his whole character, and, therefore, would not listen to the censure of those, who knew only the unfavorable part. It is idly said, that he was jealous of Garrick's good fortune; but hear what Cumberland says: 'Garrick died, and I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave at the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and bathed in tears.'

We are glad that the opportunity has been afforded us to offer a slight account of Johnson, together with the new materials, which the able and industrious editor has collected. The English work is large and expensive, but we have the pleasure of announcing an American re-print, under the direction of Mr. Francis Jenks, of this city. The five English volumes will be comprised in two, and the price be less than one third of that of the English edition. We hope that this kind of enterprise will never go unrewarded, and that we shall be able to repeat the saying of a distinguished writer of the last age, 'Every one that can buy a book has bought a Boswell.'

Art. VI.—*Griffin's Remains.*

Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin. Compiled by Francis Griffin. *With a Biographical Memoir of the Deceased, by the* Rev. John McVicar, *Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c. in Columbia College.* New York. 1831.

These volumes consist of a selection from the posthumous writings of a young man of great merit and extraordinary

promise. The biographical memoir by which they are introduced, is one of the most interesting and affecting records of talent brought into early exercise, and directed to noble objects, that we remember to have met with. The history of one, distinguished in the morning of life by rare attainments in beautiful union with unspotted virtue, and fine natural powers kept in vigorous action by the motives of a generous ambition, presents an example more graceful and persuasive, than any instance of eminence attained in riper years, and of stronger and more salutary influence also, inasmuch as it addresses itself to the young and susceptible. The world has been shown too many examples of an opposite nature, and with too pernicious an effect. The vices of young men of acknowledged genius, have been copied by those who were ambitious of rivalling their reputation, and who adopted for that purpose such of their qualities, as were easiest of acquisition. We hold, indeed, that the example of Lord Byron will yet prove a great moral warning, and that it will be pointed at in future times to terrify men from the follies in which he indulged, by showing the wretchedness into which they plunged him. But during his lifetime, there is no doubt that it was highly mischievous, and, perhaps, still is so, though in a degree fast lessening, as the attention of the world is turned to new models of conduct among the living, and as the distance to which the lapse of time is removing him, enables the world to speculate calmly on the character and the fate of that extraordinary man. Those who wished to resemble him, copied his misanthropy and his excesses, as if these could communicate the ethereal flame of that genius with which they are at war, and which their only tendency is to degrade and extinguish. As the great mass of mankind form their characters on those of others, and are blind followers in the track of the eminent, it is difficult to estimate the extent of our obligations to him, who shows the world something at once fitted to excite admiration and worthy to imitate. The influence of such an example is as diffusive, as the vibration of sounds in the atmosphere. It is impossible to calculate to what extent its copies may be propagated among an imitative race, how widely it may enlarge the sphere of virtuous impulses, and in how many bosoms it may kindle or encourage the aspiration after excellence, by exhibiting a new and shining instance of its possibility.

Such attraction has the spectacle of extraordinary talents joined with virtue, on which the seal of an early death has been set, that it has alone been sufficient to give popularity to works, which did not possess any high degree of positive merit. The mind, in its estimate of what they are, takes into the account the promise they gave of better things, and the feelings of wonder and sympathy with which they are regarded, give them an interest beyond their intrinsic value. Few works of the present century have been such general favorites with the public, as the 'Remains of Henry Kirke White,' with the biographical memoir prefixed by Southey. With a great deal of truth in the fragments, shreds of poetry of no value, and whole poems of inconsiderable power, they yet display so much of elevated and steady purpose, mingled with so much genius, that the world has taken them to its affections. They are read by thousands, to whom the story and works of Chatterton, 'marvellous boy' as he was, and profligate as he was marvellous, are unknown. The writings of Kirke White have become a kind of classic; the general scholar places him in his collection of English poets; the plain devout reader puts him on the same shelf with his Young and his Cowper, and one of the greatest poets of the age, himself no stern moralist, has written his eulogy. Yet we do not think that there prevails in his 'Remains' a healthy tone of mind. The delicacy of his constitution, the seeds of disease lurking in his frame, seem to have communicated something like a morbid state of feeling to his mind, and to have generated a disposition to despondency and a delight in complaint. The author of the volumes before us had no such tendencies. He seems never to have thought of criticising the conditions of his existence; his only aim was to seek its noblest purposes, and to set himself with steady diligence to compass them. He appears never to have wavered for a moment in the path he had chosen, nor to have been disturbed by any sickly doubts of the worthiness of the objects he was pursuing. His views of life, and the part he was to take in it, were cheerful and rational, and his mind was filled with a perpetual sunshine. His writings bear testimony to this healthful and happy state of feeling. They are full of the inspiration of fresh and generous hopes, and of proper and modest confidence in his own powers, which harmonize so well with the early period of life, while the spirits are yet unbroken by disappointment and the

repeated visitations of sorrow, ere we have learned to realize how soon the vigor of life is past, and how far the best results of human exertion fall short of human aspirations and desires. The equanimity and serene piety which marked his life, supported him under the sudden attack of disease, which cut him off in the midst of the fairest prospects, and attended him within the shadows which divide the present from the future state of being.

Edmund D. Griffin, the second son of George Griffin, Esq., of New York, was born on the 10th of September, 1804, in the State of Pennsylvania, at Wyoming, that beautiful valley, which Campbell has made the scene of his finest poem, and to which many a pilgrimage has been performed, in order to behold what the poet himself had seen only in imagination. His grandfather, on the mother's side, was Colonel Zebulon Butler, a soldier of the old French war, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and who, as the patriarch of the village, might have sat for the original of the venerable Albert in Campbell's poem. At the age of two years, the parents of Edmund removed to New York, but on account of some appearances of delicacy of constitution, he was educated until his twelfth year at different schools in the country. In these, he gave evidence of early and uncommon talent, and rose to a superiority in scholarship over his companions, which he afterwards uniformly maintained throughout the whole course of his school life. Though for the greater part of the year at a distance from home, his domestic affections were strong and constant, and on one occasion, when about to return to the country at the close of a vacation, he pleaded so pathetically with his father that he might be permitted to remain and pursue his studies in the city, that his kind parent could not find it in his heart to deny him. The pledge of dutiful conduct and diligence which he then gave, as the condition of not being removed from the home he loved, was amply redeemed. He was placed at the school of Mr. David Graham, who undertook with discrimination and success the task of cultivating his faculties; and his biographer mentions nine little volumes of essays, written at that period, still extant in his school-boy hand, all endorsed by his teacher with testimonials of approbation, and indicating powers of uncommon promise, and a mind pervaded by a deep sense of moral and religious obligation. Several short passages are extracted by

the author of the memoir, to show the generous nature of the motives which animated his exertions, and that the ambition of excellence with him 'seemed to spring less from a love of superiority than from a certain honorable pride of feeling, as if indolence were a degradation of his nature.'

In his thirteenth year, young Griffin was permitted, as the reward of his diligence, to visit the place of his birth. He found not at Wyoming the flamingo,

'Disporting like a meteor on the lakes'—

Nor the 'everlasting aloe,' throwing 'high its arms;' he saw no

——'hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown,'—

Nor any other of the accessories of tropical scenery, which Campbell, with a singular forgetfulness of latitude and climate, has introduced into his description of this secluded valley. But he beheld a region of surpassing loveliness, fairer and wilder than even the poet had conceived; and he recorded his transports in a journal, full of that unaffected enthusiasm for natural beauty, which had been nourished by his early residence in the country, and to which the volumes before us bear ample testimony. Here he visited the grave of his grandfather, the patriarch of Wyoming, who commanded in the fatal engagement of July 3d, 1778, which ended in the devastation of the valley by the British troops and their savage allies. He found engraved on the monument the 'uncouth rhymes of some rustic poet of the wilderness.'

'Distinguished by his usefulness,
At home and when abroad;
In court, in camp, and in recess,
Protected still by God.'

Of this Colonel Butler, Marshall, in his Life of Washington, says, that he was the cousin of John Butler, who headed the Indian auxiliaries. He also implies a doubt of the courage of Colonel Butler in that bloody action, in which perished the manhood of Wyoming. In a passage extracted from the journal of his visit to the valley, his youthful descendant indignantly vindicates the honor of his grandfather, disclaiming his relationship to 'such a traitor as John Butler,' and giving the following account of this memorable combat.

'Marshall says, that the Indians being about to ravage the valley of Wyoming, and a flag of truce being displayed by *them*,

Colonel Zebulon Butler, commander of the forces in Wyoming, was by this pretence decoyed into an ambuscade, accompanied by a small detachment of soldiers, and that they were put to rout by a soldier, who called out that the Colonel had ordered a retreat, when he had done no such thing. But this is the truth :—The Indians were about to destroy Wyoming; the male inhabitants were determined to protect their wives, their children, and their property, and were anxious to go out and meet the enemy at the very time they heard of their coming. Col. Butler endeavored to restrain them but for a single day, in which he might find out the number of the enemy and their local advantages, but in vain. Although he saw that they were bent upon their own destruction, his honor would not suffer him to desert them. He accordingly went with them, led them against the enemy, was surprised in ambush, fought bravely at their head, and when they were about to be routed, rode among the ranks, exposed himself to the whole fire of the enemy in order to set them a good example,—but all would not do. A sort of freezing horror had seized upon the men, on seeing the savage with his uplifted tomahawk break forth from the bushes, when they heard his horrid war-whoop, and beheld their friends falling fast around them from the fire of a concealed foe. Dreadful was the rout,—yet more dreadful was the carnage. Out of about three hundred men but four escaped, and one of these four was Col. Butler, who exposed himself to so many dangers, and who, nevertheless, had not even been wounded.'

The matter is of sufficient importance in an historical point of view, to be set right. Colonel Butler, it seems, was distinguished both before and after this event, by marks of confidence from Washington himself. The venerable historian has been made aware of the error he has committed, 'and in a communication to the inhabitants of the valley,' says Professor McVicar, 'has promised, that in a future edition justice shall be done to the memory of one, whom they all loved as their friend, and respected as their brave, though unfortunate defender.'

When young Griffin was fourteen years old, Mr. Graham's school was discontinued. This gentleman has borne witness to the rapid progress of his favorite pupil in a brief panegyric, in which he describes him as one in whom the love of learning admitted of no relaxation, whose ambition embraced the whole course of study, and in every thing urged him to excel, and who, better than any one he ever knew, answered the fastidious

description of the Roman critic; '*Puer mihi ille detur, quem laus excitat, quem gloria juvat, qui victus fleat.*'

He was next placed at a school, which had just begun to rise into reputation, kept by Mr. Nelson, the famous blind teacher, in the city of New York, afterwards Classical Professor in Rutgers College, New Jersey. Of this very remarkable person, Professor McVicar gives the following interesting account.

'The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man; and as death has now turned his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penniless and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs, most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself, to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit himself as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even to the minutest points of critical reading. In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence, as conclusive of the question. "'True,' said Mr. N. coloring with strong emotion; "but permit me to observe," added he, turning his sightless eye-balls towards the book he held in his hand, "that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma." At this period, a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity

and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months' trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily, scholars flocked to him in crowds, competition sank before him, and in the course of a very few years, he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States,—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honorable independence. Nor was this all; he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done; and he felt proud to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that college, which, a few years before, he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness.'

It was while at this school, that Mr. Griffin first became known to his biographer. He found him modest, sensitive, ardent, loved and honored by all, taking an unenvied precedence of his school-fellows; a youth, of whom 'no teacher remembers a fault committed, no instructer an exercise neglected, no companion an unkind act, an angry sentiment, or an immodest word.' At the public examinations of the school in which he was a pupil, he witnessed the honors which he acquired, and the meekness with which he wore them. On one occasion, when he carried away the prize from all his competitors for an English version of the passage in Ovid's Metamorphoses, describing the war of the gods, the graceful diffidence of the young poet, the feeling with which he recited his verses, and the talent shown in the verses themselves, seem to have taken his auditors by surprise. Dr. Bard, a venerated name, then President of the Medical College of New York, warmly congratulated the delighted father on the happiness of possessing such a son, and the late amiable and learned Dr. Harris, President of Columbia College, in his address to the victor, broke out with the exclamation, '*Macte virtute, puer!*' Never was that classic sentence more fortunately applied.

In the autumn of the year 1819, Mr. Griffin, then just fifteen years of age, applied for admission into Columbia College. After one of those long and rigid examinations practised at that time in the institution, which continued for several successive days, and which terminated by arranging the names of the several candidates for admission in the order of merit, his own was announced to be first on the list; a rank which he ever steadily maintained during the whole of his connexion with the college. While the examination lasted, he was constantly attended by his blind instructer, who evinced the most intense interest in the decision. In a subsequent letter to a friend, he described his anxiety and apprehensions during this severe trial of his strength and faculties, and declared that he was most unfeignedly astonished to find himself at the head of the list. Professor McVicar relates the following anecdote of this examination.

'The justice of the decision was unquestioned, though the chagrin of one of the rival candidates vented itself, at the moment, in a manner more creditable to his scholarship than his philosophy. He wrote with his pencil the following distich, and passed it along to the victor:

> "Vicisti, Griffin; parva at tua gloria, nam quod
> *Anni* quinque tibi, *menses* mihi quinque dederunt;"

to which the former immediately replied, with the usual courtesy of Latin disputants;

> "Æmule! cur senior, fallaces ad fugis artes?
> Menses tu simulas, annos tamen insere victus."

The boast was not, however, altogether false; the author of the lines was a highly talented Italian youth, of riper age than Edmund, and who, by the aid of a learned father, had prepared himself for the examination in an incredibly short period of time. He was the son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, at present Professor of Italian in Columbia College, and partook strongly of that poetic fervor, which even now gives youth to the father in his eighty-third year, and which half a century ago, recommended him to the Austrian monarch as a fit successor to the laurel of Metastasio.* What success might have attended the future efforts of this formidable rival, when *months* of diligence had been changed to

* 'Lorenzo Da Ponte, then in his twenty-third year, was made "Poeta Cesareo" by Joseph II. in the year 1780, a few months after the death of Metastasio.'

years, it is impossible to say. Death withdrew him from the course, before the race was well begun. Two other high-minded competitors, after a two years' struggle, voluntarily withdrew their pretensions; and through the remainder of his college life, Edmund's claims to general pre-eminence remained undisputed.'

The habits of life which young Griffin had at this time formed, were such as to combine the greatest attention to health, with the most diligent and regular application to study. We quote the passage in which they are described, together with the judicious remarks they have drawn from his biographer, in the hope that it will meet the eye of some who, in the pursuit of learning, have adopted an injudicious and harmful system, and that it will teach them, by so pregnant an example, how easily the care of the constitution may be reconciled with the greatest attainments, even if it be not, as is doubtless the fact, an aid in acquiring them.

'Edmund's habits of study at this period might be recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed, and partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three P. M. the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bed-time. While a school-boy, this was at the primitive hour of nine o'clock; and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which, in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night; it was a change, however, which he both lamented and condemned, and had his life been spared would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning hours, which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine! With the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time; lest haply when old, they pay the penalty of having divorced a life of study from one of healthy

enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labor almost incredible at his early years; having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the student are attended with comparatively little danger, to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession, by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this end; he enjoyed the health which flows from equanimity. His mind was singularly well balanced; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers; but preserved on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession, and an even sweetness of temper, which to a stranger savored of coldness; but to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. "He did every thing," says Mr. G., "apparently without effort;" and so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author speaks from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the midst of the highest exertion; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners, the warm-hearted exclamation, "He has the face of an angel."'

While a student in Columbia College, some of his Latin and English poems were thought to be of such merit, that they were printed and circulated at the request of the president and at the expense of the institution. At the age of nineteen, in the year 1823, he took the usual degree of A. B., and closed a course of studies, in which he had borne away the palm from every competitor, with the highest honors in the public exercises of the commencement.

He was now somewhat embarrassed in the choice of a profession. He took, says his biographer, that step from which he thought he could most easily recede; he entered his name as a student at law in his father's office, and for two months

diligently read the sages of jurisprudence. Early religious impressions, however, and a fondness for speculations of theology, as connected with human action, at length inclined his choice to the ministry. At the opening of the New York Theological Seminary, he became a student, with a view of taking orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which, at that time, none of his family belonged. His reasons for joining himself to a denomination in whose faith he was not educated, are given at some length by his biographer; and when we consider the pain it must have given a mind of which filial affection was so striking a characteristic, to differ on so important a subject with those whom he most loved and reverenced, it will be admitted that they show a mind accustomed to firm independent conclusions. We are sorry, however, that the writer of a memoir, with which we are otherwise so well pleased, and which is intended for the eyes of the admirers of genius and goodness every where and by whatever name they may be called, should have thought it necessary to take this occasion to enforce the peculiar opinions of his own denomination.

Mr. Griffin was admitted to Deacon's orders in 1826, and for nearly two years, officiated as an associate minister in two churches in the city of New York. His fine person, and the excellent manner in which he pronounced his animated discourses, soon made him a popular preacher, and the vestry of Christ's Church offered him a settlement for life, which by the advice of his father he declined. In October, 1828, he set out on his travels for Europe. He made the tour of France, Italy, Switzerland, England, and Scotland, during which his faculties seem to have been kept in as constant and vigorous exercise, as they had ever been in the schools. No person, perhaps, ever travelled with a more fixed determination to travel for improvement, if the word determination can be applied to what seemed the natural and unavoidable bias of his mind. Whatever these countries presented of venerable in historical associations, of admirable in the arts, of majestic or beautiful in the features of nature, of illustrious in learning and goodness, was observed by him intently, and meditated upon profoundly; and at the end of a year and a half, he returned, with a mind enriched and ripened by observation, and accomplished for a sure and early eminence. At the time of his arrival in this country, Professor McVicar was obliged by ill health to suspend for a while his college duties, and Mr. Griffin

was solicited to undertake a part of them. His consent to this arrangement imposed on him the task of completing a course of academic lectures, on the history of ancient and modern literature. This he undertook and accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. We quote the passage of the memoir, which speaks of the duty undertaken by Mr. Griffin, both for the views it gives of his qualifications, and its account of the circumstances under which the lectures were composed.

'It was a duty both urgent and laborious; involving, in addition to the general charge of history and composition, the immediate preparation and delivery of a course of lectures, for which he had made no definite preparation, and in which the short and imperfect notes of the professor could have afforded him, had they been in his hands, but little aid. These lectures continued through the months of May and June, being prepared, written out, and delivered, almost, it may be said, at the same moment. They extend to more than three hundred pages octavo; a degree of manual as well as intellectual labor not often paralleled; and, when coupled with the recollection of it being a voluntary, unbought service, taken up without premeditation, in the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of congratulation; it may be said without exaggeration, that they remain a noble monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him, had life been spared. Of these lectures, some portion, it is understood, will be included in the following collection. In justice to their author, the reader must not forget the circumstances of haste under which they were written. For the task itself, Mr. Griffin was well fitted both by nature and education; since, to great natural delicacy of taste, was added a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still further cultivated his taste, but produced somewhat of its usual influence in raising criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his early acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructer (Professor Da Ponte) speaks of him as having evinced a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors. With the French he

was equally familiar; according to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren,) he spoke the language upon his return from Europe with such purity, that Mr. V. looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that tongue. His course embraced Roman and Italian literature, together with that of England down to the writers of the reign of Charles II.

A few weeks after the completion of this undertaking, he was seized with the disorder, which closed a life marked throughout by the most spotless virtue, the strongest filial and fraternal affection, and the most persevering and successful diligence. He expired on the 1st of September, 1830, after three days' illness. The memoir closes with a brief and affecting account of the last moments of his life, drawn up by the parent, whose gentle and judicious management contributed to draw forth the excellent qualities of his mind and character.

The 'Remains' consist of a few pages of poetry, a journal of the author's tour through Italy and Switzerland, extracts from the journal of his travels in France, England, and Scotland, portions of the lectures on ancient and modern literature, and two or three theological dissertations, written while preparing for the ministry. These, as we are informed by the author's brother, in a modest preface, were compiled from a mass of manuscript writings, sufficient, if printed, to fill six octavo volumes, not one page of which, with the exception of a single juvenile English poem and two or three Latin ones, was ever intended for the press. Of course they should not be subjected to any austere rules of criticism. They should be judged by their merits, rather than their defects. We may claim that they should bear marks of talent, and that they should possess qualities to make them intrinsically valuable or interesting; but we expect and can overlook omissions which the author would have supplied, inaccuracies which he would have amended, and redundancies which he would have pruned away, had he written with the fear of the public before his eyes. It seems that he had been from his childhood in the habit of committing his thoughts to paper, as an intellectual discipline. Such a habit may give facility and fluency in composition, but it does not secure him who writes only for his own re-perusal or for the eye of partial friends, from writing sometimes with looseness and negligence. Traits of an exuberance of style, like that of an extempore speaker, may occasionally be found

in the works before us; but on the other hand, they possess this recommendation, that they are written with a natural feeling, from the fulness of the author's heart and the abundance of his own thoughts, that there is no artificial dressing up of ideas, nor ostentatious patchwork of knowledge. His good taste and manly sense also preserve him from any thing affected, fantastic or mawkish.

The poems are first in order. Such of these as are in Latin are all that is expected from verses in Latin composed by a student; they do credit to his scholarship, and his command over the numbers and idiom of a language, the graceful employment of which is one of the most difficult attainments of human skill. Those in English are not the work of a professed writer of poetry, nor a youth preparing himself with a determined purpose of eminence in that art; but we think we have seen juvenile poems of less merit written by persons who afterwards became celebrated as poets. They are the occasional effusions of an ingenuous spirit of warm feeling, contemplative, and delighting in poetic imagery and poetic rhythm. The following lines are apparently an imitation of the earlier English poets. If they had been found in an ancient black-letter volume, they might well have passed for a song of the sixteenth century, from the compactness of the expression and a dash of quaintness in the ideas.

'Like target for the arrow's aim,
Like snow beneath the sunny heats,
Like wax before the glowing flame,
Like cloud before the wind that fleets,
I am,—'tis love has made me so,
And, lady, still thou say'st me no.

'The wound's inflicted by thine eyes,
The mortal wound to hope and me,
Which naught, alas, can cicatrize,
Nor time, nor absence, far from thee.
Thou art the sun, the fire, the wind,
That makes me such; ah then be kind!

'My thoughts are darts, my soul to smite;
Thy charms the sun, to blind my sense,
My wishes,—ne'er did passion light
A flame more pure or more intense.
Love all these arms at once employs,
And wounds and dazzles and destroys.'

The lines 'On leaving Italy,' are spirited, and flowing in the versification. We quote the concluding stanzas.

'Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!
For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
The fathers of my mind? whose fame imprest,
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

'Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood.

'And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Paestum's shrines, and Baiae's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice,—never more?
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar,—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

'Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cherished mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launched on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.'

The most attractive, as well as the larger part of these volumes, consists of the journal of the author's travels in Europe. The tour through Italy and Switzerland, which is given entire in a series of letters, is undoubtedly a less perfect work than it would have been, had it been revised and prepared for publication by the author; yet we are not sure that it is less interesting. It is written with great freedom and animation of

manner, and is pervaded throughout by a deeply felt enthusiasm for the wonders of nature and prodigies of art, presented to one fresh from a world of different aspect, and wearing on its bosom no traces of past generations. It is impossible not to enter into the feelings of the youthful and accomplished traveller, as he visits places hallowed by the glorious recollections of antiquity, or gazes on venerable ruins, on antique statues of etherial mould, and on the sublime creations of the Italian architects, sculptors, and painters. Fitted by his natural sensibilities for receiving strong impressions from such objects, his journal shows him deepening those impressions, and rendering them distinct and indelible, by intense contemplation, and then recording them in the glowing language inspired by the feeling of the moment. This has led to what some may perhaps think a fault in the work,—we mean the multitude of its descriptions of paintings and statues. Allowing that there may be some foundation for this criticism, it would yet be difficult to point out a work of travels, conveying so perfect an idea of the treasures of art which Italy holds in her bosom. Take, for example, the description of the Vatican,—its army of statues,—its multitude of sculptures in relief—its innumerable pictures,—all the miracles of genius glowing on the walls of its aisles and chapels, looking down from its loftiest vaults or dimly seen in its farthest recesses,—the vast collection of the choicest antiques and most admirable productions of modern artists, enshrined in its galleries, its halls, and its museums. If the description be long, it is because the subject is inexhaustible; but the untravelled reader will admit, that it gives him a better and higher idea of the magnificence of that mighty repository of the wonders of art, and the travelled reader will not be displeased with the means it furnishes of reviving his faded recollections.

It is one recommendation of these travels, that nothing in them is borrowed. They are the mere record of what the author actually observed; there is no compilation, no filling up of the plan of the work from the labors of others. The learning by which they are illustrated, was in the author's mind before he wrote. Travellers in Italy have copied from each other with little scruple. Old Lalande's work on that country has been a store-house of materials for subsequent tourists, a curious instance of which occurs to us. The author of 'Rome in the nineteenth century,' a very good book in the

main, calls Lalande the most tedious of writers, yet steals almost the only pleasant story in his book. In illustration of the indolent character of the Romans, she relates, that she one day entered a shop, the master of which was sitting comfortably in his chair, and inquired for a certain description of goods. He answered, that it was not in the shop, upon which she pointed to a parcel of the kind she desired, lying on a shelf; 'Ah,' said he, 'but it is so high!'—Lalande tells the story in nearly the same words.

As a specimen of Mr. Griffin's style of description in this part of the work, we quote the account of a scene, which on Easter Sunday follows the ceremony of the papal benediction bestowed in solemn silence on kneeling multitudes.

'Then begins a scene of confusion, such as would astonish an American crowd. In Europe it seems to be a universal law, that those who ride may trample without scruple upon those that walk. Lines indeed are formed, but are continually deviated from. The cries, the execrations, the waving to and fro of the pierced and endangered, yet still unresisting crowd, cannot be easily imagined. It was curious to observe the great variety of costume which distinguished the day. Here came the peasant girl, exulting in her blue spencer with red sleeves, her white gown, striped with red and bordered with yellow, her delicate pink shoes, and head-dress formed of a muslin handkerchief, folded in an oblong shape, attached to her forehead and streaming down her back. By her side strutted her sturdy sweetheart, in his sky-blue velvet jacket, his light brown small-clothes, and his crimson sash. By and by came the pilgrim, with his oil-cloth cape, and long iron-shod staff; priests with their black coats, flowing mantles, and three-cornered hats; and friars, with their habits white, brown, and black, were scattered around in every direction. Soldiers and Swiss guards, furnished with pole-axes, helmets, back and breast plates, with clothes slashed and parti-colored in the exact fashion of the middle ages, stood at every portal and every corner of the passages. Here rolled the English equipage, light, tasteful, and complete; there the gorgeous carriage of the cardinal, with its noble black horses, its red and gilded body, its trappings of silk and gold, its three suspended footmen, and its attendant coaches, two and sometimes three in number, following in the rear.

'Being very much fatigued by the ceremonies of the morning, and not confiding much in the common "on dit" of the day, I had almost determined not to visit the illumination in the evening; but remembering that St. Peter's was the building to be

illuminated, that restless curiosity which haunts one abroad like a disease, at length overcame my reluctance. For this time I was rejoiced that I had indulged it. Arrived at the bridge of St. Angelo, the dome of St. Peter's burst upon my view in a new and splendid aspect. From its inferior border, even to the summit of its cross, it was adorned with lamps arranged in perpendicular lines upon its ribs and in the intervals between, somewhat in the form of *fleurs de lis*, glittering like so many jewels, with a tremulous though brilliant lustre. As we approached, the smaller domes began to raise their heads, shining like satellites, though not with reflected splendor. Farther on, and the cornice of the *façade*, marked by a double border, became visible in part. Arrived on the piazza, we beheld the whole *façade* tastefully illuminated, its windows and portal just marked, and the capitals of its pillars delicately wreathed with lights. Lines of light also traversed the whole extent of the arcades, and surrounded the whole circumference of the circular piazza. Here we sat admiring this tasteful and splendid scene, and awaiting the change in the illumination. It took place about eight o'clock, and was performed within the space of three strokes of the bell. No less than five hundred men are employed for the purpose. The effect was magical. Suddenly as thought can act, the whole building blazed with what seemed a conflagration. The cross appeared a flame, and the dome to be on fire. The architecture of the front was perfectly exhibited. Strong lights shone in the arcades, and between the intervals of the colonnade, opening to discovery their peculiar beauties. Pausing upon this gorgeous display, we traced with new admiration the graceful and noble forms, and the stupendous magnitude of the building, which rose before us. Appealing less to the judgment, but more forcibly to the imagination, it seemed to lift towards heaven its jewelled mitre, in sign of its pre-eminence above all the edifices in the world.

'Having traversed the piazza in various directions, in order to catch from every point of view, the varied and beautiful effect of the lighted colonnade, we drove rapidly to the Pincian Mount, on the other side of the city, in order to view from thence this magnificent phenomenon. Arrived at its summit, in the neighborhood of the church Trinità del Monte, we looked in the direction of St. Peter's. Like the Sultan in the Arabian tale, we could scarce believe our eyes, so changed appeared the scene of yesterday. A fairy fabric, built by no mortal hands, seemed to arise before us. The domes, the greater part of the *façade*, and one wing of the colonnade, were distinctly visible. They lay floating in the distance beyond the intervening gulf of darkness, waving as if with the sun's beams reflected from burnished gold

and transparent topaz, surpassing the most gorgeous picture of even an oriental imagination.

'The exhibition closed with a tremendous display of fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo, on Monday evening. Having obtained a chair early on the very brink of the river opposite, I was entertained, while I awaited the commencement of the show, by the picturesque effect of a multitude of torches borne in boats, which were plying up and down the river. The red light shed on the stream beneath, or on the dark countenances and rude forms of those who bore them, the music which floated from time to time across the waters, the merriment of a number of young men upon the opposite bank, who now fenced with blazing torches, and now waltzed with them in their hands, and again ran to and fro as if in the madness of a bacchanalian revel, the gaiety of costume, and cheerfulness of countenance and festivity of tone and action which pervaded the multitude around, at length released from the rigors of Lent, constituted a scene of animated and pleasing interest. At length the explosion of two cannons, whose sounds were long reverberated along the channel of the river from the distant city, announced the commencement of the fireworks. They began with a burst of rockets, which lighted up with a fierce glare the houses of the city, the varied dresses and faces of the multitude, the river with its boats, the beautiful arched bridge in the vicinity, and the rolling canopy of smoke caused by the inflammation of their contents. When the smoke had cleared away, we found the whole vast exterior surface of the castle covered with letters and festoons of delicate white light. It is not possible, nor would it be worth while, to describe the various acts of the exhibition, the wheels of fire, the cascades of flame, the darting of myriads of blazing serpents into the obscure of night, the bursting of stars from out the black cloud of smoke, and their fall to earth shattered into a thousand fragments, the roll of musketry, the roar of cannon, the conflagration which sometimes embraced the whole castle, clothing it in all the terrors of a burning mountain. The grand eruption of the volcano was reserved until the last. After a few moments of profound obscurity, amidst the thunder of cannon and the incessant rattling of minor reports, whose close succession served to show how infinitely divisible is time, thousands of rockets burst from every quarter of the castle with a rush that seemed as if it must bear along with it the solid fabric; a blaze, that, piercing through its dense envelopement of smoke, shed a glare as if from Pandæmonium, on all around; and an irregular but tremendous explosion in the air, which appeared about to pour on our devoted heads the inevitable fate of the buried neighbors of Vesuvius.

'The fondness of the Romans for public spectacles seems to

be their ruling passion. On the present occasion, I really believe that Rome was more than "half unpeopled." The crowd, the rush, the intermixture of horses and carriages with men, women, and children in the narrow streets, were really frightful, and in fact dangerous, unless to the strong and active. The docility and quietness of the noble Roman horse on such occasions, is truly astonishing. The civility of the people, too, is admirable. There is no elbowing; no striving to get before you. The pressure seems owing to a general impulse, and not to any individual effort. Although there was a fine moon on both the evenings above described, yet so bright were the illumination and the blaze of fireworks, that their effect seemed scarcely to be diminished.

'On the following night, I went to observe the effect of moonlight on the piazza of St. Peter's. How calm and beautiful was the contrast! Here was the restoration of nature and of truth, after those fairy visions,—of nature and of truth under their most enchanting aspect. The colonnade, with its rich intervals of brightness and deep shade, the fountains discharging shoots of liquid silver breaking into silver spray, the lofty steps, the broad *façade* resting in obscurity, but surmounted by the white lustre of the aspiring dome, presented an assemblage of objects, upon which the soothed and pleased imagination rested with perpetual enjoyment.'

The portions given from the journal of the author's travels in France and Great Britain, possess another kind of interest. They contain various sketches of the philosophers, authors, statesmen, divines, and other eminent personages of the two countries. We quote a lively account of a *symposium*, at which Mr. Griffin found himself in company with some of the brightest wits of the United Kingdom. It is entitled, in the volumes before us, 'A Literary Party.'

'I dined yesterday, with a very distinguished party, at Mr. M*****'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses, and other *beaux esprits;* Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes; and some others, of less name and fame. The first is, certainly, a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however; when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead; the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy; you forget, and are ready to disavow your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a

strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of color, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty) yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiseled nose; and compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." His eyes are of a pale color; his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome, good-natured countenance; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is, at least, amiable.

'The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time, in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart, meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasantries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say, was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, even anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

'On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation. Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humor and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man, in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek; but can lay no claim, (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the Fire Worshippers gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

'I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses, of all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times would be invaluable. He has been the Mæcenas of his day; and, though not the favorite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit, than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his liberality, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich.'

Of the lectures, our readers have already had some account, in a quotation from the Memoir of Professor McVicar. The portions included in these volumes, are specimens of a work of considerable extent, embracing an entire view of Roman and Italian literature, and of English literature in its earlier

and most vigorous period, and giving the character of the principal authors in each. Compelled by the short space allowed him, and the numerous demands on his time, to derive his principal materials from his own literary recollections, aided by a brief and hurried consultation of authors, the work bears necessarily the marks of haste, yet it attests a mind well furnished, by a large and diligent course of reading, for so comprehensive an undertaking, and shows a celerity of literary execution altogether extraordinary. How eloquently he could discourse of the great masters of verse in his own and other languages, will appear from the following passages, which we take from his criticism of the great work of Dante.

'This great poem, with all its imperfections, could not fail to excite the astonishment of the age in which it appeared, and to attract the lasting admiration of posterity. It may be compared to an extensive wood, filled with the tallest trees of the forest, covered underneath with a carpet of the richest verdure, and fragrant with the wildest, brightest, sweetest flowers; but where you are sometimes lost in the darkness of the shades, and often perplexed by the devious and intricate paths. Though Dante cannot, upon the whole, be styled the first of poets, I should be inclined to place him above all others, for some of the highest attributes of genius. The conception of his great work is grand, original, sublime. He invented images, he established a language for himself. His style is as peculiar as it is original. Not an unmeaning word weakens its intense energy, and not a superfluous ornament impairs its sublime simplicity. He kindles the imagination by a hint; he rouses the spirit by one trumpet tone; he affects the heart by one thrilling touch; he tortures the sense by one appalling image; and then leaves to the fancy of his reader the labor of developement. The reader of Dante should, therefore, himself be a man of genius. Mere taste is not adequate to comprehend him fully, or appreciate him duly. Yet the general and enduring admiration with which his great work is regarded, is a proof how powerfully it addresses itself, in the main, to the universal sympathies of our nature. What most strongly impresses the reader, is the profound solemnity and earnestness with which it is written. The mind of the poet seems full of the remembrance of the unearthly mysteries which had been revealed to him, and not yet recovered from the awe they had inspired. What he writes seems to be dictated by recollection, rather than by invention. He does not seek to embellish, to heighten, to amplify; he seems to feel that this would be doing sacrilege to his subject; he appears to aim at communicating in

the most concise and direct terms, an adequate conception of the images yet vivid in his memory. It is impossible to resist the contagion of that awe, by which the mind of the poet is overwhelmed; or to refuse, while you read, your assent to the truth and reality of the scenes he describes. You are impressed by the simple, grand, unaffected strains of the Florentine bard, with much the same reverential emotion, as when you read the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures.

'But to make you more familiar with the genius and character of Dante, it may not be amiss to attempt a brief comparison between him and the English bard, who most nearly resembles him; I mean the great epic poet of our language. Milton and Dante both depict the awful mysteries of Heaven and of hell; but it must not be forgotten that the Tuscan was the precursor. Nor had he any light to guide his path but his own genius. The example of Virgil inspired him to write, but instructed him neither in his matter nor his manner. Dante was the first to sing of Heaven and of hell, not as the dreams of mythological fiction, but as the objects of a real faith. He was the first who launched from this promontory on which we stand, into the vast immensity of the universe, traversed the abyss amidst demons and infernal tortures, and mounting afterwards through angelic hosts and undiscovered worlds, gazed with steadfast eye upon the glories of the Highest. Such is the bold and daring course, in which Milton is but his follower. Dante was the Columbus who discovered this new world of poesy; Milton only the Americus Vespucius who pursued his track.

'In originality, Dante probably surpassed even Homer himself. We cannot now ascertain, how much the Ionian bard was indebted to his predecessors. Time has covered the literary history of that period with utter oblivion. The very perfection of his poems would seem to indicate, that he must have derived some aid from the labors and experience of those who had gone before him. It is difficult to suppose, that he could so far have approached the creative attributes of the Deity as to form out of the chaos of heroic fable, by the untaught efforts of his own genius, those stupendous and matured works, which resemble, in their varied magnificence, in the minute regularity of all their parts, in the adaptation of those parts to make one harmonious and glorious whole, "that universe itself whose image they reflect." On the other hand, the very irregularities and imperfections of Dante, are evidence of his originality; they betray the first, the yet immature efforts of invention.

'But, though surpassing the English bard in originality, the gloomy Tuscan was inferior in the perfection of his imagination. He did not conceive an epic poem. Though he had the exam-

ple of Virgil before his eyes, yet his genius and the times led him to a dramatic narrative, possessing unity indeed in its general plan, yet often fantastic, and not seldom tedious. Milton, on the other hand, though originally inclined to throw his mighty subject into the form of an allegorical masque or mystery, happily gave himself up at length to the inspiration of the epic muse. His creative and comprehensive imagination erected from the materials of his subject a fair and stately edifice, which engrosses and almost overwhelms the mind, and continues to elevate the spirit, even when employed in the inspection of the parts. The Divina Commedia is like a Gothic cathedral, immense and sublime in its dimensions, vast and irregular in all its parts, wild, rich and picturesque in its ornaments, into whose long and lofty aisles the light streams as if unwillingly, unable to overcome the gloom congenial to the place. The Paradise Lost is like the interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The noble breadth of the *rotunda*, the height of the aspiring dome, the chaste magnificence which pervades the whole, above all, the perfect unity which, admitting no distraction, combines every part into one undivided effect, create an intensity of admiration. There is but one space, and only a single light. The symmetrical, the majestic whole is seen, is felt, at a glance.'

The lectures on Italian literature contain versions of several of the most striking passages of the Italian poets. That from Dante, relating the pathetic story of Count Ugolino, is worth comparing with the translation of Cary.

We take our leave of the work, with remarking, that the theological dissertations at the close, bear traces of the same mind, which dictated the travels and the lectures.

ART. VII.—*Mary Queen of Scots.*

The Life of Mary Queen of Scots. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, Esq. Family Library, Vols. XXI. and XXII. New York. 1831.

When a trying question was once submitted to the court of Areopagus, that venerable body, anxious that justice should be relieved from the prejudices of the hour, directed the parties (with perhaps too little regard for their convenience) to appear in court again at the expiration of a hundred years. They considered this time amply sufficient to allow for prejudices and passions to die away. Could they, by any prophetic vision,

have foreseen the question concerning the guilt or innocence of Queen Mary, they might well have doubted whether their term of adjournment should not have been extended, by at least another century. Here is the example of a Queen, who has engaged the general interest and attention, more than any other of her sex that ever existed; who has been condemned, again and again, by able and popular historians, and defended by those whose works have never obtained any considerable circulation, and yet the public mind is not made up; her accusers have never secured the verdict of the world against her. There has been a perpetual suspicion, that those historians were more governed by prejudice than conviction; and, as the amount of testimony which they were able to adduce, bore no proportion to their confidence, men in general have determined, wisely and properly in our opinion, to regard her as innocent till she is proved guilty. It is sometimes supposed, that this tenderness toward her is owing to the renown of her beauty; if it were so, one would suppose that the same charity would be extended to Helen, Cleopatra, and other ladies of that description, who are by no means treated with the same forbearance, though equally celebrated for personal charms. We have, in our own times, had an opportunity of seeing how soon even folly can destroy the sympathy of the nations. Never was there more enthusiasm than that inspired by 'that delightful vision,' the late Queen of France; but, since the world has learned that her indiscretions did much to injure her unfortunate husband, lovely and ill-starred as she was, this interest is nearly lost. Whether Mary were guilty or not, there is no doubt that she was basely injured; but we believe, that unless the world had been firmly persuaded of her innocence, their sympathy would have subsided, almost as soon as her beauty was changed into dust and ashes.

It is fortunate for the reputation of Mary, that her trial has thus been continued from one age to another; for it is evident, that there has been no time, during the last two centuries, when a Catholic or a Stuart could have gained an impartial hearing. But now, a new spirit is busy in the records of English history; religious prejudices and their results are sternly examined; political prepossessions are also made subjects of inquiry; and it begins to be doubted, whether the cause of truth is materially served by exchanging one passion for another. With respect to crowned heads, a feeling begins

to prevail, similar to that expressed by the guide of the Spanish satirist, who in vision went down to the infernal regions. He asked to see the apartment allotted to kings, and, on seeing it, expressed his wonder that so few were there. 'Few,' said his conductor, 'there are all that ever reigned!' We do not mean to say, that the public mind is yet impartial; but it has broken part of its chains.

The prejudice against the Catholics has had the most decided effect upon historical representations. We have no sympathy with the Roman faith, and we bless the reform which broke up the deep foundations of its power; but every enlightened Protestant now admits, that the feeling of the reformers, though not too severe, perhaps, against the faith of the Catholics, considering the evils to which it led, was far too indiscriminate and unsparing in its condemnation of their characters and persons, and amounted at last to intolerance much resembling that which they condemned in the Catholics themselves. It has led historians into an infinite variety of errors; it is truly surprising to remark, how events and persons, seen through the distorting glass of their prejudice, have lost their true form, colors, and proportions. Thus, in reference to Catholic intolerance, they have almost made the stones cry out for vengeance upon that spirit which kindled the fires of martyrdom, and every heart joins in the disgust and abhorrence they express; but they have converted this into mis-representation, by sinking the fact, that Sir Thomas More, Cranmer, and John Rogers, the former an enlightened Catholic, the two latter Protestant apostles, approved and encouraged the burning of those whom they considered heretics, regarding it, as it was evidently regarded in that day, as nothing more than a fair and rightful use of power, and only to be condemned when personally applied to themselves. The name of 'bloody' Mary has been held up to the detestation of ages, as in truth she well deserved it; but something less than justice is done, when they conceal the fact, that the blood of Catholics flowed as fast in the days of Elizabeth, as that of Protestants in her sister's. These are serious things; but there is something burlesque in the grandeur with which they boast themselves of her, whom they call (*lucus a non lucendo*) England's 'virgin' queen. A woman of great ability she undoubtedly was; but they can see no weakness in a toothless old lady, aping the dress and graces of fifteen; and it does not occur to them, that it was not the most glorious

time for their country, when the nation trembled before a vixen, who swore at her Parliament, boxed the ears of her generals, and cuffed her ladies of honor with her own royal hands. We shall dwell no further on this, than to say, that we do the majority of Protestant historians no injustice, when we observe, that they seem to have thought, that all was corruption in the ancient Church, and, that before their Rhadamanthus-like tribunal, the word Catholic was synonymous with guilty. We feel, therefore, that the opinions they have filed against Mary are of little importance, except so far as they have brought circumstances and testimony to support them.

Another reason which has been unfavorable to Mary is, that her name was Stuart,—a name which has been unpopular in England for a long time, and with good reason; the question, however, is not so much whether the Stuarts were a bad race, as whether any other line, unrestrained by their subjects, would be any better. There is no doubt of their determination to enslave their people; but where is the royal line which is not equally resolute in claiming every inch of power, which the spirit of freedom and endurance will allow them? Kings look upon power as their property; and they regard the patriot as the citizen the tax-gatherer, believing that he has a perfect right to all that he can keep back from the publican's exaction. The difficulty was not so much in the character of the Stuarts, as in the notions of sovereignty which they inherited, and in the corrupt state of institutions, which gave them power to oppress. The late King of France was doubtless as intelligent, and probably as well meaning as any European sovereign; but education and habit rendered him unable to see the position in which he stood, and as 'when the ship is sunk, every sailor knows how she might have been saved,' he is commonly regarded as a wrong-headed fool. But though the fate of the Stuarts was very similar to that of the Bourbons, we are free to confess, that we can see nothing in the mind or heart, in the public or private character of the Protestant succession, with which they need blush to compare. Their history resembles a torrent, breaking out from the northern mountains, which moves on in desolating grandeur, till it spreads and sinks on the plain, and leaves its channel dry. We do not admire them in their greatness, but we sympathize with them in their fall. There is something affecting to us in the thought of Charles, however misguided, laying down his 'gray

discrowned head' upon the block; of James, when he heard that William had landed, directing Kneller to go on with his portrait, that he might not disappoint his friend; of Henrietta, unable to rise for want of a fire, in the palaces of France; of the young chevalier, making a desperate attempt to regain the kingdom which he believed his own; and the whole heraldry of their race, at last sinking unhonored to the dust. The only vestige of their line now existing, is the descendant of the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., who is one of the grandees of Spain. Historians have implicitly followed the advice of the Fool in Lear, 'when the great wheel goes up hill, let him haul thee after; but when it goes down, let go, lest thou break thy neck with following it.' They have thrown contempt on the Stuarts from Mary downward, and shown a diligence in flattering the talents and virtues of the Brunswick line, which indicates that they knew what would suit the popular feeling, and who were best able to pay for praise.

Now when we consider how thorough-going and tenacious all these prejudices are, and what power a popular historian has over the feeling and judgment of his readers,—a power which grows out of our familiarity with works, which interest us day after day,—works, to which we yield a grateful confidence, because they have entertained us in many vacant hours, it is matter of surprise to us, that the public mind should have so long hesitated to pronounce judgment against Queen Mary. No historian has been more read than Robertson in this country; though now the world begins to acquiesce in Johnson's opinion, that 'he would be crushed by his own weight.' Hume, too, another great enemy of Mary, has exercised an unbounded influence over American readers, insomuch, that several years ago, the youth of our country, though sworn friends of freedom, were almost unanimous in favor of the unfortunate but usurping Charles, and were ready to justify transactions in the English history, which were most decidedly opposed to their own feelings and opinions. Though all this historical authority has not carried the day, every one knows that it has created a strong suspicion of Mary, and as this is a subject of general interest, we propose to give a slight view of the evidence in support of that indictment, to which she pleads 'not guilty.'

The controversy began with the work of the celebrated Buchanan, who was patronized by Murray and encouraged by Cecil, and was naturally swayed by the strong feelings of

gratitude and hope. No one in this age doubts the unscrupulous ambition of 'the good Regent,' or the excessive dissimulation of the English secretary. They were probably nearly as well understood in their own times, but they took care, in all their enterprises, to secure the favor of the great Protestant party; and the world has probably never seen the time when a party would hesitate to justify its idol, even at the expense of truth and honor. Buchanan could by no means excuse Murray's treatment of his sister, except by pronouncing her guilty of enormous crimes; and he, as well as Knox, whose courage often degenerated into brutality, doubtless believed that a Catholic was, as a matter of course, capable of every sin. His statements were contested by Lesley, bishop of Ross, and others; but the tide was setting altogether in one direction, and the English public, with that candor for which it was always distinguished, was, like old Transfer in Zeluco, 'willing to hear reason when it had made up its mind.'

The controversy was revived at a future time, by the attempts of the Stuarts to regain the English throne; nothing was so acceptable to the winning side, as attempts to dishonor the birth and ancestry of the exiled princes. But the question was not debated with much research or fairness, till after the decisive year 1745. Then Mr. Goodall, Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, published an examination of the Letters attributed to Mary. Robertson's history appeared four years after; and it is easy to see, that a collection of ancient documents, which none but the antiquary would ever think of reading, could have no effect, compared with a history, which by a favor, not perhaps fully deserved, was found on almost every table. By a curious self-contradiction, Robertson creates sympathy for her, as one who died the death of the innocent, though she lived the life of the guilty. As we have already said, he was supported by Hume, whose philosophical narrative will always be admired, though his historical inaccuracy is now so clearly proved, that he never will be cited as an authority in matters of fact again. Tytler's defence does not seem to have gained a very extensive circulation; and the same may be said of Whitaker, who published a work on the subject in three octavo volumes, without one word of index at the beginning or end. The work of Chalmers on the same side, which appeared in 1818, contains much information, and is more generally known; but how can works, consisting of historical documents thrown

together without the least regard to 'heaven's first law,' and in which one searches for a fact as for a needle in a hay-stack, with an oppressive feeling of despair, ever make an impression on the public mind? The consequence has been, that these works, like the gun at Mahomet's siege of Constantinople, which was with great ado fired seven times a day, have been wholly ineffectual in modern warfare; and this mismanagement confirms the saying, that the indiscretion of friends is more injurious at times, than the worst enmity of foes.

Lingard, in his history, gives no opinion concerning this question, but merely narrates the facts, and leaves them to make their own impression. Sir Walter Scott does not profess to speak with confidence on the subject, but leans toward the unfavorable side; still he speaks of the 'saintly patience' with which she endured the misery and exile of her later years. We might remind him that this is not the kind of virtue, which adulterers and murderers are most apt to display. On the whole, we have no doubt, that in England, one may know *a priori* from the party in which a man is interested, what his opinion is concerning the innocence or guilt of Mary. In this country, there is no such disturbing force in the way of forming deliberate opinions; and as, when we began our investigations of the subject, we had little doubt of her guilt, we have the more confidence in the conclusion to which we have arrived at last, that she was innocent of the greatest of crimes. But we must make one remark concerning this controversy; each party have gone to the extreme; if the one have proved her innocent of murder, they speak as if no reproach remained; if the other have proved her guilty of imprudence and folly, they leap to the conclusion, that she was accessory to her husband's death. We think it necessary, therefore, to say, that we do not exalt her into an angel, when we declare our conviction, that her husband's death was owing to other counsels and other hands.

The first piece of direct evidence brought to prove that Mary was concerned in the murder of Darnley, was the confession of Paris, a French servant of her household, who testified concerning a conference of Mary and Bothwell before the murder, in which that event was plainly alluded to; but this confession was wrung from him by torture, by those who were most deeply interested in proving Mary guilty, and the circumstances are so suspicious throughout, that such evidence

would not now be admitted by a country justice in a case of trover. Here they had a most important witness,—the only human being who could testify to this fact, which they were so earnest to establish,—but was he brought before Parliament or any unprejudiced court, where his testimony might be cross-examined and sifted? So far from it, he was hurried to execution, and what they chose to call his confession was offered in his stead. This is sufficient to show that it does not deserve the name of evidence; but there is yet more. Paris, and the others who made confessions, spoke to the spectators at their execution; and the bishop of Ross, addressing the King's lords, said, 'We can tell you, and so can five thousand more, of their own hearing, that John Hepburn did openly cry and testify, as he should answer before God, that you were the principal authors, counsellors, and assisters with his master (Bothwell) in this infamous murder; we can tell you that Hay, Powrie, Dalgleish and Paris, took God to record at the time of their death, that the murder was by your counsel, invention and drift, committed; they also declared, that they knew not the Queen to be participant or aware thereof.' Mr. Laing thinks this statement false; but we are evidently bound, without disrespect to him, to 'pay less regard to what he says than to what he proves.' Morton, the bitter enemy of Mary, confessed before his death, that he promised to join the conspiracy against Darnley, if Bothwell would procure a sign of the Queen's consent; but this he was unable to do.

The confession of Paris is easily disposed of; and there is no other direct evidence, excepting the well known 'silver box,' which came into possession of the Earl of Morton. This contained letters, contracts and sonnets, said to have been addressed by herself to the Earl of Bothwell. The story spread concerning it, unsupported however by any evidence, was this; that on the 20th of June, 1567, Dalgleish, a servant of Bothwell, was seized with this casket in his possession. It had been sent for safe-keeping to the castle of Edinburgh, and Bothwell sent this servant to demand it of Sir James Balfour, the governor of the castle. The box was taken from Dalgleish, and the fact established by the oath of the Earl of Morton. No hint of this momentous discovery was given till the 4th of December. The lords say, that Dalgleish was judicially examined before the Earls of Morton and Athol. Not a single

question was put to him on this subject; he was not confronted with Sir James Balfour, from whom he was said to have received the box, nor with the servants of Morton, who were said to have taken it from him. His confession, in which he admits his share in Darnley's murder, contains not one word respecting this box; but the enemies of the Queen, interested as they were in establishing the fact, had no curiosity upon the subject, and said not one word about it, till several months after the death of the only person, whose testimony, supposing it to have been in their favor, could have done them any good. Dalgleish died, asserting the innocence of the Queen, and charging the murder upon the Earls of Murray and Morton.

It will be observed, that this box was said to have been discovered on the 20th of June, 1567. Not a word was said about it till December 4th of the same year; and the fact, that Morton seized it in the hands of Dalgleish, was not made known till the 16th of September, 1568. Many important events, which imperiously required some such evidence, took place between June and December. A proclamation was issued for apprehending Bothwell, but nothing was said of this evidence or the guilt of the Queen, who was then in the hands of the Protestant lords. An ambassador came from France to inquire the cause of their treatment of the Queen, but they did not produce these substantial reasons. They spoke of her to Throgmorton 'with respect and reverence,' and while they were earnest to impress him with a conviction of her guilt, did not employ these papers. They compelled the Queen to resign her crown, but resorted to frivolous pretences to justify their violence, when the contents of this box, had they possessed it, would have thrown into confusion all the friends of Mary. The only reply made to these arguments is, that it would have been unsafe for the lords to have produced them before; *unsafe* to produce the evidence of her guilt, while it was perfectly safe for them, without evidence, to treat her as if she were guilty! So absurd is it to suppose, when all the power of Scotland was in their hands, they could have apprehended any thing at home, that it is said that the lords feared Elizabeth, who, *at this time*, was really interested in favor of Mary. Believe it who will! Add to this the improbability of the fact, that Bothwell should leave such papers in such a place, when they were of no use to him after his marriage with the Queen, and yet contained perfect evidence of

the guilt of both,—that when his affairs were in the most threatening position, he should have left these papers in a castle where he dared not take refuge himself,—that when he might have destroyed them at any time, he should have suffered them to exist, and at last sent a servant, not to destroy them, but to bring them to him through the midst of his foes,—that Dalgleish, the well known servant of Bothwell, should have passed into the city through a gate guarded by four hundred and fifty hostile soldiers, and that, when he reached the castle, Balfour, who had deserted the falling fortunes of Bothwell, should give up the box without hesitation, are circumstances which we shall feel excused in not believing. The only reason we can imagine, why Dalgleish was not pressed to confess these things when under the torture, was a natural fear, lest his confession should prove too much like his dying declaration on the scaffold.

So much for the manner in which the papers were procured; and next, we are to see for what purpose the lords employed them. They first allude to them in the act of a council assembled on the 4th of December, 1567, in which the lords declare, that in order to justify themselves, they must make an open disclosure of the whole matter; and go on to state, that their seizure of the Queen's person, on the 15th of June, and her imprisonment in Lochleven castle, and 'all other things inventit, spokin, writtin or donne by them or onny of them, towiching the saied queene hir person,' from the 10th day of February, until the date of the act, were in consequence of these 'privie letters, writtin and subscrivit with her awin hand, and sent by her to James Erll Bothwell.' The story of the seizure of the box upon Dalgleish was not published till the next year, when they had, probably, forgotten the exact statements of this act in council. So that it appears by their own declaration, that the lords rose in insurrection on the 10th of June, fought against her on the 15th at Carberry hill, and imprisoned her on the 16th, entirely in consequence of evidence of her guilt, which accidentally fell into their hands on the 20th of the same month in the same year.

On the 15th of December, the lords applied to Parliament for an act approving the severity with which they had proceeded against the Queen. No investigation was invited or permitted; but these letters were mentioned as the ground of their defence; and in the act of Parliament, (which still exists)

it appears that the subscription to them was no longer there, though in the act of council, they are expressly mentioned as subscribed with her own hand. They never afterwards pretended that she had subscribed them. Mr. Laing accounts for this material discrepancy, by proposing to read in the act of council, 'writtin *or* subscribed' instead of 'writtin *and* subscribed,'—with a confidence like that of Archimedes, that if he can only find a place to stand upon, he can move the world. The lords probably thought a slight alteration unimportant as well as Mr. Laing. Hume and others say, that it was, doubtless, a secretary's blunder. However accounted for, it is certain that they were subscribed by Mary on the 4th, and on the 15th the subscription had disappeared, no one knew how. To us it seems easily explained; Mary still retained her seal, so that it was not pretended that the letters were sealed; and though in the secret council, it might be credited that Mary had sent unsealed letters to Bothwell, containing distinct intimations of adultery and murder, subscribed with her own hand, it was not a story likely to be believed by the world, and, therefore, the subscriptions were withdrawn.

The letters next appear at the celebrated 'conference,' as it was called, held by three sets of commissioners, appointed by Mary, Elizabeth and Murray severally, the object of which was, to establish charges against the Scottish Queen. The usual charges were brought against her, to which her agents opposed a triumphant reply. They stated, that so far from believing Bothwell guilty of her husband's murder, she had seen him acquitted by a regular trial, in which three of Murray's commissioners, (who now accused her of allowing an unfair trial,) sat as judges;—that she had willingly parted from Bothwell, as they had themselves seen; and so strongly did she support the various positions of her defence, that Murray had nothing to reply, and Hume himself confesses, that up to this period of the trial, Mary had the advantage. It was, therefore, necessary that the letters should appear on the stage again; and they accordingly come, re-inforced by contracts and amatory sonnets addressed by Mary to Bothwell, and Morton swore that *all* had been found in it at the time when it came into his possession. Here again, the intrepid Mr. Laing declares, that the Scotch dialect includes all papers in the general name of 'letters;' though that language is some-

times considered harsh, it is singularly accommodating to him; still we shall take the liberty of believing, that the Scotch do actually see some points of difference between love songs, marriage contracts, and 'privie letters,' as the act describes them. It may be observed, that these important documents were secretly shown to Elizabeth's commissioners, who were satisfied of their authenticity by comparing them with specimens of the Queen's hand-writing, *furnished also by Murray.* When the conference was transferred to Westminster, the papers were again submitted to the English commissioners, after they had been sworn to secrecy; but this mysterious proceeding does not seem to have produced the effect desired. The bishop of Ross and Lord Herries repeatedly demanded to see the papers, said to have been written by their mistress; but this was denied; they then demanded copies, and pledged themselves to satisfy the commissioners from these alone, that the papers were forged; this also was denied! and as their demand grew pressing, Murray was permitted to leave the trial on purpose to carry back the papers to Scotland, after which they were seen no more. Elizabeth informed Murray at the close of the trial, that she acquitted him of all charge against his loyalty; and on the other hand, declared that nothing was proved against Queen Mary. That this was a voluntary declaration on her part, all her subsequent treatment of Mary authorizes us to question. It appears from a letter of the Spanish ambassador to his King, that the English lords displayed some spirit on the occasion, and checked the warmth with which Cecil was hurrying on the fate of Mary. Certain it is, that many of the first nobility treated her as guiltless after the result of these proceedings, and it is well known, that a great proportion of the best and noblest of her Scotch subjects placed no faith in the evidence adduced against her. And how could it be otherwise? Though the forms of law may vary in different ages, human nature remains the same; and the suspicious form of this testimony,—the interest which those who produced it had in convicting the Queen, together with the underhand manner in which they brought it forward, all excited doubts, which their reputation for stratagem served rather to confirm than to do away.

It seems, then, that these celebrated letters first made their appearance in the hands of Morton, Mary's bitterest foe. No attempt is made to authenticate them. They are said to have

been produced to a council, all of whom were enemies of the Queen. It does not appear that they were shown to the Scotch parliament at all. When they are produced at the conference in England, it becomes necessary to give some account of the manner in which they were obtained; but the account given is confirmed by no evidence, excepting that of Morton, though Bothwell's servant, from whom they were said to be taken, was long in Morton's power. At the conference in York, these letters, with additional papers never heard of before, are produced to the commissioners hostile to Mary, but strictly withheld from all her friends. When the conference is adjourned to Westminster, it is found necessary to produce them in public; Murray accordingly produces them, with copies which he has prepared, requiring that the copies shall be compared with the originals on the spot, and the originals immediately restored to him. All this is done by the enemies of Mary. Her friends repeatedly demand permission to see the originals; this being refused, they request to see the copies; but this is also denied them, and Murray receives leave from the council to return to Scotland, with the papers, which never are seen again, and never from first to last are allowed to come under the eye of any one, who is interested or willing to show that they were forged. Hume says, that Murray gave Mary an opportunity of exposing him by producing the letters, and a few pages after, says, that Elizabeth finally refused copies to Mary. It is certain, that these things made an impression on the commissioners; for they agreed that Mary had a right to appear before Elizabeth as she desired, a request which Elizabeth refused; and from the record of their proceedings, as it has come down to us altered and interlined by the hand of Cecil, it is evident that they could not be brought to give a verdict against the Scottish Queen. Some time afterwards, Elizabeth directed that the copies which Murray had left with Cecil, should be published; which was done in Buchanan's 'Detection.' In a letter to Walsingham, the ambassador in France, Cecil requests him to circulate copies of the work there, adding these expressive words, 'they will serve to good effect to disgrace her; which must be done before other purposes can be attained.'

The internal evidence against these letters is equally convincing. It has been already seen, how mysteriously they were withheld from all Mary's friends, till they were at length

published by order of Elizabeth. If written by Mary, they would be in the French language, and in French they accordingly appear. But still they are guarded against examination; for the editor does not pretend that they are the original French, but mere translations from a former Latin translation. The original French never appeared, and indeed never seems to have existed, for Murray himself first speaks of them as written in Scotch, which they certainly would not have been, if written by Mary. This filtration through so many different languages, seems like an attempt to obliterate all those peculiarities of style, on which internal evidence so much depends. Such documents would hardly be admitted as evidence in any modern court of law. Again; these letters were at first dated. The two first are said to have been written on the 23d and 24th of January, and to have been answered by Bothwell on the 24th and 25th, the last answer being written by him after dinner. Now Murray's Diary, which has come down to us, mentions that Bothwell left Edinburgh to go into Liddesdale on the night of the 24th, and did not return till the 28th. Mr. Laing, who is great in solving difficulties, proposes to consider this as a mistake in the Diary; but we fear that the mistake is in a different quarter. Hume and Robertson both exhort their readers to place little dependence upon dates, and it will be seen that the lords were afterwards of their opinion. Mary is represented as writing two of the letters, on the night that she remained at the house where her husband was murdered; and yet Bothwell had just left her,—he was no farther distant than Holyrood house,—she would of course see him in the morning,—but the Queen sits up to write him letters of meaning or importance,—which can serve no earthly purpose except to betray her guilty passion to the world, and sends a servant to wake him from his sleep and deliver them into his hands. Within the year before the conference in England, the lords had probably discovered that these dates would not answer,—they might be examined too minutely; we accordingly learn from Camden and others, that the letters made their appearance in England without any date whatever; thus presenting the curious anomaly of letters unsealed, undirected, unsubscribed, and undated,—letters, which no one ever knew to be written or delivered,—which might as well have been written to any one else as Bothwell, since he is only once mentioned in them, and then in the third person,

brought as the only evidence which was to fix the charge of adultery and murder upon a queen. Again; these letters are brought to prove that she was accessory to her husband's murder; if so, she must have known that Morton and Maitland, who were afterwards clearly convicted of that crime, were concerned in it; but the letters contain no intimation which can affect them. After a time, Maitland falls under the displeasure of the other lords, and then, Paris's confession, which was taken after the quarrel, contains the first suggestion that Maitland was guilty.

But if these letters were not written by Mary, it may be asked, by whom were they written? They were intended to throw the odium of her husband's death upon her; but if it appear that others, with whom she could have had no collusion, were the authors of the murder, it may be easily understood why they were interested to throw suspicions upon her; and if this kind of forgery were not an uncommon thing in that day, it will not be thought incredible that they should have resorted to it. Darnley had made himself odious to the great lords of the court; he was vain, ignorant, and brutal, as all allow; when intoxicated, he had often insulted them; he had accused Murray of an attempt to assassinate him, and had required Mary to dismiss Maitland from the court. They determined to remove him by some means or other. At first, they proposed a divorce to Mary, a plan devised at Craigmillar castle; but she would not listen to it, saying, that Darnley might reform. If she had wished to get rid of her husband, here the way was open, and certainly an easier one than shedding his blood; but she declined it so firmly, that the plan was necessarily abandoned. Huntley and Argyle related these facts, in order to show that Murray was the original proposer of the plan to remove Darnley; and since in his answer to them he does not deny it, we may reasonably presume that the charge was true. A divorce being out of the question, they suggested the project of assassination. It may seem shocking to us, that one should have dared to suggest such a thing to the other; but, when we remember how coolly they had proceeded to murder Rizzio, and how complacently, at a much later period, Cardinal de Retz speaks of his precious scheme for removing Mazarin, such things are no longer incredible, however revolting. It appears that a bond was then drawn up by Sir James Balfour, which styled Darnley a young

fool and tyrant, and bound the subscribers to *remove* him, each engaging to make the deed his own, by whomsoever it might be done. This is proved by the confession of Ormistow, since he was in the hands of those who had no wish to draw from him acknowledgements of this description; and it is a singular fact, that Paris's confession, which is suspicious, so far as relates to Mary, because it was evidently made to propitiate Murray, who had him in his power,—this very confession states, that Murray, instead of signing the bond like the rest, declared that 'he would neither help nor hinder'; so that he knew of the conspiracy agitated by his friends,—did not reveal it,—placed no obstacles in the way of its success, and only cared to keep himself out of danger. Mr. Hume thinks it enough to say, that Murray had nothing to gain by the death of Darnley,—nothing truly, but the Regency of Scotland, with more than royal power.

No one can believe that Mary was associated with such conspirators; and it is easily understood, why they should arrange every thing in such a manner as to throw the odium on her, by way of removing it from themselves. No one denies that Mary loved her husband, and treated him with tenderness, whenever his violent and capricious temper would allow it; but it was known that he had treated her with such insolence as often to make her shed tears, and had actually insisted upon it, that Rizzio should be murdered 'in her presence,' though there was every reason to believe, that her life and that of his unborn child would be the sacrifice. The public, knowing these things, could not believe in her continued kindness to him, though every thing shows that it was sincere, and they felt as if she was more interested than any other in removing such a person from the world. If, therefore, the lords could find any external evidence to fix the crime on her, they would be able to screen themselves, and it was apparently for this purpose that the letters were written. They may possibly have been letters originally addressed by her to Darnley, but it is more probable that they were forged. This was a common practice at that day. Randolph, the agent of Elizabeth, is well known to have forged letters to advance the ally of Elizabeth, the Earl of Morton. Kirkaldy was imposed upon by a forged letter in the hands of Morton. Since, according to Camden, Maitland acknowledged to the English commissioners at York, that he had often forged the hand-writing of

Mary, it is no breach of Christian charity to believe that he did it on this occasion, when his own safety was so deeply concerned. Scott openly speaks of the plot of the lords at Craigmillar to assassinate Darnley; we do not know how he can suppose that Mary could have conspired with them, or that if she had, they could never have brought one word of evidence against her, except the letters. If they did so conspire among themselves, and there is no doubt of it, it would seem to be clear that they were the murderers, and that it was to cover their own guilt, and favor their own ambition, that they accused, imprisoned, and at last destroyed the Queen. It does seem to us, that those persons who engaged so heartily in the cold-blooded murder of Rizzio, were more likely than a tender and delicate woman, to engage in a new act of blood. If any one ask, what was the temptation to engage in the Craigmillar conspiracy, he is easily answered. Mary had made liberal grants of the crown property to Murray, Morton, Maitland, Bothwell, and others; but the Scotch law gave her the power of revoking these grants at any time before she had reached the age of twenty-five. Darnley, who detested the lords, had already persuaded her to make a partial revocation; and as she was in her twenty-fifth year, there was no doubt that Darnley, had he lived, would have urged her to pass a general act of resumption, before her age deprived her of the power. Here was a great temptation; but we suspect that the character of the lords was such, that even a less one would have answered. Seventy years since, Dr. Johnson said, that the forgery of the letters was made so apparent, that they probably never would be cited as evidence again; and we have no doubt that all future historians, following the example of Sir Walter Scott, will reject them, however convinced they may be that Mary was guilty.

This distinguished writer, in a note on this subject, quotes with seeming approbation a remark of Hume, who, when he was told that a new defender of the Queen had appeared, asked, 'has he shown that she did not marry Bothwell? if not, he gives up the whole question.' Mr. Hume, being satisfied of Bothwell's guilt himself, had no doubt of Mary's being under the same conviction; and if she had married him, knowing that he was her husband's murderer, although it would not prove her accessory to the murder, it would form a strong presumption against her, we allow. But Mary had only known

Bothwell as a loyal nobleman, faithful and interested in her service; and beside that the lords had proposed a divorce to her at Craigmillar, she knew the fancied interest they had in destroying the King, and how careless of blood they had shown themselves on another memorable occasion. If Mr. Hume could have shown, that Mary had reasons to believe Bothwell guilty, and to acquit the others, in her own mind, his remark would be just; but we think that the Queen had sufficient evidence for ascribing it to the real authors, who used Bothwell as an instrument, and for regarding her husband's death as part of a great conspiracy, of which she was to be, as it afterwards appeared that she was, the second victim.

We think that there can be little doubt of Mary's innocence of all accession to the murder of her husband. But next comes the question of her marriage with Bothwell. Her enemies allege that this was her object, in all her previous proceedings, and offer it as the main proof of her guilt. Her defenders say, on the contrary, that it was the result of a conspiracy which delivered her into the power of Bothwell in order to dishonor her name, and that she was so treated by him, as to make a quiet submission to her marriage the only course she could pursue. Bothwell, with a large body of horsemen, seized her person: the question is, was this the result of collusion between them, or was it violence, offered against her will?

The decision here must depend very much on the proofs of attachment she had previously given to Bothwell. So thought the lords, and for this reason so much stress was laid upon the sonnets and letters. If they were genuine, there was no doubt of her lawless passion; but we shall consider them as discredited, and all presumptions founded upon them as falling to the ground. Her enemies labored hard to show that she was unscrupulous in her attachments, and to prove this, Buchanan charged her with being the paramour of Rizzio: but even Robertson repels this accusation as an unnecessary slander, and Knox, who would have been too happy to confirm it were this possible, does not include it among his charges against the Queen. Scott declares that her fame was untainted with reproach, till her name was connected with Bothwell's. The history of her connexion with him is therefore very important. For many years he had enjoyed her regard, in consequence of his faithful services to her mother

and herself, and contemporary writers assure us that he was an equal favorite with the nation. In 1563, Mary imprisoned him for some conspiracy in which he was engaged. He afterwards went to France, but was ordered by Mary to return for trial, or be proclaimed an outlaw. He returned to stand his trial, but as Murray his prosecutor came to court attended by five thousand men, he dared not appear, and was obliged to retreat to France; whence he did not return till Mary was married to Darnley. It is acknowledged on all sides, that Mary was passionately attached to Darnley till after his murder of Rizzio. Bothwell was married in the month preceding this murder to a young lady of rank and beauty, and Randolph assures us that at this time, Bothwell was open in his resistance to the Catholic tastes of the Queen. Previously to the Queen's confinement, it is acknowledged that Bothwell had but little influence with her; and from July 19th, 1566, when her month of confinement ended, to the first of October in the same year, is the time in which Mary's passion, according to her accusers, begun and grew till it ended in guilt. That a young mother should in so marvellously short a time form such an attachment, exceeds belief. And what is the evidence of it? We are told, that in the beginning of October, Bothwell went to Liddesdale, as keeper of that country, and was there accidentally wounded in the discharge of his duty. Here Mary's passion was first manifested by her flying, as Robertson says, with 'all the impatience of a lover,' to visit him at Hermitage castle. We know not what the Doctor's ideas of a lover's impatience may have been, but the fact is, that Mary was in that neighborhood on the 8th of the month: he was wounded on the 7th, and she 'flew,' as the Doctor has it, on the 16th to see him, and returned the same day. Such are a great historian's opinions concerning the impatience of love. It is said that Mary showered favors upon him: but it does not appear that he was in any special favor till after Rizzio's death, and the only favors conferred on him after that time, were a grant of crown-lands, and the castle and lordship of Dunbar. It has been seen, that Mary had extended the same kindness to many other lords. So far from his enjoying any peculiar favor, the contrary would rather appear to be the case; for he opposed the recall of Maitland from exile, and quarrelled with Murray on the subject in the presence of the Queen. This was in August; but Maitland was restored, and Bothwell was com-

pelled to surrender to him lands, which, after Maitland's exile, had fallen to his share. On the whole, without admitting the authenticity of the letters, there is not a shadow of proof, that Bothwell was even an object of her love. Buchanan indeed asserts it; but to assert is one thing, and to prove is another; and as his authority is so often quoted in this controversy, it may be well to mention, that Cecil says Buchanan wrote 'not in his own name, but according to instructions to hym given by common conference of the Lords of the privy council of Scotland; by him onely for hys learning penned, but by them the matter ministred;' and Camden assures us, that Buchanan on his death-bed 'wished he might live so long, till by recalling the truth, he might, even with his blood, wipe away those aspersions, which he had by his bad tongue, unjustly cast upon Mary.'

We should have mentioned, that Mary is accused of hurrying on the trial of Bothwell with indecent precipitation. All allow, that immediately after the murder, she conducted herself like an innocent woman; she offered a reward of two thousand pounds for the discovery of the murderers, and took the necessary steps to trace them. A placard was affixed at night to the Tolbooth, charging Bothwell with the crime. Mary directed an answer to be made, stating, that if the author of the placard would appear and substantiate the charge, he should receive the reward. No one however appeared. Lennox, the father of Darnley, required that all who were charged in the various placards should be imprisoned; but Mary very properly informed him, that she could not, without an abuse of power, imprison noblemen on the charge of anonymous writers. Lennox then named the Earl of Bothwell and others; and though he professed that he had no evidence against him, Mary ordered a trial, which was appointed by her privy council to be held on the 12th of April, 1567, and proclamations were made accordingly. It appears, that only twenty-four hours before the trial was to take place, Mary received a letter from Lennox, requesting that Bothwell might be imprisoned, and the trial deferred, till he had collected his proofs and his friends. This would have been neither reasonable nor just; and the jury on the trial, composed of persons not particularly friendly to Bothwell, were obliged to acquit him. Those who are satisfied by the evidence of later times that Bothwell was the murderer, should reflect that this evidence was not then

brought to light, and the Queen had as much reason for suspecting any other of her great lords as Bothwell. It will be remembered, that at Craigmillar castle, the lords agreed to support the author of the murder, whoever might undertake it; they redeemed the pledge, and thus afford conclusive evidence of their accession to the crime. Killigrew tells us, that he dined with Bothwell at the Earl of Murray's, twenty days after he had been placarded; and at his trial Bothwell appeared, supported by Morton and Lethington. This is all consistent with the supposition, since confirmed, that they were in the conspiracy, and goes equally far to prove the innocence of the Queen.

So far, the whole proceeding seems like a plan on the part of the lords, to make use of Bothwell, a fearless and unprincipled man, as an instrument of their own ambition. Having once encouraged him to take the guilt of blood upon himself, it would have been in their power at any time to destroy him; and should he accuse them as accessory, it would be easy to ascribe the charge on his part to hatred and revenge. But as his ambition began to rise higher, and even to aim at royal authority, they saw that it would be also in their power to ruin the Queen by giving her up to the murderer, and making it appear that she was associated with him in his crimes. They knew and were able to prove Bothwell's guilt; but it does not appear that Mary did know it, or had more reason to suspect him than others; indeed she had reason to believe him innocent, because his name was connected in the placards with her own, and if the charge against her were malicious, she might naturally infer that the accusation was preferred against him by the real conspirators, in order to cover their own guilt. Bothwell immediately began to play his desperate game of ambition. He sued for a divorce from his wife, and this also is matter of charge against Mary; but the veracious historians who mention this fact, forget to tell us that the lady herself, with every appearance of collusion, sued at the same time for a divorce from him; he, who was a Protestant, applying to a Catholic court, and she, who was a Catholic, applying to a Protestant tribunal; both showing thereby their opinion of the easy virtue of the opposite religious party. The rebel journal states, that Lady Bothwell signed a procuratory for the purpose, on the 5th of April; the Queen was seized on the 24th, so that her step could hardly be owing, as they would have it

appear, to his connexion with the Queen, and in fact the reasons alleged by her have no reference to Mary. The contemporary Memoirs of Crawford inform us, that Morton and Murray kindly interfered, and helped forward the business to a favorable result; for which they doubtless had sufficient reasons. Here we have an instance of Robertson's consistency. Like a zealous Protestant, he tells us that in 1566, Mary deprived the Protestant Court of Commissaries of all authority, by way of restoring the Catholic religion: but in the next year, as we learn from him, Lady Bothwell prosecuted her suit in this very court, which was retained by Mary for her Protestant subjects, while the Catholics appeared before their own ecclesiastical courts; the interests and feelings of both being properly consulted. The lords foresaw, that the design of Bothwell to secure the hand of the Queen might be easily turned to their own purposes; and, without the least regard for honor or conscience, they aided him in his designs upon her person, in order to effect the ruin of both. The clear evidence of this is found in the famous bond of 'Ainslie's Supper.' Bothwell invited the principal members of Parliament to meet him at Ainslie's tavern, where he was to give them an entertainment. He then made known to them his design to marry the Queen, and proposed to them to subscribe a bond, which declared him free of all suspicion relating to the murder, and recommended him as a suitable match for her; the subscribers agreeing to advance the said marriage, by all the exertions and sacrifices in their power. Every thing about the transaction shows, as even Scott acknowledges, that the lords were prepared for this. Morton and Maitland of Lethington were present and subscribed the instrument; and their example was followed by eight bishops, nine earls, and seven lords. From the nature of the case, there could have been no compulsion. The Earl of Eglintoune, the only one who declined subscribing, withdrew without molestation. The rest were probably engaged in the party either of Bothwell or the lords, who each believed that they were taking advantage of the other. It will be seen, that both parties had an interest in representing the match as acceptable to the Queen; Bothwell, in order to excuse his own presumption, and the lords in order to involve her in the guilt of Bothwell, which they intended to prove as soon as he was connected with her by popular opinion, in such a manner that the blow aimed at him should be death to her reputation. It is

impossible to take any view of this transaction, which will not exhibit these noblemen in the most disgraceful light; and when it is considered that some of them were the worst enemies of the Queen, it is easy to discover their design in encouraging Bothwell at the expense of their own honor.

Having thus, as he thought, prepared the way, he determined to seize her person,—a plan which was perfectly consistent with the habits of the age and country. We see no reason to doubt the account which Mary herself gives,—that he endeavored by humble attentions to win her favor, but finding no success, determined to resort to violent measures. Assembling one thousand horse, under the pretext of border service, he met the Queen as she was coming from Stirling, and seizing the bridle of her horse, made himself master of her person, and suffered most of her attendants to go free. The author of Crawford's Memoirs says, 'his men took the Earl of Huntly, Secretary Liddington, and me, and carried us captives to Dunbar; all the rest were permitted to go. There the Earl of Bothwell boasted he would marry the Queen, who would or who would not; yea, whether she would herself or no.' The next day, this writer was allowed to go home. Mary herself says, that finding herself in his power, without any one to advise or aid her, and no attempt being made to rescue her from his hands, she reproached him with his ingratitude and baseness. He humbly protested, that he was driven to the act by his passion for her, and his apprehensions for his own life. Finding that he made no favorable impression, he produced the bond signed at Ainslie's supper. This showed her how little aid she was to expect from those who held the power of the kingdom in their hands, and she felt that she was given up to him as a prey. From the time of her capture, April 24, to the 3d of May, he remained constantly with her, pressing his suit by all the arguments in his power. The rebel journal, an authority most unfriendly to her, says, 'she was by fear, force, and (as by many conjectures may be well suspected) other extraordinary and more unlawful means compelled, &c.' Melvill says, 'the Queen could not but marry him, seeing he had ravished her.' The rebel journal says, 'he had in three months found such hap in an unhappy enterprise, that by the murder of the babe's father, he had purchased a pretended marriage of the mother, seized her person in his hands, environed with a continual guard of two hundred harquebusiers

as well day as night.' As Scott remarks, 'not a spear was lifted, not a sword was drawn, to save Mary from the power of that atrocious ruffian.' Well might he add, that 'strong suspicions arose, that Morton, Lethington, and others of Mary's counsellors were treacherously and ungratefully concerned in a plot, which was at once to destroy their sovereign's fame and power.' They did all in their power to force her into this ill-omened marriage, quieting the people by representing her as guilty, and confirming her guilt by pointing to these very circumstances, into which she was thrown by their connivance and agency, in favor of one whom they knew to be a murderer.

Those who suppose that this seizure was the result of a conspiracy with Mary, are bound to show what temptation she had to engage in a plan, which would have carried deception on the face of it, supposing her to have been guilty. Mr. Laing and others say, it was to justify her precipitate marriage. But where was the inducement, on her part, to hasten the marriage? According to their own account, marriage could give nothing to her more than she possessed already. They tell us, that Bothwell and Mary were living in open adultery; that Bothwell had unbounded power in the State, and they can point out nothing that the Queen could have expected from such a sudden connexion; while, on the contrary, it would seem as a public acknowledgement of her shame, and her enemies took care so to represent it. One remarkable circumstance must be carefully observed. The letters and sonnets, as we have said, are the only proof of Mary's previous attachment to Bothwell. It so happens, that in one of the sonnets, she says, 'that she shed many tears, when he made himself possessor of this body, of which he had not then the heart.' If these sonnets were genuine, then they afford conclusive evidence in this passage,—the only one in which direct reference is made to Bothwell,—that there was no attachment before the marriage; for it must be remembered, that the sonnets were not written by her to mislead the public, but, as her enemies represent, were kept secret as the grave. If the sonnets were forged, as they doubtless were, this passage was introduced in order to help forward a charge against Bothwell, on which he was afterwards convicted, of seizing the person of the Queen. It is impossible to preserve consistency in misrepresentation; and, when the enemies of Bothwell first ruin him by this charge against him, and afterwards dishonor the Queen by charging

her with throwing herself into his arms, it is evident enough that both accusations cannot be true.

One of the proclamations issued by the lords, with Morton at their head, begins thus: 'The lords of secret council and nobility, understanding that James, Earl of Bothwell, put violent hands on our sovereign lady's most noble person on the 24th of April last, and thereafter warded her highness in the castle of Dunbar, which he had in keeping, and before a long space thereafter, conveyed her majesty, environed with men of war, and such friends and kinsmen of his own as would do for him, ever into places where he had most dominion and power, her grace being destitute of all counsel and servants, during which time the said Earl seduced, by unlawful means, our said sovereign to a dishonest marriage with himself, which from the beginning is null and of no effect.' The proclamation was closed with a resolution to bring Bothwell to punishment, for 'ravishing and detaining the Queen's person.' Mary was already in their hands, but they had not yet ventured on the bold step of destroying her; when that was resolved upon, the charge against her appears for the first time, according to the practice of that day, which seems to have been to manufacture charges and proofs, only as fast as they were wanted. The act of forfeiture against Bothwell, is the testimony of the lords themselves to the Queen's innocence. After the King's advocate had laid before Parliament his proofs to sustain the indictment, he was adjudged guilty by the three estates, 'for treasonably and violently arresting the Queen's person on the high road; for carrying her forcibly the same night to Dunbar castle, and therein detaining her by violence for the space of twelve days, and by force and fear compelling her to agree to marry him.' If the accusation against the Queen had been thought of at this time, it would certainly have been brought forward; they had nothing to fear,—she was in their hands and in their power; but they probably never thought of accusing her, till their ambition, encouraged by success, led them to conspire to deprive her of her crown.

The whole conduct of Mary after the marriage, shows that it was not the result of affection on either part. He kept her under constant guard, and showed by his treatment that he had no hold upon her heart. Melvill tells us, that he insulted her in such a manner before her attendants one day, that she called for a knife to despatch herself with; and declared, that if this

resort was denied her, she would find some means to destroy her wretched life. The lords themselves, in a memorial to Throgmorton, state, that she could not have lived with him half a year. Melvill describes her appearance at Carberry-hill on the 15th of June. 'Many of those who were with her, were of opinion, that she had intelligence with the lords, then in arms and facing her, especially such as were informed of the many indignities put upon her by the Earl of Bothwell since their marriage. He was so beastly and suspicious, that he suffered her not to pass one day in patience, without making her shed abundance of tears.' It is strange, that in the short space of a month, their passion, supposing it to have existed, should have been changed into aversion. It seems clear, that no attachment ever existed; but that Bothwell forced her to marry him in order to exalt himself, and that she yielded only when she found herself abandoned by all, dishonored in person, and given over to him by a confederacy of the nobles of her kingdom. The minister who published the banns, declared that he detested the marriage, but that the best part of the realm approved it, either by flattery or silence. Her conduct at Carberry-hill confirms what we have said. Mary was not the person to abandon one whom she had ever loved; but she invited one of the rebel officers to a parley, agreed with him to order Bothwell away, and sent the officer himself with the order. Bothwell went away, and no farewell passed between them, though their parting was the last. She then gave the officer her hand to kiss, and suffered him to lead her horse by the bridle over to the insurgent party. This officer was the celebrated Kirkaldy of Grange, who pledged the loyalty of his party to Mary, on condition of her dismissing Bothwell. Finding that they were disposed to treat the Queen with indignity, he resented it as an affront to his honor; but in order to silence his scruples, Morton produced a pretended letter from Mary to Bothwell, in which she promised to meet him again. The forgery produced its effect on the unsuspecting soldier; but after it had served the purpose of the moment, could never be seen nor heard of again. Sir William Kirkaldy was the Bayard of the age,—almost a solitary example in Scotland, of chivalrous generosity and honor. He was probably convinced by his own observation, that the Queen was the victim of unprincipled men. Certain it is, that he embraced her party when her fortunes seemed most desperate, fought gallantly in

her defence, and when taken by the English, and by Elizabeth's orders basely delivered over to Morton, died on the scaffold with a resolution worthy of his fame.

It seems to us, that nothing but Mary's aversion to the connexion with Bothwell could have made it necessary for him to seize her person. Had she been willing to marry him, the way was open. The first nobility of her kingdom had declared him innocent, and recommended him as her husband. Darnley was regretted by no man, and for all that appears, she might have formed this new connexion without a word of resistance or reproach. If her accusers say, that a sense of shame prevented it, they should remember, that their object is to prove that she was dead to shame; that she was already connected with Bothwell in an infamous manner, and that she was continually publishing her own dishonor by showering honors on his head. Now if Mary were such as they represent her, it seems perfectly incredible, that she should resort to an awkward stratagem, when nothing in the world required it. By pursuing the course which the lords had opened for her, her character would have been much less hazarded. They all confess, that she was a woman of admirable talent and address, and surely such a person would not have resorted to what they term a 'poor trick,' when it was wholly uncalled for.

A little attention to the proceedings of the Scottish lords from the beginning, will strengthen the presumption, that the difficulties in which Mary was involved, were owing to their conspiracies and crimes. When she first returned from France, they determined to resist her power from motives of interest and ambition, and were constantly encouraged in their resistance by the unprincipled policy of Elizabeth and her advisers. When she determined to marry Darnley, foreseeing that this connexion would put a stop to Mary's unbounded liberality, they combined to prevent it; and Murray arranged a plot, as was stated by Argyle, one of their number, to murder Darnley and his father, imprison Mary in Lochleven, and give to himself the power which he afterwards attained and always had in view. Mary's energy defeated their purpose, and they consoled themselves by signing a bond, in which they engaged to effect their object, at the same time requiring Elizabeth to give the aid which she had promised them. This conspiracy, attested by Melvill and Argyle himself, a rebel lord, throws abundant light on all the rest of their proceedings. Elizabeth

gave the aid which she promised; but Mary marched against them with an army of eighteen thousand men, and drove them out of the country. Murray hastened to London, where he fell on his knees before Elizabeth, in presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, and declared that the English Queen had never encouraged the rebellion against Mary. After driving him from her presence with contempt, she rewarded his meanness by a paltry allowance for his support. Such was the beginning of their attempts to ruin Mary.

There were several lords engaged in this enterprise, who had not committed themselves so far as to be obliged to leave the kingdom. Among these were Morton, Maitland of Lethington, Lindsay, and Ruthven. Finding Darnley discontented with Mary, who sometimes checked his brutal excesses, they induced him to make common cause with them. In Rizzio, Mary had a shrewd and friendly adviser, whose sagacity and influence they feared. They attempted to excite Darnley's jealousy against him, and succeeded, though all historians now allow, that the charge is one which could not possibly be true. These precious associates bound themselves to murder him and several others, each stipulating for a part of the spoil, which they doubted not would soon fall to their share. Rizzio, as is well known, was murdered under circumstances of atrocious cruelty, both to him and to the Queen. Murray and Argyle left England as soon as they heard of it; but Mary's loyal subjects sustained her in such a manner, that Darnley was compelled to disavow all connexion with the murderers, and they fled from Scotland.

The lords considered the murder of Rizzio as a service done to Darnley; and since, instead of protecting them according to the bond, he had acquiesced in the measures against them, they determined to have their revenge, both on him and Mary. As Murray and his associates were not then known to have been concerned in this last affront to her person, Mary generously forgave him, when she banished Morton and his companions, requiring him at the same time to renounce all connexion with the latter. Murray joyfully acceded to this, and this kindness on the part of Mary was, as might have been expected, repaid after the manner of the viper; it was the cause of her future woe.

At the time of Murray's flight, the Earl of Bothwell was his enemy, and of course rose as he fell. Bothwell is described

by Buchanan, as remarkably unattractive in person and manners; and if so, he was not the most likely man to fascinate the Queen. But he had always been loyal, and at the time of Rizzio's murder, had made an ineffectual attempt to oppose the assassins. As he had much desperate courage, with very little intellect and no principle, his personal qualifications, together with his interest with the Queen, pointed him out to the lords as a suitable instrument of their designs; and by promising that his reward should be the hand of Mary, they engaged him to murder her husband. Scott says, 'Maitland, Huntley, Argyle, Bothwell, and others, were accessory to these dark consultations, and we cannot suppose Murray wholly ignorant of them.' The fact of the conspiracy of the lords to murder Darnley, is now well known; and it is perfect evidence of Mary's innocence of this crime; for that she conspired with such associates, no one will pretend. They took advantage of that facility of disposition, which was her ruin; and, during the festivities at the christening of her son, prevailed on her to consent to the recall of Morton. The plan of divorce, which would have released her without difficulty from her worthless husband, she firmly rejected; they were compelled, therefore, to resort to blood. Paris's confession, which the enemies of Mary rely much upon, states, that Murray knew the plan, and declared, that he would neither help nor hinder. Morton confessed at his trial, that he was acquainted with the design, but refused to take part, unless by authority from the Queen, which Bothwell could not obtain; he, however, was fully proved guilty. We do not see how it is possible to maintain, that Mary was connected in a conspiracy with such persons, who were afterwards her accusers, and yet were never able to bring one particle of direct evidence against her. It seems clear to us, that the charge could not possibly be true.

What was the conduct of these lords after the murder, when suspicion, directed probably by themselves, began to fix itself upon Bothwell? He was present at Murray's entertainments, and at the very trial which they afterwards condemned as so lawless a proceeding, he was attended by Maitland and Morton as friends. No one believes that they did this from friendship for Bothwell. They unquestionably had a design of their own, which was to help him forward in his career, till he was connected with the Queen in such a manner, that by ruining him, which was at any time in their power, they might involve her

in the same destruction. But the single circumstance of their consenting to 'second a villain and murderer,' whose guilt they confess that they were fully acquainted with, is enough to cover them with disgrace; and assuredly we should hesitate before we credit charges advanced and sustained by such accusers, especially when they pretend to be actuated by a zeal for good morals and reformed religion.

Nor was this the only suspicious and dishonorable circumstance in their conduct. When Bothwell demands the price of his guilt, and finds that he has no interest in Mary's affections, they sign an instrument, in which they acquit him of all charge and suspicion, and recommend him as her husband. The chivalrous Lord Herries lifts up his voice against it, but not one of these lords joins him, though they afterwards profess to be so much shocked and disgusted at the proceeding. One word from them would have arrested Bothwell, as it afterwards did, when he was in greater power; but the time to speak that word was not yet come. They give her up to him, on purpose to be dishonored, and when they think that her hold upon the respect and affection of her subjects is lost, they turn upon Bothwell, charge him with treason for acting in accordance with their own recommendation, and for marrying the person whom they had placed in his hands. Till he is ruined, they profess the utmost attachment to Mary; they never intimate that her fair fame is darkened by a shadow of suspicion; and they declare, that Bothwell, for forcing her to a marriage by 'extraordinary and unlawful means,' the nature of which is darkly hinted, is a traitor, and that they will pursue him to the death. Let it be observed, that when Mary meets them in arms at Carberry-hill, and agrees so cheerfully to their own terms, they never ask that Bothwell shall be secured; they request her to send him away. The reason is obvious; they knew that if he were seized, he might bring out evidence enough against themselves; they therefore give him an opportunity to escape from the country,—a course which they would not have pursued, if they had known themselves innocent, and desired to punish him simply for his guilt.

When Bothwell is thus disposed of, the time for Mary's ruin is come. They send assurances of respect and loyalty to her by an honorable soldier, and as soon as she trusts their honor, and puts herself in their power, they treat her as a prisoner, and throw her into Lochleven castle. In the face of their

previous declarations, they now declare, that so far from being forced into a marriage with Bothwell, it had been the object nearest her heart. To effect it, she had murdered her former husband; and the seizure of her person, for which they had just declared Bothwell an outlaw, was no violence, but a stratagem planned by herself, to cover her impatience to unite herself with her lover. This is an acknowledgement that their charge against Bothwell was untrue. How they sustain the charge against Mary, we have already seen. Taking into view the whole course of their conduct, as successive disclosures have now made it manifest to the world, it is difficult to doubt, that they had marked out a purpose for themselves from the beginning, which they pursued with an unscrupulous and unrelenting zeal. They place Mary in a prison, where she shall be most exposed to insult and privation; there they torture her into an abdication of her crown; her illegitimate brother, Murray, who owes all to her generosity, rises upon her ruin, and becomes Regent of the realm; some time after his death, his power devolves on the Earl of Morton. Such was their object, and the means by which it was accomplished. In order to ensure it, Mary was driven to England, to languish in prisons, and at last to be murdered under the forms of law; but her enemies, who, even supposing her guilty, were certainly profligate and hypocritical men, did not escape their share of retribution. Murray was shot by a man who had been injured by one of his favorites; Morton was tried and executed for the murder of Darnley; and Maitland escaped the scaffold by putting an end to his own existence. We certainly consider Mary as their victim; but we are confident, that when hereditary prejudices have passed away, the impartial voice of history will pronounce her *not guilty.*

The fate of Bothwell was such as his crimes deserved. He fled to the Orkneys, and after a short time was taken by the Danes, and imprisoned in consequence of some alleged piratical attempts against their trade. A curious manuscript, found in the royal library at Drottningholm in Sweden, has lately been translated and sent to England, authenticated in a manner, which places it beyond suspicion. It appears, that in 1568, the Chevalier de Dantzay was residing in the north, as ambassador from France to Sweden and Denmark. During his residence at Copenhagen, the Earl of Bothwell arrived. He had fled with his followers in several vessels from Scotland,

and being unable to land, and driven about by contrary winds, had been thrown on the coast of Norway, and there taken by Danish seamen, who carried him to their own country. While in prison there, he sent a memorial to M. de Dantzay, who took the requisite steps in his behalf. This memorial is only valuable, as showing how so notorious an offender proceeds in his attempts at self-justification. He attributes all his own misfortunes to the agency and coalitions of Murray; and, in fact, it is evident enough that Murray opposed the Queen's marriage, in the hope of being her successor; and that when this hope was destroyed by the birth of a prince, his ambition contented itself with the reality without the name of royal power. He also says, what no one doubts, that the troubles in Scotland were principally owing to English machinations. He declares, that Mary imprisoned him shortly after her return from France, in consequence of false charges brought against him by Murray; but he did not consider it evidence of oppression on her part, because there never was a time after her return from France, when she had any thing more than the shadow of power. He also mentions, that at the time of Rizzio's murder, he was himself marked out in the instrument signed by Darnley and the lords, for a similar fate; and here he is supported by other testimony, from which it appears, that Bothwell, Huntley, and four others, were to have been assassinated at the same time. He says, that the way in which they escaped, after offering an ineffectual resistance, was by leaping from a window at the back of the building. Thus far, his narrative is consistent with other evidence, and is, probably, true; but from the time of his coalition with the lords, he finds it impossible to give any clear account of his conduct, and, therefore, passes lightly over all subsequent transactions. He says, that when the lords determined to murder Darnley, they endeavored to make him their friend, in order to destroy him more effectually, and he confesses, that he did intercede with the Queen for their restoration to favor; but he declares that he acted without any interested motive, and solely from his natural good feeling. After the murder, they endeavored by reports and placards to fix the guilt upon him. When he had been fully acquitted by the Parliament, they offered to promote his marriage with the Queen. He says nothing of the seizure of her person. He says that the Queen did not send word to him to retire from the field at

Carberry-hill, till she was already secured in the hands of the rebels by false professions, which he advised her to distrust; on the whole, it would seem that he tells the story correctly enough, with the exception of his own part in the various transactions. Probably he knew that all deceivers must insert as large a measure of truth as possible, in order to give a coloring of probability to the falsehood.

Having thus represented the facts bearing on this question, as fairly as we are able, we must remind our readers, that if they should not be satisfied with Mary's marriage with Bothwell, it will by no means follow, that she was guilty of her husband's death. If that thorough-going villain did actually gain a place in her affections, (and we see no proof of it) it seems impossible, considering the persons with whom he is now known to have been connected, that Mary should have had any share in that atrocious crime. We think that all her reproach and sorrow were owing to a base conspiracy to destroy her life and power, which Cecil himself confesses could not be done without dishonoring her fame. She was a woman of extraordinary talents, no doubt; but she was cast at once without preparation, into the midst of a sea of troubles, and Shakspeare's beautiful allusion, in which he represents 'the rude waves as growing civil at her song,' has no more foundation in fact, than the compliments which he pays to the vestal fame of Elizabeth. The whole conduct of the Queen of England with respect to Mary, cannot be regarded by any good mind without abhorrence. In the first place, she abused the power which accident gave her over a rival, in circumstances where, if she had had one spark of generosity or common principle, she would have given her countenance and protection; instead of this, she kept her in close confinement, and 'with necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused her devilish deeds.' All the luxuries of life were taken from her one by one, and at last, she was in want of those comforts, which the state of her health rendered necessary. It was doubtless thought, that this treatment would destroy her, but as her miserable existence was still prolonged, Elizabeth, in a letter which is preserved, desired her keepers, Paulet and Drury, to murder their prisoner, and complained of them for not having done it before. Assassination is not to the taste of Englishmen, and slavish as they were in other respects, they declared that they would not be induced by any consideration, to take the guilt

of blood upon their souls. She then orders Davidson, the secretary, to forward the warrant for Mary's execution; and the moment it is done past recall, declares, with much affected sorrow, that it was done in defiance of her orders, and ruins the secretary for his obedience to her command. It was, however, the only act of kindness she had ever done to Mary, who, though accused of living in adultery and murder, died with the gentle, sweet, and holy firmness of a martyr, rejoicing to go and appeal to that tribunal, where sovereigns and subjects are equal,—before the King of kings.

We have made no reference to Mr. Bell's Life of Mary, because we have made little use of it in our examination of this question. His limits as a popular writer, did not allow him to dwell at great length on this part of her history. His work is a pleasant narrative, and well calculated for general use in this day, when it is become so common to expand a little matter into two octavo volumes, that readers have been almost in despair. He takes a favorable view of Mary's character; but seems free from prejudice either for her or against her. In one respect, his candor is excessive, in our opinion; he seems to think, that the advocates of the Queen have injured her cause by their severe treatment of Murray. It was certainly deserved; for whether Mary were innocent or guilty, his conduct to a sister, who had treated him with unwearied kindness, and loaded him with favors and distinctions, was ungrateful in the extreme; it is folly to attempt to defend it. Whatever his traditional reputation in Scotland may be, it will not be easy to persuade the world, that, when the result of all the conspiracies of the day was to advance his power, he himself was ignorant of them; that others, who had every thing to lose, were committing every kind of crime for his benefit, while he himself, who had every thing to gain, was unconscious of their guilt. With this exception, we can recommend Mr. Bell's work to our readers; and we believe that the statement he gives of the transactions of that day is substantially just.

ART. VIII.—*The Two Conventions.*

1. *Address to the People of the United States, by a Convention of Delegates from several Parts of the Union, assembled at Philadelphia.* 1831.
2. *Address of the Friends of Domestic Industry, assembled in Convention at New York, October* 31, 1831, *to the People of the United States.* Baltimore. 1831.
3. *A Letter to Colonel William Drayton, of South Carolina, in assertion of the Constitutional Power of Congress to impose Protecting Duties.* By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, *one of the Representatives in Congress from the State of New York.* New York. 1831.
4. *Address Delivered before the American Institute of the City of New York, at their Fourth Annual Fair, October* 14, 1831. By EDWARD EVERETT. New York. 1831.

There is much in the political history of the United States, from the first formation of the Government up to the present day, of an entirely novel, and at the same time highly gratifying character. If we are not mistaken, the proceedings that have recently taken place in reference to the economical policy of the country, will be regarded as belonging to this class. The approaching extinction of the public debt, which will render it practicable to effect a considerable reduction in the revenue, has naturally called the attention of the people to the form, in which this reduction may best be made; and the varieties of opinion and feeling which prevail on this subject in different parts of the country, have given to the discussion a degree of interest, which it might not otherwise have possessed. Under these circumstances, it would have been natural enough to expect, that the partisans of the two leading opinions would have exhibited a good deal of intemperance, and, perhaps, have resorted to the corrupt or violent measures, which are elsewhere so frequently employed for the attainment of political objects. We are able to say, however, and we say it with satisfaction and patriotic pride, that the question has, thus far at least, been argued, for the most part, on both sides, with a gravity and good temper entirely suited to its importance, and highly honorable to the American character. For the purpose of presenting their respective views to the

consideration of Congress and the People in a distinct and authoritative form, the friends and opponents of the protection of domestic industry have respectively assembled in Convention by their delegates, including, in both cases, many citizens of the highest eminence for character and talent, and composed, in general, of the best informed and most intelligent members of the community. The Philadelphia Convention, which represented the interests that support the character of plaintiffs in this great political cause, published an address to the People, setting forth the nature and extent of their supposed grievances. To this declaration, a powerful plea has been put in by the New York Convention, and the case has thus been fairly opened before the country. Arrangements have been made on both sides for presenting to Congress, during the approaching session, a memorial and a counter-memorial, respectively affirming and contesting the conclusions of the two addresses. Measures were also taken by the New York Convention, for spreading before the People in the form of reports from various committees, as full and distinct an account as could be procured of the present state of our domestic industry in all its branches, and of the manner in which it is affected by the protecting policy. Where the discussion is left by the two memorials, it will be taken up by the members of Congress, who will express their opinions on the subject, and the case having thus been argued in a more solemn and imposing form, than, perhaps, any other of the same description ever was before, will be finally submitted to the consideration of the People,—the jury, which, in this country, decides in the last resort, through the ballot-boxes, upon every question of law or fact which comes up in the administration of the Government.

These proceedings have thus far been marked, at every stage, and in every important particular, with a decorum and propriety, in the highest degree creditable to the individuals immediately concerned in them, and to the character of the country. The two Conventions were composed and organized, with a fixed determination on both sides, to keep them entirely free from any connexion with the local and personal politics of the day. Although the Philadelphia Convention was made up for the most part of delegates from States, which support the present administration of the General Government, some of the most active and conspicuous mem-

bers were from other quarters of the Union, and of opposite parties. The address was drafted by a gentleman, who had been just before drawn by circumstances into very direct collision with the President of the United States. The New York Convention, on the other hand, consisting to a considerable extent, of opponents to the administration of the General Government, placed one of its warm adherents at their head as President, and employed others on their principal committees. Pains were taken in both to repress all unsuitable demonstrations of feeling, to avoid the wasting of time in tedious and unprofitable debates, and to give a practical, business-like character to the proceedings. The result, with some trifling exceptions, corresponded remarkably well in both cases with these intentions, and without disparagement to the wisdom and talent habitually displayed in the great council of the nation, we think that even that august body might derive some useful lessons, in regard to the manner of transacting business, from the doings of these two assemblies.

Spontaneous meetings of this description have been frequent in this country at every period of its history. It was justly remarked at the close of the New York address, that 'such Conventions originated our glorious Revolution and our admirable Constitution.' The holding of these two assemblies was, therefore, a measure entirely in accordance with the genius of our Government, and with the previous usages and habits of the people. We are inclined to think that they will be reckoned hereafter among the most interesting and memorable meetings of the kind, and that their general effect will be decidedly good. However sectional or personal views and interests may,—as they always must to a considerable extent,—affect the course of political affairs, it is next to impossible, that a discussion, conducted in this grave and dignified manner, with a deliberation which gives the people opportunity for mature reflection at every stage of the process, should not greatly enlighten the public mind, and tend ultimately to the promotion of the real interests of the country. We are strongly disposed to believe, as we sincerely hope, that the decision to which the people may come after so long, so dispassionate, and so anxious an examination of the subject, will be universally satisfactory, and will settle this great question for ever.

The two addresses respectively issued by the two Conven-

tions, though somewhat different in character, are both very able, and exhibit in a powerful and advantageous form the opinions of the two parties. That of the Philadelphia Convention, considered as a mere literary composition, is, perhaps, more finished and elegant than the other; but, as an argument, is certainly much less elaborate and complete, and to us much less satisfactory. The general outline of the plan is the same in both. They take up successively the great questions of the constitutionality and the policy of the protection of domestic industry, and allege such facts and arguments, as are fitted to influence the public mind in favor of their respective views.

In the Philadelphia address, the argument against the constitutionality of protecting duties is not, however, presented as the opinion of the members of the Convention, but as that of 'a numerous and respectable portion of the American people.' 'A numerous and respectable portion of the American people,' says the address, 'do not merely complain that the system is unjust, but they question the right to establish it. They do not doubt,—they utterly deny the constitutional power of Congress to enact it.' It is understood that most of the delegates from the Southern States, constituting a majority of the whole body, were of this opinion. Most of the delegates from the North, on the other hand, while they denied the expediency of a protecting tariff, admitted its constitutionality, and rather than permit it to be even called in question, by any act to which they were parties, had made up their minds to secede from the Convention. Under these circumstances, it was agreed, for the purpose of avoiding an open rupture, and the consequent complete failure of all the objects of the meeting, that the argument on the constitutional question should be brought into the address, in the indirect form in which it appears. Even this arrangement was regarded by many of the Northern members as too large a concession; and Mr. Gallatin, decidedly the leader of this party, moved, as an amendment to the address, that the whole section should be struck out. Had this course been taken, the document would have been greatly improved. The constitutional argument is, undoubtedly, much feebler than any other part, and whatever strength or plausibility is to be found in the address, must be looked for in the discussion of the respective economical results of the two systems.

In the New York address, on the contrary, the constitutional argument is decidedly the strongest part, and will be regarded,—we think,—by every competent and impartial judge,—as unanswerable. The economical discussion,—although occasionally deficient in firmness and precision,—is elaborate, powerful, rich in details, and, on the whole, exceedingly satisfactory. The tone of both these documents is candid, temperate and conciliatory; such, in short, in all respects, as became the dignity of the bodies from which they proceeded. It is much to be desired, that these examples of good temper and moderation in the high places of the two parties, may have their effect upon the minor organs of the same opinions, and may correct, in some degree, the superabundance of gall and bitterness that occasionally exhibits itself, especially in the anti-tariff papers.

We have remarked above, that the solemn and deliberate examination which this great question is now going through by the Government and People of the United States, must produce in the end much good; and we will now add, that it has already, in this first stage of its progress, produced one most important and valuable result, that of settling the question respecting the constitutionality of protecting duties. We have expressed on former occasions, and need not here recapitulate, the opinions we entertain on this subject. They are substantially the same with those, which are embodied in a far superior form in the New York address. The opposite opinions, on the other hand, have been urged in various quarters with much earnestness and apparent conviction. In a controverted case of this description, it is difficult for the parties themselves to form a correct estimate of the weight and value of their own arguments,—and still more so for the public to decide between them, until there has been in one way or another an actual trial of strength. Such trials have, no doubt, been had previously on a limited scale, in the numerous encounters of wits that have taken place in reference to this question in Congress and elsewhere. Some of these have been of a highly interesting character, and managed on both sides with great ability, particularly the debate on the tariff of 1824, in the House of Representatives of the United States, in which Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster stood forth respectively as the champions of the opposite opinions. But at that time, the constitutional question had been scarcely suggested, and was

but little dwelt upon by the distinguished opponents, who, as they are now entirely agreed upon the whole subject, would at that time have hardly differed upon this point. Even in 1828, this objection had not acquired the importance which it has since assumed, and did not, of course, engage in a very great degree the attention of the leading debaters. Since that time it has been gradually more and more insisted on, until it had come to be considered by the opponents of protection, as their principal argument. It was, therefore, natural and proper, that on this great and solemn occasion, it should be fairly met. In the New York address, it is accordingly brought forward as the leading topic, and treated in a full, deliberate, —and we think we may say, without fear of contradiction by any impartial person competent to judge,—decisive way. We consider it impossible for any such person to read with proper care the argument on the two sides of this question, as stated in these two addresses, without acknowledging,—whatever may have been his previous impressions,—that the objection is answered. Even the authors of the Philadelphia address must,—we think,—feel this. The public, at all events, cannot but see it.

It is not, however, merely the superiority of the argument brought forward on this occasion in favor of the constitutionality of the protecting system over that which has been urged on the other side, which makes us regard the question as settled, although this, perhaps, might fairly be considered as sufficient ground for such an opinion. We are confirmed in it by the diversity of sentiment, which exhibited itself at the Philadelphia Convention, upon this subject. If all those who disapprove a protecting tariff, believed it to be unconstitutional, and all who approve it believed it to be constitutional, there might be room to suspect in this, as in other parts of the subject, the influence of some sectional interest or prejudice. But this is not the case; for while, on the one hand, the friends of the protecting policy universally believe it to be constitutional, its opponents are not agreed in the opposite opinion. It was known before, and has been more distinctly shown by the proceedings at Philadelphia, that of those who doubt or deny the expediency of the tariff, a large and most respectable portion, including many of the ablest members of the late Convention, agree with its friends in believing it to be constitutional. With these persons, there is no room for the suspicion of any im-

proper influence from personal or sectional interests. The bias, if there be any, is all the other way. It was in direct opposition to the strong inclination, which every man naturally feels to adopt all the opinions of the party with which he generally agrees, as well as at the risk of an open rupture and a complete failure of all the purposes of the meeting, that the minority of the Philadelphia Convention refused even to take the question of constitutionality into consideration. It was necessarily in opposition to the same strong influences, and under the impulse of the mere force of truth, that Mr. Verplanck has since written his letter to Colonel Drayton, containing by far the ablest and most lucid exposition which has yet appeared of the single point, decisive in itself of the whole question, which he undertook to treat. This mass of unsuspected testimony from the other party, coming in aid of the overwhelming weight of argument, on the affirmative side, does, we confess, appear to us to place the question beyond dispute. A few heated partisans may continue to profess, and, perhaps, to feel the same conviction, which they professed and felt before; but the community at large cannot shut their eyes upon these things, and seeing them as they must, cannot resist the conclusion to which they necessarily lead.

We repeat, therefore, that we consider the question of the constitutionality of the protecting duties as settled for ever. We do not believe that any statesman, who values his reputation, will in future undertake to contest it,—that any writer of judgment will venture to make it a matter of serious argument. The tribe of secondary politicians may be for a while as clamorous as ever in the newspapers, and, perhaps, in Congress, but not finding themselves countenanced by men in whom the public repose confidence, they will gradually change their tone, and the doctrine of the constitutionality of protecting duties will take its place in the class of universally acknowledged and uncontroverted truths.

We consider this result as a great point gained. The settlement of this question takes the sting out of the opposition to the protecting policy, and throws the matter open,—like any other of ordinary legislation,—to fair, dispassionate discussion. It deprives the nullifiers of the only pretext, upon which they have yet ventured to justify their extravagant pretensions. It is not,—even on their own showing,—any abuse

of power, however open and oppressive, that will authorize a resort to the grand newly-discovered remedy. There must be, in the language of the Virginia Resolutions, *an open, palpable, and dangerous assumption of powers not granted by the Constitution.* The courts of justice had before solemnly decided, in repeated instances, that in the case of the protecting duties there is no assumption of power not granted by the Constitution. But the nullifiers would not admit the competency of the courts of justice, to pass upon this question of constitutional law. There was something in the rights and interests which they undertook to support, so peculiar and sacred, as to place them entirely out of the reach of all common rules. The case has now been still more solemnly argued, and we undertake to say, not less distinctly decided against them in the open court of public opinion. To the jurisdiction of this tribunal no exception can be taken, and from its decree no appeal can be made. The quiet and bloodless operation of the ballot-box, more effective than the marshal's truncheon or the terrors of the *posse comitatus*, enforces it at once against the fiercest opposition. Vaporing and violence are lost upon the returning officer. When the public opinion has fully declared itself at the polls, the citizen must acquiesce or return to private life. When this alternative is fairly presented to them, it is not uncommon for a new light to burst very suddenly on the most determined adherents of the unsuccessful party.

One great good has, therefore, already resulted from this discussion, we mean the settlement of the question of the constitutionality of protecting duties. From the farther progress and termination of the inquiry, we anticipate, as we have already remarked, a similar result in regard to the question of expediency, the other principal point connected with the subject. This is a question of somewhat larger scope than the other, and not so readily decided by a few striking facts and cogent arguments. The principles involved in it are less certain, or, at least, less universally acknowledged; and the application of them requires the knowledge of a great variety of details, which have not yet been fully spread before the public. Much has, however, been done within a few years to supply this deficiency, and the proceedings of the New York Convention will aid very powerfully in the accomplishment of the object. Committees were there appointed upon all the principal branches

of domestic industry. Some of them reported immediately to the Convention, while others reserved their reports to be transmitted to the permanent committee of that body. There is reason to hope and believe, that their researches will ultimately bring to light all the facts which are important to be known: and when facts are clearly ascertained and agreed upon, there is rarely much dispute among intelligent men about principles; that is, about the general propositions, in which these facts are to be expressed. The extent to which our domestic fabrics have advanced under the influence of the protecting policy, the rapidity with which they are advancing, and the beneficial effect which their progress has produced upon the comfort of all classes of society, are not yet fully appreciated by the public. The present discussion will throw a strong light upon all these points, and,—if we are not greatly deceived,—will satisfy the most prejudiced minds. A system founded on the immovable basis of truth, and carrying with it, as this does, triumphant proof of its value in its steady, brilliant, and constantly progressive success,—must surely make proselytes very rapidly, and command, at no distant period, the universal acquiescence of the people.

It is not our purpose to enter at present into a formal examination of the argument upon either of the great branches of the subject. We could scarcely hope to add any thing to the elaborate and perspicuous statements, that are given in the New York address. Nor is the moment, when new researches have been instituted into the state of facts, particularly favorable for a discussion of principles. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine ourselves to a few observations on the effect of the approaching extinction of the public debt, upon the financial and economical measures of the Government.

The public debt,—should no unforeseen circumstances occur,—will be extinguished on the 1st of January, 1833, and the annual appropriation of ten million dollars, which is now by law regularly made for this purpose, will no longer be required. If the duties remain the same as before, this sum would, of course, be added to the ordinary surplus of the revenue over the expenditure. This surplus amounts, for the last year, to seven or eight millions, but does not in general exceed two or three. With the addition of the ten millions that become disposable by the extinction of the debt, it

would rise, of course, to about twelve. After the period of the extinction of the debt, and supposing the sources of revenue to be the same as before, there will remain, therefore, in the hands of the Government, an annual surplus of revenue over expenditure, of about twelve million dollars. How is this surplus to be appropriated? What financial measures ought to be adopted, to meet this crisis of a new description?

The plan which naturally suggests itself at once, as the appropriate remedy for the difficulty in question, is to reduce the revenue by repealing a part of the duties, and as the occurrence of this crisis furnishes no motive for changing the policy of the country in regard to the protection of domestic industry, it is equally apparent that the necessary reduction should be made, by repealing the duties on such foreign articles as do not enter into competition with our own products. This plan has, accordingly, been proposed already in various quarters, and particularly in the New York Convention. It appears to have met with general approbation, and will be found, we apprehend, on full examination, completely adequate to the emergency. The precise extent to which the revenue may be reduced, by a repeal of the duties on such foreign articles as do not enter into competition with the products of our own industry, has not yet been ascertained with perfect exactness. We give the following as an approximative estimate.

STATEMENT OF THE AMOUNT OF THE DUTIES ON CERTAIN ARTICLES, FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30th, 1830.

	Value.	*Duty.*	*Duties.*		
Silks from India, less debenture,	1,000,000	Duty 36 pr. ct.	360,000		
" other places, "	4,000,000	" 22 "	880,000		
Watches and parts of do. "	310,000	" 12 1-2 "	38,750		
Pearls and Precious Stones, "	65,000	" 12 1-2 "	8,125		
Tin in plates, "	361,000	" 15 "	54,150	Add 10 per ct. on duties.	10,807,00
Opium, "	37,000	" 15 "	5,550		
Raw Silk, "	10,000	" 15 "	1,500		
			$1,348,075		

	Galls.	*Duty.*		
Wines—Madeira, less re-exported,	166,000	50 cts.	117,250	
Sherry, "	43,500	50		
Red, France and Spain, "	1,110,000	10	111,000	
do. not enumerated, "	1,180,000	15	177,000	
Sicily, and other countries not enumerated, "	300,000	30	90,000	
				495,250

	lbs.	*Duty.*		
Teas—Bohea, less debenture	149,000	12 cts.	17,880	
Souchong, "	1,676,000	25	419,000	
Hyson Skin and other Green,	1,685,000	28	471,800	
Hyson and Y. Hyson, "	3,140,000	40	1,256,000	
Imperial, "	280,000	50	140,000	
				2,304,680

	lbs.	*Duty.*			
Coffee, less debenture,	38,500,000	5 cts.	1,925,000		
Cocoa, "	1,000,000	2	20,000		
Almonds, Currants, Prunes and Figs, "	3,160,000	3	94,800		
Raisins in Jars, "	3,260,000	4	130,400		
" other, "	2,700,000	3	81,000		
				2,251,200	
		Duty.			
Spices—Ginger, less debenture,	2,000	2 cts.	40		
Nutmegs, "	54,250	60	32,550		
Cinnamon, "	4,000	25	1,000		
Cloves, "	38,000	25	9,500		
Black Pepper, "	1,100,000	8	88,000		
Pimento, "	1,340,000	6	80,400		
Cassia, "	100,000	6	6,000		
Books, not English, Latin or Greek,	90,000 Vols.	at 4 cts.	3,600		
				221,090	
Molasses, 8,374,000 Gallons, paying 10 cts. pr. Gal. remit half, say 5 cts. per Gallon,	-	-	-	-	418,700,00
Brass in plates,	$10,608	Duty 25 pr. ct.	2,652		
Saltpetre, crude,	$32,214	" 12 1-2 "	4,027		
Camphor,	107,000 lbs.	" 8 "	8,560		
				15,239	
					6,635,534,00

N. B. In addition to the above, if *absolutely necessary*, the duties might be remitted on Worsted Stuff Goods, and on articles not enumerated paying 12 1-2 and 15 per ct. duty.

Worsted Stuff Goods imported in the year ending September, 1830,	$1,400,000	Duty 25 pr. ct.	$350,000	
Manufact. Goods not enumerated,	883,685	" 12 1-2 "	110,460	
" "	2,558,858	" 15 "	383,827	
			$844,287	
		Add 10 pr. ct.	84,428	
				928,715,00
				$7,993,756,00

Total of duties *accruing* in the year ending September 30th, 1830, which might be repealed without material injury to domestic industry.—To which might also be added the duty on *Indigo*, if the South will consent. It will next year be fifty cents per pound, but the Carolinas and Louisiana will not return to its cultivation.

It appears from this estimate, that duties to the amount of about eight millions of dollars may be repealed, without materially interfering with the principle of protection. Supposing, as above, the annual surplus after the extinction of the debt to be, according to the present rates of duty, about twelve millions, it would be reduced by such a repeal to about four. This surplus is the fund out of which the Government must regularly provide for accidental deficiencies in the revenue, unforeseen excesses of expenditure, and internal improvements. Four or five millions would be considered,—we suppose,—as a moderate estimate of the amount necessary for these objects, taking them all on the very lowest scale. It is apparent,

therefore, that even on the system of those, who are most anxious to reduce the revenue of the country as nearly as possible to a level with the ordinary expenditure, the approaching crisis in our finances will not be attended with any real difficulty, or any necessary danger to the maintenance of the principle of protection.

Some of the anti-tariff writers, who are anxious to turn this crisis to account for the purpose of prostrating the manufactures of the country, and who are apparently aware, that it may be fairly met by a repeal of the duties on articles which do not enter into competition with our own products, have endeavored to throw odium upon this measure, by representing it as favoring the wealthy at the expense of the poor. It is unjust, they say, and impolitic to repeal the duties on foreign luxuries, and leave them in force upon the necessaries and comforts of life. Such is substantially the language of the New York Evening Post, a paper from which,—considering the well known intelligence of the editor and principal contributors,—we should have expected a more correct and statesman-like view of the subject. What, in fact, is the real operation of a repeal of the duties on tea, coffee, wines, and the other articles enumerated in the above estimate? Obviously to bring within the reach of the middling and poorer classes articles of comfort and luxury, which are now exclusively enjoyed by the rich. The latter can afford to purchase their tea, coffee, wines and spices, at whatsoever rates they may be sold. The difference in their prices, resulting from a repeal of the duties, would be hardly felt as an advantage by men of large property. But there are numerous families, comprising, in fact, what may be called the mass of the community, whose incomes are limited, and who cannot afford to purchase these articles, excepting at certain limited prices. Here, then, is a measure, which brings within the reach of this extensive and important portion of the people, a variety of comforts and luxuries, which they either could not enjoy at all before, or could only enjoy in much more limited quantities. In good earnest, is this favoring the rich at the expense of the poor? The anti-tariff writers are not entirely destitute of intelligence. They are not, we hope, in all cases absolutely blinded by party prejudices. We put it to their candor and good sense, to say, whether a law, which, without conferring any material benefit upon the rich, puts the middling and lower classes in possession

of comforts and luxuries which they would not otherwise enjoy, is a tax upon the poor for the benefit of the rich? Can such a proposition, fairly stated, be maintained for a moment? Will the most daring, the least scrupulous of the party writers undertake to say a single word in support of it? Yet such is the doctrine, which has been gravely advanced in papers of high authority,—papers, which, on former occasions, have put forth claims to all the light that there is in circulation on the subject of political economy, and have denounced the friends of the protection of domestic industry as a set of ignorant pretenders.

In the same way, the protecting duties on foreign manufactures are often represented as taxes on the poor. What is the real state of the case? The protecting duty, by excluding the foreign article, and encouraging the production of the domestic one, which can be furnished without any charge for transportation, reduces the price, and supplies the consumer at a lower rate than before. This is the general principle laid down by all the writers on political economy, from the time of Adam Smith and Alexander Hamilton to the present day. If there were any doubt about it, the experience of the United States has amply demonstrated its truth. Every article that has been made the subject of a protecting duty, is now sold cheaper than it was before the duty was imposed. In some important cases, the present price of the protected article is below the rate of duty on the corresponding foreign one, although we are gravely told in the Philadelphia address, that 'the reduction of prices,' occasioned, as the authors suppose, by certain accidental causes, 'has necessarily stopped at a point which is ascertained by adding the amount of duty to the price of the imported article.' If it were necessary, on the system of these writers, that the reduction should stop at this point, and we find, in fact, that prices have fallen a great deal lower, does not this very circumstance prove, that their system is false? Will they continue to adhere to it, when its leading principles are thus directly at variance with acknowledged facts? However this may be, the people of the United States are of course intelligent enough to perceive, that a law, which reduces the price of most of the ordinary necessaries and comforts of life, is not a tax upon the poor for the benefit of the rich. In fact, the operation of the American system, as it will probably be modified by the approaching crisis in our financial affairs, while it is in a great measure indifferent to the wealthy, is

directly favorable in all its principal features to the middling and poorer classes of the community. The duties levied on foreign articles of common use, by encouraging the production of domestic articles of a similar kind at less expense, enable the mass of the community to obtain the necessaries of life at cheaper rates, while the repeal, which will probably take place of most of the duties on foreign articles not coming into competition with our own products, will bring within the reach of the same classes a variety of comforts and luxuries, which they could not enjoy before. Sophistry may do its best, but will never be able to convince the mass of the people, that such a system is opposed to their interests.

It is apparent, however, as we have already remarked, that even on the view of those who are most inclined to reduce the revenue to the level of the ordinary expenditure, there is no real difficulty in the approaching financial crisis. We have shown, satisfactorily as we trust, that all the reduction which is necessary to meet this crisis, even on this view, may be made without infringing on the principle of protection. For ourselves, we do not profess to feel any peculiar anxiety on the subject, and although we shall cheerfully acquiesce in a repeal of the duties on foreign articles not entering into competition with our own products, should such a measure be thought expedient by the Government, we should be quite willing to dispense with it, and to leave the Government for a few years in possession of an annual surplus of twelve or fourteen millions. By the force of circumstances, this surplus would gradually diminish. The object of protecting duties is to build up home manufactures, and discourage the importation of the corresponding foreign articles. As fast as they accomplish this object, they of course become less productive, until they finally cease to afford any revenue at all. The duty on cotton is merely nominal; that on cotton fabrics will soon become so; and the case will be the same with all the others, as soon as the domestic manufactures protected by them are sufficiently flourishing to supply the market. The surplus, therefore, would be constantly diminishing, and, in the mean time, might, while it lasted, be turned to very good account for the promotion of internal improvement. We are aware, that many persons look with great distrust on the expenditure of money for this purpose, by the General Government; some denying the constitutional power, and others the expediency of

exercising it, if it exist. But when we recollect, how often tens and hundreds of millions have been annually expended for many years in succession, by almost all nations, for the insane purpose of destroying life and capital, we should not regret to see one nation trying for once the experiment of a liberal annual appropriation to objects of general utility. Supposing a surplus of ten millions to be applied to such objects for only ten years, what important results might not be obtained! How many roads and canals might be laid out through regions, that are now suffering from the absence of such communications! How many literary, benevolent, and pious institutions, might be founded, or restored from the languishing state into which they have sunk for want of funds! A single annual appropriation of the amount just mentioned, would place in the capital of every State of the Union, a valuable public library, or establish in each a well endowed university, and thus open, in either case, a perpetual and never-failing spring of knowledge, virtue, and civilization, through all the coming ages. When we reflect, how much of the success and prosperity of a whole community has often resulted from the influence of some one good institution, we may venture to say, without passing the bounds of moderation, that an expenditure for purposes of internal improvement, of the amount and for the time just mentioned, would, in many important particulars, put a new face upon the country, and materially affect, in the most favorable manner, the future fortunes of the people.

We are aware, that works of every kind are executed under the direction of the Government with somewhat less economy than by individuals, and that in the disposal of a fund of this description, there would necessarily creep in a good deal of favoritism and jobbing. Some States would obtain a little less, and some a little more, than their respective shares of the common benefit. But what then? The State that should be least favored in the distribution, would make more progress in these ten years, in the way of public works and improvements, than she could possibly do by any other means in a century. To renounce these solid and permanent advantages, because some other State might derive still greater ones from the same source, would argue a very slender portion of worldly wisdom, as well as of that purer spirit of kindness and union, that ought to prevail among the different members of a family of sister Republics.

For these reasons, we should not be opposed, individually,

to the continuance, for a while, of all the duties on their present footing, and an appropriation of the surplus revenue, whatever it might be, to works of internal improvement. We have little expectation, however, that this course will be adopted; but we trust, that whatever reduction may be made, a definite, and not too scanty sum will be reserved for this purpose. The steady devotion of a million or even half a million a year to public works, would in time effect great things. At all events, we feel a pleasure in reflecting, that, according to every view which may be taken of the subject, there will be no necessity for extending the repeal of the duties so far, as to interfere with the principle of protection.

The last of the works, of which the titles are prefixed to the present article, is an address delivered at New York, by Mr. Edward Everett, before the American Institute, at their annual fair, which was held a short time previous to the meeting of the New York Convention. It is a simple, lucid, and dispassionate statement of the argument on all the leading points of the subject, and is said to have contributed much, in connexion with the proceedings of the Convention, towards the production of the change of sentiment in regard to the protecting policy, which is now so rapidly taking place in the great emporium of the country. Our limits do not permit us to enlarge on the topics successively treated in the address; and this is the less necessary, as it has already obtained a very general circulation through the newspapers. For those who have not yet perused it, the following passages, which form the conclusion, will serve as a specimen.

'The present manufacturing system of the United States may be considered, partly as the result of the revenue laws of 1789, which remained without essential changes till the embargo of 1807, and partly as the effect of that and the other restrictive measures, and of the war which followed them. Those branches of industry, which are commonly called the mechanic arts, received, for the most part, though not without exception, an ample protection under the former laws; manufactures on a large scale, requiring great capital and skill, owed their existence to the total interruption of commerce. In the combined result, a very large amount of American capital was, at the peace of 1815, found invested in manufactures. It was the prevalent opinion of the statesmen of that day, and those of the South among the foremost, that this capital ought to be protected; and the success which

had attended some of the manufactures, on a large scale, had produced some change in the public opinion, as to the capacity of the country to support them. At this period, however, and for several years after, it is well known, that the current of opinion ran strongly against the protection of manufactures, by high duties, in the commercial parts of the Union. By slow degrees, the manufacturing system has won its way to greatly increased favor, even in those parts of the country where our commerce principally centres. The question, both as one of principle and fact, is better understood by the lights of experience. It is now recollected, that our navigation, at the moment of its extreme depression, was raised up under a system of protecting duties. The obligation of protecting capital invested under the pledge of the public faith, against foreign legislation and the ruinous fluctuations of the foreign market, is felt. Every evil predicted as likely or certain to follow from the manufacturing system, has failed to arrive. High prices were foretold. The acquisition of skill and the perfection of machinery have enabled the manufacturer to afford his fabrics at greatly reduced, but not unprofitable prices. A defalcation of the revenue was predicted. The revenue, instead of falling off, has steadily sustained itself; and instead of being obliged to resort to direct taxes, which, it was supposed as late as 1824, both by friend and foe, we should have to do, we are now threatened with a national crisis proceeding from an overflowing treasury. Our manufacturing establishments, instead of proving seminaries of vice, as was apprehended, are honorably distinguished for order and morality, as I know from my own observation of the largest in the United States. It was said, that the grass would grow up between the paving-stones of our principal commercial cities. It is not so in Boston. You best know how it is in Pearl Street, Wall Street, and Broadway. Our commerce and navigation have suffered no diminution. Our ship-yards are in a state of the most profitable activity; our coasting trade and internal commerce have greatly increased, and a general prosperity pervades the country.

'One drawback only, and that much to be regretted, exists to the general satisfaction, which this state of things is calculated to inspire;—I allude, of course, to the dissatisfaction pervading a portion of the Planting States, by whom the laws passed for the protection of American industry, are deemed unconstitutional, and severely oppressive upon their interests. I certainly shall not at this hour engage in a constitutional argument; but I may observe, that, under a Government organized upon a written constitution, almost every measure is likely to be represented, by its opponents, as unconstitutional. Few prominent measures of

the Government, from its organization, have failed to be considered as unconstitutional, by those opposed to them. The funding system and the assumption of the State debts,—the Bank of the United States,—the British Treaty,—the Alien and Sedition Laws,—the purchase of Louisiana,—the embargo,—the use of the militia in time of war,—the system of internal improvements,—the provisions of the judiciary act,—and the protection of manufactures, have been successively opposed as unconstitutional. It is, however, an important fact, that this last measure, the protection of manufactures, has but of late years been opposed on that ground. By the first Congress, and many succeeding Congresses, it was not so regarded; and I have already attempted to show, that, but for the firm belief and ardent hope, that the Federal Constitution would protect and encourage the manufactures of the United States, it would never have been adopted.

'With the opinion, however, which now prevails at the South, that the application of the Revenue System to the encouragement of manufactures is unconstitutional, it is natural that it should be viewed with particular hostility, as the supposed cause of the depression that exists in a portion of the South. That it is not the real cause of this depression, I firmly believe; and such is asserted to be the fact, by some of the most intelligent citizens of the Southern States. But it would be gratifying to find reasons to believe, that as a whole, the planting interest in the country is not excluded from a participation in its general prosperity; and such, I am strongly inclined to believe as well as hope, is the fact. Such is certainly the inference which we should draw from the last census. The State of Louisiana, whose industry is divided between the great staples of cotton and sugar,* regards the present modification of the Revenue System as the source of her prosperity, and has lately been pronounced by the best authority to be in a very prosperous condition. Georgia has, within a year or two, been declared on equal authority to be in a state of almost unexampled prosperity. The State of Tennessee has within a few days been pronounced by her chief magistrate, in a condition of 'eminent prosperity.' 'At no former period,' says he, 'has the general welfare of our citizens been more obvious and satisfactory.' The depression, which for some years has fallen upon the staple of cotton, has not, it is believed, extended to that of rice; a proof, as it would seem, that it cannot be the effect of the tariff, which would operate on rice as unfavorably as on cotton; and even the culture of cotton itself, low

* 'What would be the effect on the cotton planting interest, if, by a repeal of the tariff, the capital and labor employed on sugar, should be turned into cotton?'

as the price has sunk, there is good reason to think, is still, with thrift and economy, a profitable branch of industry. I have been lately favored with a minute statement of the average product of five or six cotton plantations in two of the South-western States, ascertained by putting together the income of a good and a bad year. The result of this statement is, that the capital invested in these plantations yields from fifteen to twenty per cent. clear; and that the net profit accruing to the proprietor, for the labor of each efficient hand, is two hundred and thirty-seven dollars fifty cents per annum,—being a clear gain of four dollars fifty cents per week. It further appears, that on one of these plantations, (and the same, though not stated, is believed to hold of the others, in due proportion,) worth, altogether for land, labor, and stock, ninety-two thousand dollars, the entire amount of articles paying duty annually consumed, is two thousand three hundred dollars. The average crop of this plantation, taking a good and bad year, is fourteen thousand five hundred dollars. Suppose the duties to be thirty-three and a third per cent,. and the whole amount of the duty to be actually assessed, in the shape of an enhanced price of the article, (the contrary of which is known to be true, for in several articles the entire price is little more than the duty,*) it would amount to less than seven hundred and thirty dollars per annum, on a clear profit of fourteen thousand five hundred dollars. The great wealth of the South is, of course, the product of the labor there performed. The productiveness of this labor must greatly depend on the cost, at which it is sustained. This cost must consist chiefly of that of food and clothing. Food is subject to no duty, nor is there any duty which, except in the most remote and indirect manner, can enhance its price. The annual cost of clothing in the South-western States,—probably in all the States south of thirty-five degrees,—is said to be eight dollars per head. Suppose this supply to come enhanced one third, it is a very small sum, when assessed upon the annual product of the industry of the laborer. These statements are furnished to me on the very highest authority. There is no reason why the plantations, to which they refer, should be more productive than others in their neighborhood, except as they may be conducted with greater skill and prudence. But there never existed, and never will exist, any branch of industry, which in the long run, will be profitable, in any but skilful and prudent hands.

'But it is high time to draw these reflections to a close,—which I cannot do, without reverting to the agreeable occasion, which has called us together. If any one had before doubted of the

* 'This is particularly true of coarse cottons.'

efficacy of a system of legislative protection, it would seem that he might be convinced, by this display of the perfection of the American arts, not one of which, in some stages of its progress, could have sustained itself against the competition of Europe. And should any political catastrophe, now inconceivable, again bring this country under the British Government, the curse of so deplorable a downfall would be chiefly visited on this healthful industry and these productive arts. In that calamitous event, the culture of our Southern staples would again be stimulated by premiums and bounties. Our fisheries would be encouraged, as a nursery of seamen for the navies of the mother country. Our navigation (like a chained beast of the forest) would be again allowed to roam, discontented and daring, between the Antilles and Cape Finisterre; while the iron arm of the colonial system would fall on our mechanics and manufacturers. The hum of business in our work-shops would cease; the tilt hammer and the furnace,—where you are daily forging the mute giants, which labor has harnessed to her cars,—would be broken down as a nuisance; the music of the water-fall would again be wasted on the idle air; the walls of our capacious factories be left tenantless to crumble; and the soil of the villages which support them and which they support,—like the soil of captured Jerusalem,—would be turned with the plough-share and sowed with salt.

'Every part of the country would, of course, be involved in the wide-spread ruin; but none so soon and none so utterly, as this magnificent metropolis; this vast centre of the commerce, the manufactures, and the agriculture of the country,—this mighty heart, where the great pulses of its industry beat,—to which the life-blood of two thirds of the Union flows up by a thousand channels, to be again propelled to the farthest villages in the West. New York was not always what it is now. The Revolution found your city small and almost stationary. The return of peace cut off the only existing resource, that of the subsistence of the forces of the enemy, which occupied it; the influx of foreign fabrics and the navigation laws of Europe confirmed its depression. The mechanics and manufacturers of New York grasped at a General Government with the eagerness of desperation. In the Federal and State Conventions, which framed and adopted the Constitution, they were heard by one of the most persuasive voices that ever spoke through the lips of man,—the voice of the immortal Hamilton, the first great champion of American manufactures. With the adoption of the Constitution, the breath of life was breathed into the industry of New York; and we have beheld her since, with equal pride and admiration, starting up, with a new principle of existence, and making but one bound to the

throne of the commercial world. There may she long sit,—firm, enlightened, and liberal: not forgetting, in the season of her wealth and power, the arts by which her infancy was nourished. There may she long sit,—the stars of the Union for her coronet, the rock of independence for her footstool!'

Art. IX.—*Popular Superstitions.*

Lectures on Witchcraft, comprising a History of the Delusion in Salem in 1692. By Charles W. Upham, *Junior Pastor of the First Church in Salem.* Boston. Carter, Hendee & Babcock. 1831.

An Essay on Demonology, Ghosts and Apparitions, and Popular Superstitions. Also, an Account of the Witchcraft Delusion at Salem in 1692. By James Thacher, M. D., A. A. S. Boston. Carter & Hendee. 1831.

It is with much pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the work of Mr. Upham. It consists of two lectures, which were originally delivered before the Salem Lyceum, and may be regarded as a favorable evidence of the tendency of such institutions to diffuse information, which it is important to the community to acquire, as well as just sentiments upon subjects, that lie within the range of common observation and curiosity. Every one has heard of the witchcraft delusion in Salem; and most of those who are at all familiar with the history of the age in which it appeared, know very well how to estimate the prejudice, which for a long time fastened upon our neighbors of that place a reproach, from which the rest of New England and the world at large were disposed to triumph in being wholly free. It is not the leading object of Mr. Upham to vindicate his place of residence from this reproach, by transferring to others their just portion of responsibility; his historical statement alone would be sufficient for this; but to give a clear and philosophical view of the origin and progress of this strange imposture, and incidentally, of superstitious notions in general. He has performed this task in a manner, which cannot fail to add to the reputation, which he had acquired by his former writings. His style is unaffected and elegant, and his illustrations and reflections appropriate and happy.

The plan of Dr. Thacher is rather more extensive. His design is, to take a general and comprehensive view of superstition in its various forms, and to explain the manner in which it is illustrated by reason and philosophy. In the prosecution of this plan, he is naturally led to examine the same portion of history, to which Mr. Upham had already directed the public attention; but it is proper to state, that his work was written before that gentleman's appeared. His own intelligent observation and inquiry have furnished him with many interesting facts, particularly in regard to the power of imagination in producing some of those phenomena, which have confounded the ignorant, and perplexed the wise; and his publication is valuable, as presenting the views of a clear and judicious observer in an important field of speculation, though somewhat too broad to be comprehended within the limits of so short a treatise. In fact, the history of superstition is more than half of the history of man. But if the errors of former times are only partially unveiled, something may be gained towards the correction of those, which continue to exist; if we do not reach the highest attainable point of elevation, we may yet be placed high enough, to see that portion of the valley below, from which the mist has rolled away.

We are sometimes inclined to believe, that the present generation are raising the shout of victory over superstition, before the enemy has left the field. It would be hazardous to maintain, that the drafts of imposture are no longer honored by credulity, or that all the *idols of the tribe* are deserted by their worshippers. There are yet delusions, and dark ones, too; we cling with a convulsive grasp to errors, because it seems impossible to us, that any delusion should walk in the noonday of our intellectual light. We look on those of old with indignation and scorn; and wonder, perhaps, that our fathers should have been so much inferior in sense and reason to ourselves. Yet many a dark page is yet to be written in the history of our race. There are not a few, who listen to the acclamations of military triumph as they would to the trumpet of jubilee, and crown the conqueror with laurels fit only for an angel's brow, whose hearts burn within them, when they number the victims which witchcraft has hurried to the dungeon and the stake; while all the blood which superstition ever shed, would be but a rivulet in comparison with that of a single battle-field. This is but one example of the delusions, which

philosophy and reason have never yet been able to destroy; they have only subdued those errors, which have nothing magnificent about them, to bind them closely to the heart. All will, doubtless, eventually vanish, as spirits are said to disappear with the morning twilight; but many will outlast the present generation of men; and while they survive, it is idle to talk of the complete downfall of superstition. In fact, the progress of reason has hardly yet dispelled many of those absurdities, which would seem most likely to fall before it. The mass of mankind are not philosophers, and they regard their own hereditary prejudices as too venerable to be surrendered without an age or two of deliberation, if not of positive and doubtful struggle. They are like those who dwelt near the mountain in Greece, on whose summit the sun shone for hours, before it lighted the valleys. Faith in witchcraft has been banished from the high places of the earth; it is no more found in the pulpit or the judgment-seat; but it is still entwined around the hearts of many, and adheres to them as closely, as the consciousness of their existence.

There is no one, whose recollection will not furnish him with abundant evidence of the truth of this remark. It has been our fortune to meet with more than one individual, who did not feel a moment secure from the invasion of evil spirits, unless he carried with him a staff of witch-hazel; and we remember one in particular, who, having left his talisman behind him, in his hurry to attend an election, was waylaid by them as he returned home at night, and rolled heels over head in the most fearful manner. He often related the circumstance with horror; and, as if anticipating the most natural solution of the mystery, asseverated, that he had partaken no more liberally of the most formidable spirit of all, than he usually did on similar occasions. We have heard of another, who had unfortunately incurred the displeasure of an old woman in his neighborhood. One evening, as he was passing her door with his wain of hay, his oxen stood perfectly still, and the only parts of their anatomy at all calculated for such an evolution, were lifted straight upwards, by some mysterious impulse; where they remained, until he was relieved from his dilemma by negotiating a treaty with the author of the mischief. Five years ago, a physician in a neighboring State was indicted for tampering with a pretty material word in a promissory note for nine dollars, so that it was converted into ninety. The only

witness to the forgery was the maker of the note, whose testimony was explicit as to the fact of the alteration. On his cross-examination, he acknowledged, that he had been for a long time, like Andrew Fairservice, 'fley'd wi' a ghaist,' until he was compelled to apply to the physician for relief, who exorcised him in part by throwing in the fire a quart of his blood; and this was the consideration of the note in question. The witches, he said, commonly assumed the shape of some impertinent old ladies of the neighborhood, who would come to his house in defiance of his express commands to the contrary, and smoke their pipes at discretion, without uttering a word. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that this testimony, which might have been sufficient to hang all the parties concerned two centuries ago, produced in this instance only the acquittal of the physician; but examples like these, however the wise may scorn them, serve to show that superstition has not yet lost its hold upon the minds of all.

In saying, that reason and philosophy have not yet banished all these errors, we do not forget the good they have already done, or under-value their power to do more; we simply mean, that much of their appropriate work remains to be performed. Their task will be the more arduous, for the reason, that much of what passes under the name of superstition, when divested of its absurdities, is natural to the mind. So far as it merely implies a belief in the existence of spirits, freed from the incumbrances of a perishable frame, it springs up spontaneously in the breast; there is no example of an age or nation, scarcely of the most degraded savage tribe, in which it is not found; and it is confirmed by the voice within us, which proclaims our victory over the grave. Nor is there any thing very absurd in the persuasion, almost as universal as the other, that the spirit, thus separated from the body, may become obvious to human sense. Many have considered it enough to say in refutation of this, that the abstract idea we form of spirit implies its want of every quality, which could enable it to make its presence perceptible; and if we could form a perfect idea of what spirit is, the answer would be complete. But the deepest researches of philosophy have left us ignorant of its essence; we know its existence only through certain of its qualities; so that, however we may doubt, we cannot well deny, that separated spirits may, in some mysterious manner, hold communion with our own. There is at least, probability

enough in favor of this persuasion, to induce the great body of mankind to adopt it as an article of faith. With the general mass of superstitious notions, the case is far otherwise. They have scarcely even the slender basis of imagination to stand upon; and, in treating of superstition in general, it is no easy matter to separate the absurd from the probable, the extravagant from the partially reasonable, blended as they are like the primary colors in all the hues of nature. Their multiplicity, also, is a serious stumbling-block in the way of the inquirer. A venerable divine, two centuries ago, undertook to write a sermon upon every verse of the epistle to the Colossians. We have no recollection, whether his folio was edifying in proportion to its dimensions; but we doubt, whether that most ponderous volume would be large enough, to contain the history of superstition. Sir Walter Scott was evidently much embarrassed by this very difficulty; and one may rise from the perusal of his entertaining work on demonology, with few more precise ideas of any particular branch of the science, than he had when he took it up. We are told by Pliny, of a fish, whose various members were so widely extended in the Mediterranean, that it could not pass the Straits of Gibraltar; and it is about as difficult to give an accurate view of universal superstition, as it would be to make a scientific description of this monopolist of the sea.

There is one branch of it, however, which is separate and peculiar. It is the subject of witchcraft, which, as we have already said, occupies the whole of one of the works before us, and a portion of the other; and the modern history of which can be regarded with no other feelings, than those of disgust and horror. The mind may well be humbled by the reflection, that a wild and fatal delusion like this, springing solely from a mis-apprehension of the meaning of certain terms used in the Scriptures, should have been able to subdue all philosophy and common sense, as well as all the impulses of humanity and mercy. No one at this day believes, that the witches of later ages belonged to the same class with those, against whom Moses denounced the punishment of death. The last were justly regarded by the Hebrew lawgiver as a common nuisance, pretending, as they did, to the power of divination and sorcery, and resorting sometimes to the use of poisons, from which their name is derived, to effect their purposes. They seduced the Israelites to the adoration of false

deities; and this was a crime of peculiar aggravation among a people, who were set apart for the worship of the true God, but were always too ready to return to idolatry. The witchcraft of later times, as Mr. Upham very justly observes, implied a deliberate and formal compact with the Spirit of evil, negotiated with all the precision of a modern indenture; by which, on the one hand, the witch bound herself to become his subject, and to use all her exertions to promote his interests; while he invested her, on the other, with a portion of his own attributes, engaging, at the same time, to exercise his own supernatural powers, for her advantage and protection. What the witch of the Hebrews really was, is explained in that remarkable passage of Scripture, which relates the interview of Saul with the witch of En-dor. This personage belonged to a class of impious pretenders, against whom the king, in one of the religious intervals of his wayward career, had undertaken to enforce the penalties provided by the ancient law; and who were obliged, in consequence, to practise their unholy arts in retirement and obscurity. But when he persisted in violating the commands of the Most High, the hour of their revenge was come. The hosts of his enemies were mustering at his very gates; the ominous sounds of disaffection and revolt grew louder within his borders; and misfortune and disaster were gathering around him, like dark clouds around the setting sun. The warning voice of dreams, and Urim, and the prophets was no longer heard in answer to his prayers, and he resorted in terror and despair, to one of these very impostors whom he had persecuted, to open to him the mysterious pages of the book of fate. He sought her dwelling at midnight and in disguise, weighed down by the anguish of a broken spirit, and exhausted by the abstinence, which was then, as it is at this day in the East, required to prepare him for the unusual scene. The woman of En-dor reminded him of the fearful doom which the king had menaced against the exercise of her art; but with the quick and proud decision of authority, he assures her of his protection. This circumstance alone would have been sufficient to convince her of the rank and dignity of her guest; but even without this evidence, how could a disguise have concealed from her penetrating eye, the lofty bearing and commanding stature of the goodliest of the sons of Israel? He commands her to call up the spirit of Samuel; and affecting to see spirits ascending, she cries out with pretended astonish-

ment and terror, and for the first time appears to recognise her royal visiter. To remove all fear of deception, he commands her to describe the form, which he cannot see; and when she speaks of an old man enveloped with a mantle, his imagination presents the image of the venerable prophet, and he addresses to him the story of his apprehension and distress. In the heart-broken accents of despair, he complains, that the hosts of his enemies are gathered against him, and that he is forsaken by his God. It was an easy task to predict the fate of a spirit thus crushed and broken. The voice confirms the sentence, which had already been pronounced by his fears; and he hurries to the field of battle, where, after witnessing the discomfiture of his army, and the death of his sons, he seals the fatal prediction, and falls by his own hand.

Such, at least, appears to us to be the true construction of this mysterious passage; though we are bound to state, that many distinguished commentators have adopted a different one; believing, that the venerable prophet did miraculously appear at the call of the sorceress, to announce to Saul his approaching doom. Sir Walter Scott, though with some hesitation, inclines to the same view, which is also taken by Mr. Upham. On either supposition, the case is not wholly free from difficulty; but neither would give us reason to believe, that the witch of En-dor bore the least resemblance to modern personages of the same name.

During the ascendency of the Catholic faith, though some enormous instances of cruelty occurred, the clergy in general were not disposed to punish with great severity a crime, which they believed it fully in their power to prevent; and the mass of the people, being interdicted the use of the Scriptures, could only derive false impressions in regard to them, from the ignorance or fraud of others. With the reformers, the case was far different. They came forth from the lowly walks of life, sharing many of the prejudices of the people, and caring for no philosophy, but the Word of God. They went forth to battle against principalities and powers; and they knew that it was no light or easy task, nor the struggle of an hour. The whole vast edifice of the gorgeous hierarchy, consecrated by the veneration of countless ages, was to be overthrown, from its topmost battlement to the corner-stone; and they summoned all their commanding energies to the work. No wonder, that with stern defiance in the

heart, there should have been gloom upon the brow; no wonder, that their spirits should have been quickened into madness by the contest; no wonder, when the red light of the fagot and the stake were before them, that they should have felt that the hand of the arch fiend was there. The religious principle with them became a dark and gloomy principle. Firmly persuaded themselves of the existence and active agency of the Spirit of evil, they recognised his power in all the obstacles that beset their progress, and this persuasion was confirmed in their minds by a literal interpretation of the language of Scripture. If reason and philosophy attempted to teach them the impossibility of such a compact, as their own definition of witchcraft implied, they regarded them as little as the painted windows of a Gothic cathedral. There was the divine injunction,—the word itself; He that hath a familiar spirit, must die.

It was one of the earliest acts of the pilgrims, to prepare an abstract of a criminal and civil code, which was afterwards made the basis of the statute law of Massachusetts. This paper was drawn by one of the most eminent divines of the day; who, following the same error which had misled so many others, copied that provision of the Levitical law, which made witchcraft punishable with death, and applied it to a wholly different crime; if indeed such a crime as modern witchcraft can be said to have ever been committed. But if there were ever a people who had an apology for being superstitious, it was that portion of the Puritans who came over to this country. It has often been remarked, that none are more inclined to superstition, than those who dwell in the most grand and solitary scenes; and, apart from the circumstances of their own situation, there was enough in the wildness and solitude around them, to excite the imagination. Before them was the broad sea, over whose bosom the Providence of God had guided them in the extremity of danger and suffering: and behind them the forests, whose depths were never penetrated by the footsteps of civilized man. It must have seemed like intrusion to enter its mysterious gloom, as if the quick footstep, or the careless voice might break the deep repose of nature, which had been only broken before by the cry of the wild beast, or the dashing of the ocean on its shore. Every thing around them led the mind to high and serious contemplation: every thing was fitted to excite emotions of sublimity and awe. Their reliance upon divine protection was firm and constant;

its superintending power was visible in all occurrences that threw light at intervals on their melancholy path; and in every adverse one, they felt the agency of an evil principle, whose strength was exerted for the trial of their virtue, or the punishment of their deviations from duty. Human nature itself was revealed to them in a mode of existence wholly new, but well calculated to cherish and confirm their persuasion of this agency of evil powers. All their vigilance was necessary to guard them from the assaults of savage foes, whose wildness and ferocity, no less than the fearful suddenness of their midnight blow, were such as well became the ministers of darkness, whose path might be traced by the blood of the murdered, or the conflagration of villages. So far from wondering that our fathers shared the superstitious ideas, which prevailed at the period in every other country, it is rather matter of surprise, that the influence of those ideas was so limited here; for it must be remembered, that they were every where sanctioned by the convictions of the pious, and the apprehensions of the wise; cherished by the most eminent divines of every persuasion, and promulgated by the most upright judges, whom England ever saw. Their own strong, practical sense, a quality which rarely deserted them, preserved them in a considerable degree from this fatal influence; and the punishment of witchcraft was rare, until an unusual concurrence of circumstances, acting on the popular conviction, swelled the tide of superstition, and it came heaving in like a resistless flood.

It was in February, 1692, that this fatal delusion arose; and it was preceded by many of those portents, which even now, are apt to cast a spell over the minds of men, and recall the fierce denunciations of the insane prophet, and the ominous voice which issued from the Holy of Holies, when the last hour of Jerusalem was at hand. Within, the colonists were agitated by ferocious political strife, driven from the ordinary paths of commercial industry by the pirates who infested their shores, and crushed beneath the weight of ponderous debt; the light of some of the most eminent and virtuous among them had been suddenly withdrawn by death; and the undefined rumors of mighty vicissitudes abroad, were borne to them upon every breeze from the sea. The French were combined with their savage enemies in unnatural union, and hung like a thunder-cloud upon the edges of the western forest, ready to break upon them in a fiery tempest of desolation and death.

The wild apprehension that the spirits of evil were unchained, and moving with unusual power on the earth, weighed down their hearts, which were commonly sustained by the conscious presence of the Divinity. Every thing seemed preparing for some great and fearful consummation; all things combined to render them open and sensible to the impressions of some startling event. There was gloom in every heart, and on every brow. When the tidings at length came, of the visitation of those malignant spirits, which they believed Providence had permitted to exist, to accomplish purposes that no human intelligence could see, they fell upon hearts irritated almost to madness; ready to throw aside all the restraints of their better nature, in the vain persuasion, that they were called to struggle with the powers of darkness.

We shall not attempt to retrace the incidents of that sanguinary drama, of which Salem was the principal seat, though the delusion was fully shared by all the surrounding country. The mind turns shuddering away from the sickening details of its atrocity; our nature recoils with horror from the history of men converted into demons. We can hardly go back in fancy to that period, when this superstition was living and real to the apprehensions of all; we can as little realize the power of this conviction now, as in witnessing the representation of Macbeth, we can feel the impression which must once have been created by those mysterious beings, who met the victorious soldier on the midnight heath; there is nothing to mitigate the feelings of disgust and aversion, with which we regard the melancholy exhibition of fanaticism and guilt. Mr. Upham has relieved us of the task; in pursuing the plan which he proposed to himself, he has given a sufficiently minute and most interesting narrative of all its events, concealing none of its atrocities, and withholding none of its palliations. We regret that we are compelled to differ from him in any particular; but we cannot admit the correctness of the remark, in the sense in which he would have it understood, that no blame should be attached to judges and jurors, so long as the law of the land required the punishment of witches, for carrying that law into effect; it assumes the very point which we deny. Doubtless, these officers were bound to execute the law; but they were equally bound to refrain from conviction and sentence, until the law was shown to be violated; this, however, was never done; but a more disgraceful violation of all law, human or divine, to say

nothing of mercy or humanity, than was exhibited throughout the whole of these trials for witchcraft, by those who urged them on, never blackened the history of man. All the safeguards which a wise and just precaution had set for the security of innocence, were unhesitatingly trampled down; the plainest rules of evidence were thrown aside with contempt; those leading questions, which the criminal law of the time, not over-merciful, regarded with aversion, were the only sort of examination permitted; confessions, wrung by the extremity of torture from a broken and exhausted spirit, were not only received, but demanded and prayed for, as the evidence of guilt. The witnesses, who represented themselves, as no one can doubt they were, in another sense than they intended, as under the influence of Satan, were cheered on by the insane applauses of an exasperated mob; no contradictions, no evasions, not even the plainest perjury, took any thing from the weight of their declarations; while the denial, the arguments, and characters of the prisoners, were treated with indignity and scorn. Were not such jurors and judges bound to reflect, that the same power, which was falsely said to torture the accusers, might have relieved the wretched in their extremity, by making those who sat in judgment suffer under the same torture? Were they not bound at least to interpose the same measure of justice which all others might have asked for, in order to examine, if they could not check, so miserable a delusion? We doubt whether an impartial judgment can clear them of the guilt of blood. It may be said, as it was said by Cotton Mather, that the confessions were of themselves sufficient for conviction; but a very limited knowledge of human nature might have taught them, that there is no duress like that of fear and horror, and the hope of life; while the agony of such an accusation, with the aversion and dread reflected from the faces of all around, might even have induced, in minds thus overwhelmed, a persuasion that they were really subject to some supernatural influence. At all events, the lesson is one whose instruction ought not to be lost. We can, however, hardly conceive of the depravity, which hurried the youthful accusers on to such a work of death. At first, it was probably no more than the childish propensity for mischief, which loves to sport with the follies of the old; but when the alarm had spread, the dread of detection was added to the passion for notoriety, until their united influence overwhelmed

every other feeling ; and there was no counteracting influence to weaken their effect. It is a pity, that the experiment resorted to by Boerhaave in the alms-house at Haerlem, had not been tried upon them. Its youthful inmates were seized, one after another, with the most violent convulsions; the experienced physician directed furnaces to be erected, in which the arm of the first new patient was to be burned to the bone ; and the remedy was so efficacious, that the afflicted were all healed with miraculous despatch.

There is another species of superstition, of a less fatal character. We allude to apparitions of various kinds, which every one is ready to explain in the most satisfactory manner, while almost every one can detect in himself an inclination to believe in their reality ; as the physician, who was attempting to demonstrate to a patient the absurdity of believing that he was haunted by a skeleton, was somewhat startled by his patient's assurance, that the skull was at that moment visible over his shoulder. Sir Walter Scott believes, that the influence of certain states of mind upon the fancy, or of ill-health, is the cause of most of these spectral visitations ; but he adds a pretty broad qualification of the doctrine, by way of proviso, before he leaves the subject. Dr. Thacher's scepticism is rather more confirmed ; he appears to think, that all the instances on record will admit of a rational explanation, without resort to supernatural agency. We are inclined to believe, that the full power of the imagination is hardly yet realized ; it is curious to observe, how often and how readily it gets the better of the judgment. The case of animal magnetism is sufficient to show, that it can sometimes heal diseases ; and a story related by Dr. Thacher proves, that it may have equal efficacy in producing them. He tells us of a farmer in Pennsylvania, who vanquished a rattlesnake, after a fatiguing contest, and on returning home to announce his victory, seized by mistake his son's waistcoat, instead of his own more ample one ; but finding all efforts to adapt it to his person entirely vain, he at once perceived, that he must have been bitten by his foe, and that he had become distended by the virulence of the poison in the most alarming manner ; three physicians were summoned, but the presence of the whole faculty would have availed nothing, until the son made his appearance, with the garment of the patient hanging in graceful folds about him. Physicians are even at this day somewhat reluctant to appeal to the imagination for the cure of maladies,

lest they should seem to aspire to the reputation and honors of a quack; but there is no reason to doubt its power; nor is there any, why the most active principle of our nature should not be fully investigated and understood. President Smith of New Jersey has given us an explanation of apparitions, of a more precise and scientific character. He believes, that the motions or vibrations of the nervous system of a man in full health are undisturbed and regular, and present only just images to the mind; but that, by disease or infirmity, they may be affected either wholly or in part, and made to present only false and fantastic ones. Perhaps this is no more than an attempt to explain the mechanical operation of the causes previously suggested. Dr. Rush resolves illusions into a disease, in which false perceptions take place in some of the senses, depending on the excitement of motion in a particular organ, which does not vibrate with the impression made upon it, but communicates it to another part on which a similar impression was formerly made. We do not pretend to be able to determine the accuracy of these solutions; and it is quite as satisfactory to the general reader to know, that such illusions are commonly attributed to excited feeling, arising from a variety of causes, among which anxiety, over-exertion, and disease, are the most prominent ones; though they may sometimes occur without the apparent intervention of any of these causes. These explanations have at least this advantage, whether they be satisfactory or not, that if they cannot be established by demonstration, it is just as difficult to prove them to be false; and nothing is more annoying to the pride of philosophy, than to be unable to assign a cause for any of this world's phenomena. The case of Lord Lyttelton is one of the most striking on record. This noble profligate, as is well known, declared, that he had been warned by the apparition of his mother, that he should die within three days; and his death took place at the expiration of the time appointed. All these various modes of solution have been repeatedly applied, with various degrees of probability, to this case; but the more modern explanation is, that he put an end to his own life by poison; and there was nothing in his character to induce us to believe, that he would hesitate at such an unseasonable jest; though it is by no means impossible, that the disordered action of his nervous system, exhausted as he was by unlimited excess, might have conjured up precisely such a vision. The spectres which beset Nicolai of

Berlin, more numerous than those that assailed the much-enduring St. Anthony, are universally ascribed to disease, the same cause to which he himself attributed them; as, when he went back to the practice of blood-letting, which he had discontinued for a time, the whole train disappeared together. We find some interesting statements in the work of Dr. Thacher, of cases not very dissimilar; among others, of a worthy divine in Virginia, who was compelled by sickness to relinquish his pastoral duties, and was distressed by the consciousness, when his health was partially restored, that he had not properly availed himself of his ability to resume them. While in this state, he was warned by the apparition of an old man of imposing air and stature, to return to his labors, and to undertake the additional task of restoring the church to the model of the primitive ages. The good man would willingly have declined this apostolical mission, as somewhat beyond his abilities; but so fully convinced was he of the supernatural character of his visiter, that he did not dare to disobey his injunctions; and he applied to Dr. Thacher for advice, who, finding it impossible to convince him of his delusion, very judiciously advised him to begin his reform by preaching up those points of doctrine in regard to which there was no controversy, and to wait the further orders of the spectre; but the plan, upon which he had actually entered, was broken off by his death. One of the most singular cases of the kind, of which we have any knowledge, is taken by Dr. Thacher from the Edinburgh Journal of Science, and was communicated to Dr. Brewster by the husband of the lady, who was the subject of the illusion. Her health was considerably impaired at the time when the circumstances related by her husband took place. He says, that

'On the 30th of the same month, (December, 1829,) at about four o'clock, Mrs. B. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted a few moments before, and on entering the room, saw me, as she supposed, standing with my back to the fire. She addressed me, asking how it was I had returned so soon (I had left the house for a walk half an hour before.) She said I looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. She supposed I was busied in thought, and sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within a couple of feet at most of the figure she still saw standing before her. As, however, the eyes still continued to be fixed upon her,

after a few moments, she said, "Why don't you speak?" The figure, upon this, moved off toward the window, at the farther end of the room, the eyes still gazing on her, and passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation of the air. The idea then arose for the first time in her mind, that it was no reality, but a spectral illusion.'

It was unfortunate, that the lady, in the consternation of the moment, forgot to resort to an *experimentum crucis*, which had been previously recommended by Dr. Brewster, and may be found extremely convenient to all who have occasion to inquire into the character of such unexpected guests; namely, pressing the eye, in order to produce the effect of seeing double; in which case the optical illusion, if it be such, will remain single, while duplicates will be presented of every other object. On the whole, there is no doubt, that most of these apparitions, perhaps all of which we have any account, are the mere offspring of disordered health or fancy; though it would have been hard to induce the clergyman, who was called to sound the trumpet of reform, to believe this, in opposition to the evidence of two of his most confidential senses. We are almost tempted to agree on this subject with the chaplain in Old Mortality, when he undertook to explain to Lord Evandale the apparition of Henry Morton; it was his deliberate opinion, that either the said Morton himself, or his ghost, had really appeared, or that the whole was a *deceptio visus;* which of the three hypotheses was the true one, it was impossible to pronounce with certainty; but he was ready to die in the belief, that one of the three was the cause of the disturbance.

We are not to confound the persuasion entertained by many, of the possibility of some mysterious communication of the death of others, with the fanciful superstitions of earlier times; with that of the Banshie, for example, so beautifully used by Moore in the melody, where he alludes to the loss of him 'of the hundred fights,' or that of the Brownie of the Highlands, and the other spectres which presaged approaching death. This persuasion is more common than men are willing to confess; and many of the cases, by which it is supported, are familiar to the recollections of all. In connexion with this subject, the mind involuntarily turns to the instance, in which the early death of one of the brightest of the sons of genius in this city,

was revealed at the moment of its occurrence, to his venerable father, himself just sinking beneath the pressure of infirmity, at a distance from his home. We have also heard, on authority which we cannot question, another instance, in which a lady of no vulgar mind communicated to her friends her impression of the loss of a favorite daughter, from whom she had long been separated, and where the impression was justified by the event. A curious example of a similar kind, is related by Isaac Walton in his Life of Dr. Donne; and we are almost tempted to embrace the beautiful theory of the worthy old biographer, who accounts for it by supposing the existence of a sympathy of soul; as when the string of one of two lutes in the same apartment has been touched, a soft responsive note will be echoed from the other. Of all the kinds of superstition, this, if this indeed be one, is the kind which we are most reluctant to cast away,—the idea, that there may be some communion, of which we cannot comprehend the nature, between the spirits of the dead and ours; though it may be, that there is deception in the evidence on which these examples rest; it may be, that in this case, as in others, our fancies assume the aspect of bright and living realities.

It would be unpardonable not to notice the ancient and universal art of divination, considering the earnestness with which men have labored to display their superstition, in attempting to penetrate the mysterious veil of the future. Their efforts have been zealous, in proportion to the difficulty of the task; if half the perseverance which they have exhibited in this pursuit had been systematically applied to any hopeful one, there is no estimating the results to which it might have led. Even here, they seem in general to have been tolerably contented with their success; having regularly made a point of forgetting all the false responses of the oracle, and of proclaiming with unspeakable triumph, any solitary instance of a prophecy fulfilled. The art is certainly not without pretensions on the score of antiquity; the witch of En-dor was a fortune-teller, though her mystery was in less vogue than it afterwards became. In Rome, it was converted into the religion of the State; it would be ludicrous, if any thing relating to the Romans can excite that feeling, to examine the machinery by which they labored to draw future events from darkness into light; and we are inclined to apprehend, that Cato was not the only one who ridiculed it, even in that day, when heresy was as little tolerated

as it has been since. On the eve of an election, tents were pitched without the city, at which he who presided sat gravely with the augur, to observe the omens; there they watched carefully the appearance of the heavens, and the singing and flight of birds, and if the magistrate happened to hear thunder, or observe any unpropitious omen, as he well might do when his own party were not on the ground in sufficient force, the auspices were unfavorable, and the election was forthwith adjourned to another day. Even if it appeared, six months afterwards, that there was some mistake about the omens, the election was set aside. We have sometimes wished, that this practice had never been exploded. So when a ship was crowned with garlands, and the trumpet had sounded for its departure, the alighting of a swallow on the rigging, or an unhappy sneeze upon the left, outweighed all the favorable indications of the wind and tide. Drawing of lots was an authentic mode of ascertaining one's destiny. The Eternal City was overspread with gloom, when the appetite of the sacred chickens appeared less vigorous than usual; and, on the contrary, nothing could exceed the public satisfaction, when they ate as if consuming a corporation dinner. There is no end to the devices, by which the Romans endeavored to read the book of fate; most of them were abandoned as the world grew older; but there was one which descended to them from the earliest antiquity, and was preserved until a comparatively recent time. This was astrology, founded on the notion, that the star which was rising at the hour of one's birth, ever afterwards influenced, or at least foreboded his destiny; a persuasion, supposed to be derived from those who watched the stars from the plains of Chaldea. It is worthy of remark, that in Rome, as in modern Europe, the great could not condescend to travel the same path to futurity with the vulgar; the rich applied to the astrologers, who carried a mysterious ephemeris, the prototype of our modern almanac, in which the rising and setting, the conjunction, and other appearances of the stars, were set down; while the poor were fain to have recourse to the threadbare fortune-teller, of what Horace calls the deceitful Circus Maximus, who gave them a destiny brilliant in proportion to their ability to pay. In the sixteenth century and later, the heavenly bodies, in the same manner, were supposed to indicate the fortunes of the great, as well as the vicissitudes of nations; while the inspection of the face or

hand was sufficient to prognosticate the destiny of the poor. This most singular of fancies, that the movement of worlds was regulated with a view to the destiny of an inhabitant of one of the smallest of the whole, pervaded the loftiest intellects of the time; even the miraculous discernment of Bacon was not insensible to its influence; and Scott has given some striking illustrations in Kenilworth and Quentin Durward, of its power over nobles and kings. Every one remembers the story of Napoleon pointing to the sun of Austerlitz, and watching, from the forsaken halls of the Kremlin, his waning star, which soon went down in blood. The astrologer was once invested with every honor, which gratified pride and ostentation could bestow; his predictions were generally as mysterious, as the response of the Delphic oracle to Pyrrhus; but wo to the prophet, when the horoscope proved false. Mr. Partridge is the last of these worthies on record; he fell on evil days, when the artillery of the Royal Society had battered down all the high pretensions of his art; and his most unlucky star was in the ascendant, when he encountered the fatal ridicule of Swift. The vulgar mystery of fortune-telling has escaped the same fate with astrology, because it wisely avoided the attempt to soar so high; it has been kept in tolerable preservation by the gypsies; and there is scarcely a village so poor, as to be without its wise woman, who reads one's fortune in the lines of his hand, or the grounds of an exhausted tea-cup. Mr. Upham gives us an interesting account of a venerable lady by the name of Pitcher, who enjoyed an enviable reputation in this neighborhood, some twenty years ago. Her power, it seems, was inherited; and her dwelling, situated in a wild and romantic spot in Lynn, near the borders of the sea, was resorted to by many a curious pilgrim. Her skill was most signal, in ascertaining the deposit of stolen goods; a branch of the arts, which is somewhat liable to mis-interpretation; but a story is related of her by Mr. Whitman, in his Lecture on Popular Superstition, which indicates that her power in discovering lost persons was rather more questionable. He assures us, that application was made to this lady, respecting a person who had suddenly disappeared; she without hesitation pronounced him murdered, and charged an unlucky family of negroes with the crime, who were immediately arrested and imprisoned; but were at length discharged by the unimpeachable testimony afforded by the re-appearance of the lost personage himself.

There are various other branches of the subject, to which we would willingly turn our attention; particularly, the thousand omens which have descended from early times to ours, and the beautiful vision of the fairies, which perished some centuries ago. But we must hasten to a close.

It has already been observed, that much of the superstition in the world springs from that conviction of the immortal nature of the spirit within us, which is found among the rudest tribes, as well as the most refined communities. The strength of this conviction certainly varies in proportion to the degree of refinement; as there are instances, in which humanity is degraded to the level of irrational existence, and no one requires to be shown the effect of advancement in knowledge, in dispelling the phantoms of ignorance, or presenting them in their real form and proportions; but it is the cause, to which we owe the boasted dignity of our nature. It is striking to witness the efforts of the mind, even when sunk in debasement, or crushed beneath the accumulated weight of error, to escape from its darkness and cast away its chains, speculating where it cannot reason, and pressing onward, in obedience to the intimations of the active principle within, even when it wanders in an obscure and doubtful way. If it dimly suggest the possibility of another state of being to the least enlightened of our race, how does the soul burn to penetrate the shadows, which hide it from the view! If it speak of superior intelligences, exempted from the stern law of decay and dissolution, how do we labor to invest them with reality! Thus the wildest notions eventually spring from a high and honorable principle, which only requires a guide to conduct it in the proper paths. Its activity is beyond its strength, until wisdom and knowledge have enlightened and confirmed it; it loses its way, because it has too much confidence in itself; it relies on its own power to discover hidden things, as well as to explain those which are seen; believing, that the faculty which can catch a faint glimpse of distant objects, can bring them fully to the view. All this is well, so long as the right end is pursued by the right means; but the difficulty is, that the intellect is apt to bewilder itself with speculation, and to become filled with wild and unreasonable fancies; as shadows float before the eye, which is wearied by being long fixed on some object too remote. Such was the radical error of ancient philosophy, if a vast edifice of theory erected on a slender basis of fact, be fairly entitled to

the name; a breath was sufficient to overturn the whole; it formed hypotheses, instead of ascertaining facts; it undertook to explain phenomena, rather than to observe them; and in this way, instead of leading men to the knowledge of the real nature of things, it led them in the very opposite direction. Nor was it wonderful, when philosophy itself became the fertile source of error, that the minds of those, who were not philosophers, should have been misled by the example. It was reserved for the most commanding intellect of modern times, who has won the highest honors that can crown an earthly name, to reveal the true divining rod, the unfailing oracle, comprehended in the simple terms, experiment and observation; to teach the only just reply to the hitherto unanswered question, What is truth?

This error of the ancient world was not, however, an unnatural one; it was merely the result of the principle to which we have alluded, misled by the eagerness of its just and laudable efforts; and there are instances enough, of the operation of the same causes in later times. Whenever any event is presented to the mind, its first step is to inquire the cause, and this is generally found in some other event immediately preceding in the order of time. A curious instance of this occurred no longer ago than the last century. The fish, on which many of the inhabitants of Norway depended for subsistence, suddenly vanished from their coasts; the practice of inoculation for the small-pox had just then been introduced, and was instantly fixed upon as the cause of the calamity; and, as the people considered the risk of that disorder a trifle in comparison with starvation, nothing could exceed their righteous indignation against all who undertook to cure them. Sometimes, where no event of sufficient importance has occurred in connexion with one which excites deep interest, the imagination lends its aid in furnishing a cause; witness the plague of Athens, which was attributed to the poisoning of the fountains, a delusion precisely similar to that prevailing at this day in Hungary in regard to the disease, which is traversing the whole breadth of the Eastern hemisphere, like a destroying angel. Most commonly, however, the popular fancy inclines to neither of these modes of explanation, but resorts to that favorite acknowledgement of ignorance, a supernatural cause; thus, prayers and processions, two centuries ago, were considered the sovereign specific for the plague. The voice of some

malignant demon is uttered in the thunder, and the fierce conflicts of contending spirits are visible in the northern light; while the aspect of some benignant deity is revealed in the tranquil beauty of ocean, earth and sky. The world becomes a divided empire;—a battle-field for two great principles, of equal, but opposing power. A fearful barrier, indeed, it is, which these fears and speculations, ripened into prejudices, oppose to the progress of intellectual light. From their very nature, they become incorporated with religion, and debase it; even Christianity, pure, elevated, and powerful as it is, either bows before them, or is darkened by their influence. In Athens, they who undertake to explain the causes of lightning and thunder, become the enemies of the gods; Galileo is condemned in Rome, to one hundred and fifty repetitions of the seven penitential psalms. These prejudices, thus confirmed, pervert the natural tendencies of the mind, and convert ignorance into delusion; at first they are the offspring of error, then they become its cause, by the penalties which they denounce against all who deny them. Zoroaster was converted by them into a magician, Roger Bacon into an enemy of religion, and De Villa Nova was hurried to the stake. Is it wonderful, that the fetters of error should be so slow to fall, when such a price is to be paid for truth? Such are some of the causes of superstition; but there is another to which we have not yet adverted. It is the abuse of superior knowledge for the purposes of imposition. We cannot better explain this, than by using the illustration which Mr. Upham has afforded us.

'Let us suppose, for instance, that some person belonging to an ignorant and superstitious tribe, had received information through the channel of secret tradition, or had ascertained by a lucky conjecture, or by profound reflection and calculation, the very minute, or hour, or day, within which a solar eclipse would take place. How easy would it be for that person to induce the whole community to believe him to be in secret connexion with the higher powers, and to enjoy the confidential intercourse of the deities who rule the world! Let us suppose, that he gives out word in an oracular and mysterious manner, that in consequence of the unwillingness of the people to receive law from him as from their rightful sovereign, or their true prophet and priest, his friends and protectors, the higher powers, would, at a specified time, withdraw the light of the sun and leave them to dwell in a world of eternal night, or dissolve the system of the uni-

verse. His threat might not at first be regarded; perhaps it would be laughed to scorn. Many, however, would be in suspense, and wait in anxious doubt the approach of the day that was to determine its truth. On that day the sun would rise as bright, perhaps brighter than usual, it would mount through a clear sky with an undiminished and glowing radiance up toward the highest heaven. The whole people would watch its course with solicitous attention, and as it moved on steadily and triumphantly in its accustomed path, the belief that the prediction was about to prove false would gain strength in their minds. The pretended prophet would pass round them with a calm complacency of demeanor that indicated entire confidence, and a feeling of satisfaction in the doom that was about to fall on those who had denied his authority, derided his pretensions, and scorned his power.

'Soon, however, a change would begin to be discerned in the atmosphere, the gazers would exclaim, that the sun was dissolving, that its disk was breaking, and its whole face disappearing from the heavens. The terror and awe of the people would spread and deepen in every direction. The sun's rays would fall feeble and dim upon the earth; a tint of mingled blue and yellow would be spread over the fading, sickening, dying world; the darkness of a night, even more awful than that which closed the primal day of the first parents of the human family, would gradually settle upon the earth, and the stars would begin to beam in the sunless sky!

'The whole population, confounded, terrified, and driven to distraction, would rush in penitence and despair to the presence of their prophet; they would supplicate his forgiveness for their rebellious disregard of his authority and warnings, and would promise to honor, serve, revere, and obey him forever, if he would use his influence with the higher powers to procure their pardon, and to stay the progress of the dissolution and ruin that were coming upon the world. The dignified and apparently displeased impostor, after much affected reluctance, listens to the request, mutters forth some unintelligible sounds, goes through a solemn ceremony, looks up on high, waves his hand, and promises, upon the condition that they will acknowledge the divinity of his mission and yield entire obedience to him, that the sun shall be restored in the heavens. The grateful multitude await the fulfilment of the promise; and soon their eyes behold the glorious luminary re-appearing, the light of day is again diffused abroad, and the world goes on in its usual course. In this manner, was the confidence of the people secured and abused.'

Whenever we enumerate the causes of superstition, we suggest the remedy. It is almost superfluous to remark, that

it lies in the progress of reason and knowledge. The advancement of physical science destroys the thousand errors and delusions, which spring from ignorance of physical causes; since the days of Franklin, the veriest simplicity is in no danger of mistaking lightning for the exhibition of a malignant demon's influence; and a child may laugh at the grave pretensions of astrology. In the same proportion as this knowledge is diffused, is intellectual and moral science aided in its progress; each in its measure, promotes and cherishes the other; each and all carry on the great work of improvement, urging us onward to the attainment of the end of all true science, the elevation, if we may not say the perfection, of our nature. We conclude, with borrowing on this point the intelligent remarks of Dr. Thacher.

'The present is an era, pre-eminently distinguished for improvement in physical and moral philosophy; and forgetting the things that are behind, we are pressing forward in the race with rapid strides to the melioration of the condition of the physical and moral world. Had the stupendous works performed, and those contemplated at the present day, been predicted to our fathers in the seventeenth century, they would have trembled with alarm, lest their posterity were destined to form a league with the infernal powers. The paralyzing idea, that the present state of knowledge is as perfect as our nature will admit, should be utterly reprobated; for knowledge is eternally progressive; and we can have no claim to be estimated as the benefactors of posterity, unless by our own efforts and toils we add to the achievements of our ancestors.'

ART. X.—*Effects of Machinery.*

The Working Man's Companion, No. 1. *The Results of Machinery, being an Address to the Working Men of the United Kingdom.* pp. 216. American Edition. Philadelphia. 1831.

This little book was published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Its object is to convince the working men of the United Kingdom, of the folly and wickedness of attempting to arrest the progress of improvement, by the destruction of machinery. It is written in a plain, unadorned style, but it is replete with valuable facts,

and strong and persuasive reasoning. We commend the book to all croakers,—to all praisers of the past and revilers of the present time. We ask a careful perusal of it, of those venerable grand-mothers who see misery and ruin close at hand, because the sound of the spinning-wheel and the loom is no longer heard in all our farm-houses.

In the present article, we shall attempt an independent and somewhat enlarged discussion of the principal questions, presented in this work. We shall not confine our attention to 'cheap production and increased employment,' alone; but shall endeavor to trace the influence of machinery farther, in its effects on society. The question is, is this influence,—confessedly, and beyond calculation, vast,—good or evil? This has been said to be 'a far more difficult and complex question, than any that political economists have yet engaged with.' Its importance and interest are certainly not exceeded by its difficulty and complexity. The first arise from the intimate connexion of the influence of machinery with every other influence, that affects the social condition of man, and the last are shared by it in common with every other question, relating to matters yet imperfectly understood. It is embarrassed by being complicated with a number of considerations, not necessarily belonging to it, and because it requires, in those who would resolve it, a larger amount of contemporary information, than is generally, or can be easily, acquired.

We look upon the knowledge of the present circumstances of society, of the transactions of our own age and country, of modern science and modern art, as more important than any other. Yet it is precisely the sort of knowledge, of which, until very recently, we have had least. We would not be understood to undervalue any species of knowledge. Every kind of information is precious. We would only say, that that which instructs us, where we are, what we are, and how we are, has peculiar value. It is true, that to know the present, we must be, in some degree, acquainted with the past. To understand the result, we must have knowledge of the cause. To foresee consequences, it is necessary to know how consequences have been heretofore produced. What we complain of is, not that we know too much of what has been, but that we do not know enough of what is;—not that we are too familiar with the past, but that we are not familiar enough with the present. And we would go so far as to say, that, if any

part of knowledge were to be given up, it would be better to let alone the study of what happened before we were born, and the conjecture of what is to happen after we are dead, and confine our view within the horizon of our present existence. It was demanded of the Spartan king, 'what study is fittest for the boy?' His answer was, 'that of the science most useful to the man.' Utility measures the value of knowledge, as of every thing else; and surely, on the scale of utility, the knowledge of what is all around us, affecting us, physically, intellectually, and morally, in countless ways, ranks far higher than the knowledge of the circumstances of preceding generations.

It has not been the fact, however, that men have applied themselves to the study of their own times, with as much earnestness, as to the investigation of the records of the past. It has always been extremely difficult to obtain contemporary information of events. Intelligence has been transmitted from point to point very slowly. And when it has finally reached its destination, it has come in so questionable a shape, that its authenticity could by no means be relied on. The consequence has been, that men of learning and study have turned away from so unpromising a field of research. Almost all writers, except those whose business was politics, have occupied themselves in other tasks. It was a natural consequence, that science became speculative rather than practical. The object of study was rather to gratify the instinctive desire of knowledge, than to strike out a light to guide the conduct, or to discover the means of improving the condition of man. And thus men, instead of believing that they were intrusted by Providence with the care of their own fates, have been accustomed to think of themselves, as embarked, without a rudder, without a sail, without an oar, upon the stream of destiny, hurried on, they know not how, and destined to arrive, they know not whither.

But there is a better philosophy than this,—a philosophy that attributes more to men and less to circumstance. It teaches that knowledge is for use, and not for ostentation. It teaches that the great events, which crowd the historian's page, are beacons kindled by those who have gone before us, illumining the scene of present things, and dispelling, partially at least, the shadows, clouds, and darkness, that over-hang the future. Intelligence of recent events is now communicated with a degree of certainty and rapidity, utterly unknown hitherto. The best intellects are employed in the observation of the passing

pageant of existence. The importance of each occurrence is immediately ascertained; its proper place in the system of events is fixed, and the fact, with the reasoning that links it to the past and the future, is communicated to the public, through the periodical press. It is true that the fact is yet frequently mis-stated, and the reasoning about it often erroneous; but, on the whole, truth greatly prevails; and the present age is doubtless better acquainted with itself, than any which have preceded it.

Still, this acquaintance, this self-knowledge, an attainment, by the way, quite as important to nations as to individuals, is extremely imperfect and superficial. A reflecting man who looks around him, upon the countless agencies, operating with different degrees of energy, for good or for evil, upon the condition and character of men, wherever man exists, cannot help feeling how little is known of things as they are. What we hear about the age in which we live, is quite too vague and general, to satisfy a rational curiosity. We hear it called the age of improvement, the enlightened age, the age of practical benevolence. But we want a deeper and more extensive knowledge, than these epithets convey. We want something more, than a mere map of the surface of society. We want a deep, intimate, pervading knowledge of the circumstances of man's actual condition, and of the influences, whether friendly or adverse, which are acting on his character. Men are divided now into a far greater number of classes, than they have ever before been. We want to know why this is so. All the classes stand much more nearly on the same level, than formerly. Rulers are no longer more, and the ruled are no longer less, than men. The divisions now are not so much of high from low, as of equals from equals. This is a glorious change for the better. We want to understand its nature, cause and extent. But this understanding we have not yet fully attained. We are yet very far from having attained it. And it is this imperfection of our knowledge, rather than any inseparable obscurity belonging to them, that darkens so many questions of deep and vital importance. It is this that makes it so difficult, to point to the cause and effect of a contemporary event, and to decide upon the complexion and tendency of existing circumstances.

Of the questions, relating to the present interests and deeply affecting the present happiness of society, not one, probably,

gathers into itself a greater consequence, and certainly, not one ought to excite a livelier concern, than that which we now propose to discuss. This subject is intimately connected with the great topic of human progress. The experiment of machinery has multiplied relations to the condition and prospects of our race. It is a new and almost infinite power, brought to bear on the action of the social system. And, in proportion as it would be consoling and delightful to have reason to believe, that, under the influence of these new impulses, society is advancing and will continue to advance, with swift and constantly accelerating progress, towards the ultimate limits of human improvement; so would it be mortifying, and beyond expression painful, to be driven to acquiesce in the gloomy doctrine, which represents all these new and powerful agents as only working out for man, deeper and deeper wretchedness and degradation.

This question may be more advantageously discussed in our country, than in any other. The experiment of machinery may have a fairer trial here, than elsewhere. The natural course of industry is not obstructed here, in any great degree, by unwise legislation. The profits of labor are secured to the laborer. The burthens of taxation are light. The highest motives to exertion operate upon every man in the community. In short, a nearer approach has been made here, than any where else, to a government that protects all, and injures none; that leaves every one at full liberty to benefit himself, so far as it can be done without injury to others; that takes off every weight and fetter from individual energy, while it restrains all hurtful excesses, and restrains them rather by the fear of public opinion, than the fear of punishment. In such a state of society, every new impulse given to the public mind,—every new agent introduced to further the operations of labor,—exhibits at once its real character and tendency. In such a state of society, the moral action of machinery is not liable to what natural philosophers call the influence of disturbing forces. It operates without restraint, and produces its appropriate effects. It is not complicated with other influences. It has a simple unmodified action of its own, unaffected by the movements around it. Here, therefore, we may ascertain, with comparative facility, what this action is, and what are likely to be its results.

Some of our readers may be surprised, that so much import-

ance and difficulty should be ascribed to this question. They live in the midst of machinery. They see machinery at work on every side, abridging the processes of labor, and making the difficult easy. They are accustomed to regard this subjection of the powers of nature to the will and direction of man, as a splendid triumph of the intellect, and as altogether and unquestionably beneficial in all its tendencies. It is natural, therefore, that they should be astonished when it is made a question. It seems to them quite too plain a matter to admit of argument. But let these persons look abroad. There they will find men, and men too held in high repute for wisdom and honesty, who think and say, that, to those who depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread, or, in other words, to four fifths of almost every nation on the globe, the introduction of labor-saving machinery is a grievous curse. These men will bid them look for a commentary on the influence of machinery, to the condition of the English laborers. They will bid them to ask the half-clothed and half-fed workman, what is his opinion on this subject? They will say to them, 'Inquire of those distracted parents, why they deny food to their famishing offspring? Demand of the whole body of the working classes, what is the cause of this deep, wide-spread distress, which pervades the land like a pestilence, carrying dread to every bosom? Why is Government alarmed? Why is the Church directed to offer up supplications to Heaven, to avert from England the horrible calamities of intestine discord and war? A glance at the condition of the country will answer these questions. There are multitudes of workmen, who either have no employment at all, or labor for wages altogether inadequate to the necessities of existence. This want of employment, and these low wages, are occasioned by the introduction of machinery. The laborers have, of course, become uneasy and discontented. Their irrepressible discontent has at length broken out into open violence. They begin to destroy the machinery. The sure instinct of revenge directs them to the cause of their sufferings. But they do not stop here. They attack the property of their employers, or rather, as they think, their tyrants. Those conflagrations, converting midnight darkness into unnatural day, are their work. There is reason that Government should be alarmed. They are alarmed. They have made strong efforts to arrest the progress of disaffection. The iron arm of power has been stretched out to

punish the excesses of these wretched men. Nothing is pardoned to ignorance. Nothing is forgiven to misery. Many have been sentenced to transportation,—many to imprisonment,—many to death. Yet all this avails nothing. Disaffection and disquiet still spread and strengthen. No man is able to foresee what will be the end of these things. This,' these honest and intelligent persons will say, 'is in truth a terrible picture of present and impending calamity. But it is only a faint shadow of the real state of things. And if the vengeance of those unfortunate men be not mis-directed,—if, as we believe, machinery be the fruitful mother of all these woes, then, surely, its introduction into such general use cannot be too earnestly deplored.'

It requires no effort of the imagination to suppose this to be the present language of that numerous and highly respectable class of men, who think that the influence of machinery on society is evil and pernicious. There is, however, another class, equally numerous and respectable, who hold the contrary opinion. These persons ascribe the distress, that afflicts the laboring classes of England, and some other portions of Europe, to other and more deep-lying causes, than the introduction of machinery. 'The real springs of all these evils are to be sought for,' they say, 'in vicious political institutions, in unequal laws, and grinding taxation. These are the true fountains, which send forth poisonous and bitter waters. Machinery multiplies the comforts and conveniences of life. Is this an evil? Machinery lightens the burthens of labor. Is relief from the necessity of hard work, a grievance to the laboring classes? No doubt, like every other great power, machinery may be converted into an instrument of great oppression. But it is not such naturally. In itself it has been always, and, under well regulated Governments, it always will be a source of great good,—of good almost unmixed. The evils necessarily incident to its introduction, are slight, partial, and transient. They reach only the surface of society, affect but small portions of the community, and speedily pass away. The benefits arising from the same source, are substantial, universal, permanent. They are seen every where, felt every where, and must abide forever.'

Such is the conflict of opinions on this subject. Where there is so much disagreement, it becomes him, who would share in the discussion, to advance his sentiments with diffidence. We

do not dogmatize. We assume the attitude of inquirers, rather than of teachers. We shall be satisfied, though none should be convinced by our labors, if we induce any to examine the subject for themselves,—a subject, which it is important that every man in our community should thoroughly understand. It has not been much discussed, particularly in this country. The general sentiment is decidedly, so far as we have been able to ascertain it, in favor of machinery. A few apostles of the opposite doctrine have arisen here and there; but their converts have not been numerous. Recently, we have observed in some quarters, a disposition to make machinery bear the sins of the tariff; to establish the fact of a partnership between the two, and to make the former responsible for all the faults, real or imaginary, of the latter. We apprehend, that it would not be difficult to demonstrate the absurdity of this notion. We cannot, however, spare more space than is required for the simple statement, that it is groundless. And now, we shall let alone the opinions of others, and proceed to put our readers in possession of our own views on this important subject.

In the earliest ages of society, machinery was unknown. Man was created in a climate where the earth yielded bountifully at all seasons of the year, her productions for his use. Then, his only labor was to gather from Nature's abundant store, the supply of his present want. Afterwards, he began to cultivate the soil, and then, probably, some simple instrument of culture was invented. At a still later period, his Creator invested him with dominion over the life of living creatures; and, to enable himself to exercise this new authority, he invented, also, rude instruments of hunting and fishing. These are all arts of absolute necessity. Without them, man could not exist, except in the mildest climates, and there only in small numbers. Beyond these arts, a large proportion of the human race have made no great advances. The only additional skill, yet attained by many tribes of the human family,—the skill to make rude clothing and to build rude huts to protect them from the inclemency of the weather,—has been taught them by stern necessity. In their circumstances, each individual of the society must labor for his own subsistence, and all hope of intellectual or moral improvement seems entirely cut off.

From time to time, however, in different parts of the world, there have been communities, which have risen far above this condition. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece and Rome felt,

by turns, the genial influence of improvement. And it is worthy of remark, that, wherever, over the whole earth, the light of civilization has once dawned, some rays of that light linger yet,—the utter darkness of absolute barbarism has never returned. It cannot wholly return. The law of man's nature, impressed on him by his God, is onward progress; and let a nation but once rise into the light of civilization, and then, however low adverse circumstances may afterwards thrust them down, they will never sink into utter night, nor will they ever cease to strive to re-ascend to day. It is also worthy of remark, as illustrative of this law, that these nations made different degrees of progress, and that each advanced farther in improvement than the preceding. The light shone faintest, where it first dawned, on Assyria,—its brightest effulgence illuminated Rome. It was a progressive illumination,—faint and hardly perceptible at first,—then gradually receiving greater and greater accessions of splendor. Now, in our day, it has flashed out into a broad, bright, and glorious effulgence, encompassing and illuminating more than half the globe. But of this hereafter. Our present business is with the cause of all this. Civilization never takes place without the accumulation of the material products of labor. Different causes may produce this accumulation. The hand of violence may gather the spoils of rapine, and manual labor or mechanical contrivance may heap up the store of industry. The two first of these causes, but more particularly the first, procured an abundance of the necessaries and luxuries of life to the states of antiquity; and were, therefore, the principal agents in the work of civilizing those states. Mechanical contrivance exerted a similar, but, at first, almost imperceptible influence, increasing the stores of wealth, and thus helping forward the progress of civilization. The experiment of machinery, however, as a substitute for human labor, employed in producing and increasing the comforts of life, was never tried on a great scale by the nations of antiquity. That was reserved to be the distinction of modern times. The glory of compelling the powers of Nature into the service of man, was destined to grace our own age. And, as the spoils of these bloodless victories have been far greater than ancient conquest ever gained,—as the accumulation of wealth, by the new agents that have been employed in the task, has been far more rapid than was ever known in former times, through the instrumen-

tality of any agent whatever, so civilization has, in these latter days, spread far more widely, and penetrated much more deeply, than ever before; reaching, not one nation only, but many, and bestowing its invaluable benefits, not upon a favored portion merely, but upon the whole of society. We would not say, that machinery has been the only efficient agent of modern civilization. We do not so believe. There have been moral agents at work. They have effected much; but without the aid of machinery, they could not have effected much. What we claim for machinery is, that it is in modern times by far the most efficient physical cause of human improvement; that it does for civilization, what conquest and human labor formerly did, and accomplishes incalculably more than they accomplished. And how different are the characters of these three agents! War, the direst curse of humanity, must necessarily precede conquest; and the structure of civilization, reared by this agent, rises upon the spoil, the desolation, and the anguish of the vanquished. Human labor, when urged to excessive efforts, must necessarily, to a considerable extent, prevent intellectual and moral improvement. But machinery, doing the work, without feeling the wants of man; taking from none, yet giving to all, produces almost unmingled benefit, to an amount and extent, of which we have as yet, probably, but a very faint conception.

There are several objections to this general view of the effects of machinery, which we shall now examine. The first and principal one is, that all labor-saving inventions diminish the demand for human industry, and, consequently, deprive multitudes of laborers of employment. We meet this objection by denying the fact. It is not true, that the demand for human industry is diminished. It is not true, that multitudes of laborers are absolutely deprived of employment. It is true, however, that many laborers are sometimes compelled to change their employment, by the introduction of new and improved machinery into a branch of industry, where a great deal of human labor had been previously required. And it is true, that sometimes, while this change is in progress, a great deal of suffering is experienced. All this we shall attempt to explain.

The earth is the great primary source of the supply of human wants. It is the great laboratory, where the dust we tread upon is converted into life-sustaining nutriment. Whatever we eat, or drink, or wear, comes originally from her bosom.

In the earliest stages of society, as has been already said, men consume her productions in their simple state. The springs supply them with water to drink. They eat the fruits of the field, and clothe themselves with leaves and skins. In this savage state, each one supplies his own wants, and it takes all his time to do it. But, after a while, some one more lazy or more ingenious than the rest, discovers some method of lightening his individual labor. Then others imitate him;—and, in time, machines are invented, that seem likely to supersede the necessity of human labor altogether. This would, in fact, be the result, if, in this condition of things, men should consume no more of the products of industry than before; and, of course, a multitude who had been actively employed would be employed no longer. But such is not the fact. The cravings of desire are never satisfied. Extend the supply as you may, the wish for the enjoyments of life will still go beyond it, and will find its only limit in the means of gratification. The only effect, therefore, of increasing the productive energies of labor, by the introduction of machinery, is to distribute it into more numerous departments. A few years ago, those, who roamed through the regions in which we now dwell, exercised, all of them, the same employments. Each one performed his own labor. No one was, in any great degree, dependent on another. How different is the condition of things now! Hardly an individual, of the millions congregated here, produces, himself, the hundredth part of what is required for his own subsistence. The departments of industry are multiplied. The laborers in each are under a tacit obligation to contribute their proportion to the great fund of human subsistence and enjoyment. Each one works for all the rest, and all the rest work for him. In the savage state, all were hunters and fishers; now, some cultivate the ground, some construct machines, some make clothing, some build houses, some make laws, and some preach sermons. Each fills his appropriate place, the amount and the products of human industry are incalculably increased, and the action of the great social system goes on safely and harmoniously.

The effect of machinery upon labor may be illustrated by an example. We will take the printing-press. It is difficult to conceive what was the condition of society, when there was no printing. We can almost as easily imagine the condition of

the world, when there was no light. Yet we know that there was such a time. Then the copyist performed the printer's work. Books were published by copying them out with a pen. A considerable number of persons were employed in this business, and a considerable number more found employment in the preparation of the materials for copying. Books published in this way were, of course, very expensive. The whole annual income of a man in moderate circumstances would hardly buy a Bible. None but princes and very rich men could afford to purchase libraries. Hence, the demand for books was extremely limited, and the number of persons employed in furnishing them, must have been regulated by the state of the demand.

When the printing-press was introduced, an extensive change took place. Books were multiplied. The price fell. Readers became more numerous. The demand for information became more urgent. Knowledge began to diffuse her healing beams every where, and an impulse was given to society, that has ever since continued to grow in energy and power. But this is not the result,—though an important and a glorious one,—that claims our consideration now. What we would now press upon the attention of our readers, is the effect of this machinery upon human industry. Is there more or less of human labor employed in furnishing books, since the press has lent its mighty aid to the work, than before? Where was then one author, there are now, at least, one hundred. It has been calculated that in Germany, one out of every hundred of the whole population, is an author. Instead of a few hundred copyists, and a few hundred manufacturers of materials for copying, there are thousands and tens of thousands of persons, who obtain a living by making types, presses, and paper, by printing books, by binding them when they are printed, and by selling them when they are bound. It is no exaggeration to say, that this business employs many hundred times as much human labor, as it did before the printing-press was invented.

In this instance, then, the demand for human industry has not ceased nor diminished, but is greatly augmented in consequence of the introduction of machinery. Nor does it seem to be possible that any other effect than this can be produced, until every department of industry,—when industry shall have subdivided itself into the greatest possible number of de-

partments, whether moral, intellectual, or physical,—shall be overstocked, and every want of man more than supplied. This can happen only when man shall cease to improve;—a period, to which no philanthropist would wish to look forward.

But if this be so, some may urge, why is it that almost every where, when machinery has been introduced on a large scale, the working classes have uniformly evinced dissatisfaction and hostility? Why did they destroy the spinning-jennies in Normandy? Why are they now destroying the threshing machines in England? Why did the printers of Paris, after the recent revolution, go about destroying the steam-presses? Why did they petition the Legislature, that their use might be prohibited by law? The obvious answer to all questions of this sort is, that the working classes, especially of Europe, are not apt to distinguish between present inconvenience and permanent evil. They are not very far-sighted. They do see and feel the drenching and pelting storm; but they do not see, even in remote anticipation, the renovated beauty of nature, when the storm has gone by. No well-informed person ever denied, that the introduction of machinery may occasion temporary inconvenience. If a man, who has been accustomed to employ twenty workmen, procure a machine, which, with the aid of one, will do the work of the twenty, nineteen, of course, must be deprived of employment. When this takes place on a small scale, the inconvenience is not great. The little labor that is turned out of its accustomed channels, is almost immediately absorbed by other employments. Every trace and vestige of evil at once disappears. When, however, the experiment is made on a grander scale,—when a great number of machines, superseding the necessity of a vast quantity of human labor, are suddenly brought into use, the consequences are more serious. A multitude of laborers are, at once, thrown out of work. They find it difficult to obtain other employment, and in fact are, in some measure, unfitted for it by their previous occupations. They have no resources but their labor. Their daily wages supply their daily sustenance. Want of work instantly reduces them to beggary; and, sometimes, under these circumstances, their distress is great. The same effect is produced by over-production. A farmer may grow as much in one year, as he can dispose of in two. A manufacturer may, in like manner, have a superabundant stock of goods on his hands. Neither will be likely

to go on producing at the same rate as before. Some of their workmen must be discharged; and then the same consequences follow, as upon the introduction of labor-saving machines. These consequences will be imperceptible, if the over-production be slight and partial; but if it be great and general, they will be plainly seen and deeply felt. Sometimes both the causes we have mentioned concur. Machinery substitutes bodies of iron, with souls of steam, to do the work of living men; and the prospect of immense gain stimulates production to such an excess, that the markets of the whole world are glutted. This was the case with the cotton manufacture in 1825. Almost the whole of the machinery employed in this manufacture, has been invented within the last fifty years. When it had been introduced into general use, the same effects upon human labor followed, as in the case of the printing-press. The price of cotton fabrics was reduced. The demand for consumption increased, and the supply was extended to meet the demand. Some, who had been accustomed to spin and weave at home, lost their work; but a greater number found employment in the factories. On the whole, the number of persons employed in this business, instead of diminishing, considerably increased. The inventions of 1816 had a great effect upon this state of things. Among other improvements, the power-loom was introduced. Requiring only the superintendence of a single individual, it performed the labor of numbers. Then, to use the language of an English writer, 'on every hand the living artisan was driven from his work-shop, to make room for a speedier inanimate one. The shuttle dropped from the fingers of the weaver, and fell into iron fingers, that could ply it faster.' These improvements in machinery, of course, occasioned a good deal of inconvenience and distress among the workmen; and before these evils could be wholly cured by the natural operation of the causes which produced them, a heavier calamity was to happen. The manufacture, aided by the new inventions, went on with unabated,—with increased activity. The disproportion between the cost of production and the price of the manufactured article, gave immense profits. Millions were added to the millions already invested in the business. The production of the raw material kept pace with the extension of the manufacture. At length, the supply far exceeded the demand. The warehouses of the

world were filled. Prices suddenly fell to half of what they had been before. Multitudes were ruined. Thousands of families were reduced to beggary. Some manufacturers discharged a part of their workmen, while they retained the rest at reduced wages. Many ceased to struggle with the adverse torrent, and discharged all their hands, and shut up their factories. The distress that ensued may, perhaps, be imagined. We are not competent to describe it. To aid the conception of our readers, however, we will quote the language of one, who was an eye-witness of a scene of distress, occasioned by a similar, but slighter cause.

'Within a small distance of my house,' says this person, 'is a large manufactory, the machinery of which extends nearly half a mile. I passed by it one morning, after its operations were suspended, and was exceedingly affected by the sight. A little while before, it was all animation and industry, affording honorable means of livelihood to many thousands of my fellow-creatures. The silence that now pervaded it spoke more eloquently and impressively to my heart, than any language could possibly do; it was the silence of unmingled desolation. I visited a row of houses occupied by the workmen. The doors were used to be open, inviting the eye of the stranger to glance, as he went along, at their neatness, cleanliness, and felicity. Little groups of healthful children were accustomed to appear about the cottages, full of merriment and joy; and the inhabitants, strong and healthy, saluted you as they went by. But the scene was lamentably changed. The cottages were closed. The inhabitants could not bear to have it known that they were stripped of their little ornaments. No children played about the doors. The very plants that were trained up in their windows, had pined and died. One man only appeared, emaciated and ghastly, a frightful spectre, as if the sepulchre had sent forth its inhabitants, to fill with terror the abodes of the living.'

It is not at all wonderful, that distress so sore as this should drive men to do what afterwards they are sorry for. Extreme misery impairs the moral sense. The distinctions of right and wrong are apt to be obscured and lost sight of, in the tumult and tempest of passion. Resentment is almost always blind. Its violence generally expends itself on the apparent cause of injury; while it seldom reaches the real cause. It so happened in this case. The laboring classes cried out against machinery, and some statesmen, too, joined in the cry, when the principal source,—by far the most fruitful source,—of calamity,

was an imprudent and excessive production, stimulated by high prices. Even this, however, is but a transitory evil. The bright and cheering beams of prosperity are intercepted only by a temporary eclipse. They are not quenched. They are not extinguished. When production ceases to be profitable, a part of the industry employed in it will be withdrawn. When other employment is found for it, the distress will vanish. And this will take place in a longer or shorter time, according to the circumstances of the nation, and the amount of labor thrown out of employment. In our country, neither the introduction of machinery, nor over-production, can occasion any extensive or permanent evil. The demand for labor is so urgent, that no man need be long out of work. Whenever the current of industry receives a check in one direction, the overflowing waters will immediately find an outlet in another. If machinery bear a part in occasioning distress, it also helps to remove it. If over-production do not irritate the wound, it will soon heal. The man who employs a machine, produces as much as he who employs living workmen. If there be a difference of expense in favor of the machinery, the former will make larger profits than the latter. He will grow rich faster. But he will not put his riches into a strong box. He will surround himself with additional comforts. He will employ a school-master. He will patronize the printer. He will travel and become better acquainted with his race. And thus, while he makes himself a far more useful and valuable member of society than before, he gives employment, in one way and another, to quite as much human industry, as his machine deprived of employment. Thus, from the same cause that produced partial evil, flows also universal good. The amount of productive industry of every sort is, in the end, vastly increased. It has been estimated, that the people of the United States and Great Britain, aided by the improved machinery of the present day, do as much work as could be done by the whole population of the earth, without that aid. And it needs but a glance at the condition of the working classes, (an epithet, which we use for want of one more appropriate to our meaning,) in our country, to convince the candid, that its influence, so far as its ultimate effect on human industry is concerned, is altogether salutary and beneficial.

We have given quite as much attention to the argument

against machinery, derived from its effects on labor, as it deserves. It is the strongest and most striking argument that occurs to us on that side of the question, and we wished to state it as fully, fairly, and forcibly as we could. But after all, is it certain that machinery occasions any distress, greater than would have existed, had machinery never been invented? We speak now of that improved machinery, which has, within the last century, so changed the aspect of the civilized world. Before this era, in many countries, the most affluent hardly enjoyed more comforts, than the poorest do now. The poorest classes depended upon servile labor, or an unskilful cultivation of the soil, for a scanty subsistence. They were miserably fed, clothed, and lodged. If they did not feel the wretchedness of their condition so acutely, as men similarly situated would now, it was because none of their neighbors fared much better. They

> 'Saw no contiguous palace rear its head,
> To shame the meanness of their humble shed;
> No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
> To make them loathe their vegetable meal;
> But poor, and bred in ignorance and toil,
> Each wish contracting bound them to the soil.'

But their ignorance was all their bliss. If the thick gloom which involved them, were not a darkness that might be felt, it was because there was no neighboring land of Goshen, where there was light. And to us, their lot seems to be far more worthy of commiseration, because far less susceptible of improvement than that of those, who, at the present day, occasionally experience temporary inconvenience and suffering from want of employment.

The next objection to machinery is, that its tendency is to gather wealth into masses, and widen the distance between the rich and the poor. It is easy to see how this may be the fact in England, where the statute of descents transmits the possessions of the father, almost unimpaired, to the eldest son. The accumulated acquisitions of one generation are handed down to the next, almost unbroken. The eldest son of a rich man must himself be wealthy; and, if he conduct his affairs with prudence, will leave his own eldest son master of a large fortune. The law closes up many of the outlets, by which wealth would otherwise be distributed through the community, and gathers it into the hands of a few. Thus a new order of

nobility is created, who have been styled, not inappropriately, the lords of the spinning jenny. It is not machinery, therefore, that widens the distance between the rich and the poor, into an almost impassable gulf, but this law,—a law hardly to be vindicated upon principles of sound policy, under any circumstances, but pernicious and dangerous in the extreme, to a manufacturing and commercial community. In our country, we have no such law, and no such consequences have attended the introduction of machinery. If a rich man, in these States, invest a large fortune in fixed machinery, when he dies, it becomes the property of all his children. Death relaxes the grasp that held the mass of acquisition together, and the law does not put forth its stronger grasp to prevent its natural dissolution. On the contrary, the statute of distribution pulls down the pile of wealth, which the father's industry had accumulated, and divides it among his offspring. It can seldom happen, that there will be enough to make them all rich. The consequence is, that nearly all the individuals of each successive generation, start in the race of life from about the same point; and they are the most successful in that race, who are the most intelligent and the most industrious. It is thus plainly impossible, that, while this statute continues in force, machinery can enrich the few and impoverish the many. Almost all of us have an equal chance to be benefited by its introduction. A machine feels no partialities. It works for one just as vigorously and efficiently as for another. And if any man in this country have no direct interest in machinery, it is simply because he can employ his means more advantageously in some other way. In nearly every instance, where machinery is extensively employed, there is a joint-stock concern. The property is divided into shares, and these shares are held by various individuals. The workmen themselves, who are employed in the manufactory, may, and not unfrequently do, possess an interest in the establishment. It is then little less than absurd to say, that machinery accumulates for the rich alone, while it still farther impoverishes those who are already poor.

A far more serious objection than this remains to be considered. It is alleged, that machinery gathers men together in large masses, confines them in unhealthy apartments, ruins their health, contracts their minds, and depraves their morals; that its wages, like the wages of sin, is death,—moral, intellectual, physical death. This is true in part, and in part it

seems to us to be false. It is true, that modern machinery can hardly be used to advantage, especially for manufacturing purposes, without collecting together large numbers of workmen. But it is not true, that these workmen must inevitably be 'crowded in hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars by night;' that they must toil in unwholesome employments twelve hours a day, and frequently a much longer time; that they must live without decency, and die without hope; that they must sweat night and day, keeping up a perpetual oblation of body and soul, to the demons of gain, 'before furnaces which are never suffered to cool, and breathing in vapors which inevitably produce disease and death.' To all these charges, in behalf of machinery we plead not guilty. They are not true. If they were, well might the genius of humanity be represented as looking on with drooping wings, and a countenance of mingled pity and despair. There would be room for pity. There would be reason to despair. If we admit these allegations to be just, we are driven to the conviction, that the fabric of national greatness, power, and prosperity, however goodly it may seem in its outward show, is but a gorgeous sepulchre, in which are buried the intelligence, the virtue, and the freedom of the mass of the population; that national wealth and national misery go hand in hand, linked together by the strong compulsion of fate, in gloomy yet inseparable companionship. It were better that a nation should remain forever poor and barbarous. Better, far better, that society should make no progress, than that a few should advance and ascend, by treading on the necks of all the rest.

But it is not a necessary, nor a natural consequence of the introduction of machinery, that this state of things should exist. Wherever it does exist, there must be bad laws or a bad Government. We witness no such scenes in our country. The poet, who should search those districts of our country, where machinery is most extensively employed, for images of wretchedness and want, would return disappointed from his quest. The political economist, who should go there for facts to sustain the gloomy theory we have alluded to, would perhaps become a convert to the opposite opinion. There, beautiful villages spring up suddenly, as if the earth had been touched by an enchanter's wand. There, are large and commodious buildings, filled with active machinery, and with intel-

ligent and contented human beings. Around, are their neat and convenient dwellings. There are a few shops, to supply them with a number of little foreign luxuries, which they can well afford to buy; and a tavern, it may be, to furnish, not a resort for the idle and the dissipated, but rest and a temporary home to the weary traveller. There are the schools, in which the children and young persons are instructed how to act well their parts, as free citizens of a free republic. And there, last and best of all, is the church, where, on the sabbath, all, old and young, assemble reverently to worship God. This is no picture drawn from fancy. We have ourselves beheld the real scene, and can attest the verisimilitude of the sketch. And though, in the larger manufacturing towns and cities, a part of these advantages can hardly be enjoyed, yet we may safely appeal to the character and condition of our manufacturing population throughout the whole country, as a standing and unanswerable refutation of the objection, which we have been considering.

We have now done with objections, and will pass to other considerations. We will now say something of the more general effects of machinery; and first, of the vast accession which has been made to the productive energies of labor, and the consequent vast augmentation of the products of industry. The necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of life are now produced in unparalleled profusion. The effect of abundant supply is to make articles cheap. Every man can now provide for his wants, and the wants of those dependant on him, in a much easier way, and at a much cheaper rate, than ever before; and the happy consequences of this state of things are visible in the improved condition of all classes of civilized society. But it is not in this point of view, that we chiefly delight to contemplate the effects of machinery. Its influence on the physical condition of man is doubtless very great; but its influence on his intellectual condition is greater. Not only are men in general better fed, better clothed, and better lodged than formerly, but, what seems to us to be a matter of infinitely greater moment, they are far better taught than formerly. Machinery has released some from hand-work, who have applied themselves to head-work. Machinery has supplied them with the means of communicating the results of their industry to the world. Thought is no longer restricted to the narrow circle around the thinker. Machinery has furnished better methods

of sending it abroad, than speech. Art has been called in to assist nature. The speaker yields to the writer. The tongue is vanquished by the pen. No power can long preserve, or extensively diffuse spoken words, however eloquent. Write them out and give them to the printer, and if they are worthy of it, they will spread every where and live forever. Formerly, Cicero thundered in the Roman forum, in the midst of the proud monuments of his country's victories, and surrounded on all sides by the altars of his religion, to an audience, that shuddered, and kindled, and quailed, and burned, as he spoke. But when his oration was ended, it was forgotten by the multitude. Some burning thought might be stamped upon the memory. It might pass into a proverb, and be handed down by tradition. But that would not transmit his fame to future times. Had not Cicero written his orations, we should have known little more of him, than that he was a great orator, and that he lived and died in the latter ages of the Roman republic. He did write them, however; but even then, how limited was the circulation, which the copyist alone could give them!

Very different is the case now. A great orator rises in the British parliament. Every word, as it falls from his lips, is caught and written down. Early the next morning, the press gives wings to his thoughts, and sends them abroad, by the aid of the multiplied machinery of conveyance, to traverse regions, and to kindle minds, where Cicero did not even dream that it was possible for man to exist.* The epithet, 'winged words,' seems no longer Homeric, but familiar and common-place. In a month's time, they reach New York. In less than a fortnight more, they are descending the Ohio and the Mississippi. In the mean time, they have been passing across the channel, into France, Spain, and Germany, learning new languages as they rush along. They make the circuit of the world. They are heard in India, in Australia, and in the isles of the Pacific ocean. Thus a great thinker and speaker, without the press can do little, against it, nothing; but with its aid, he is like the sun,

* Tu enim quam celebritatem sermonis hominum, aut quam expetendam gloriam consequi potes? Vides habitari in terra raris et angustis in locis; et in ipsis quasi maculis, ubi habitatur, vastas solitudines interjectas; hosque, qui incolunt terram, interruptos ita esse, ut nihil inter ipsos ab aliis ad alios, manare possit. Num aut tuum aut cujusquam nostrum nomen, vel *Caucasum hunc*, quem cernis, transcendere potuit, vel *illum Gangem* transnatare? *Somnium Scipionis.*

light radiates from him in all directions, and diffuses itself through space. It may be said of him, without hyperbole, that his words go into all the world, carrying with them a momentous influence for evil or for good. By the side of this tremendous energy, every other power becomes insignificant. It proceeds from mind, and acts upon mind, and it is the chief glory of machinery, that it conveys its impulses to the remotest quarters of the globe. And this power is not conferred only on the great orator and statesman, who stands conspicuously out from the mass of his fellow-men. It is shared, in different degrees, by all who have thoroughly awakened their own immortal energies of mind and spirit. It may emanate from the closet of the poorest student, and be of force to revolutionize an empire. It has been truly, as well as forcibly said, by an illustrious man of our own age and nation, that 'one great and kindling thought, from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, illuminate and quicken all future generations.'

But not only has machinery set free from the necessity of labor, many to teach, but a far greater number to be taught. Let the machines, which now supply the wants of the nations, be destroyed, and it requires no prophetic skill to foresee, that, at the same time, the school-houses will be emptied. Let it be imagined, if any are able to imagine, that every machine, for the furtherance of the operations of labor, is destroyed, and that all memory of the mode of their construction is blotted from the mind, and then let us be told, whether we should not, almost at once, sink back into barbarism. Now, thousands are instructed, where one was formerly. Knowledge is diffused widely through all classes of society, and is yet to be diffused far more widely. An unprecedented demand for useful information is every where made. Through the instrumentality of the press, and the modern engines of swift conveyance, sympathies are established between individuals, and between communities of individuals, who entertain similar sentiments, though residing in opposite hemispheres. It is a remarkable illustration of this, that the friends of freedom and knowledge throughout the globe, seem now to constitute but one great party. Wherever a struggle is made for liberty, wherever a contest is begun with that worst of tyrants, ignorance,—that spot concentrates and fixes the attention of multi-

tudes in every civilized nation. Unnumbered minds watch the progress of the contest, with deep anxiety. Thus a universal public opinion is formed. This opinion has strength in its own nature. It is spiritual, wide-reaching, and mighty. It dethrones kings, it abrogates laws, it changes customs. It is stronger than armies. Barriers and *cordons* cannot shut it out. Fortresses and citadels are no defence against it. It spreads every where, and conquers wherever it spreads. God grant, that it may continue to spread and to conquer, till every throne of tyranny shall be overturned, and every altar of superstition broken down!

But the most wonderful consequence resulting from the introduction of machinery is, that it has, to all intents and purposes, greatly prolonged the term of human existence. This is not fancy, but fact; not imagination, but reality. Human life should be measured by deeds, rather than by years. He lives long, who accomplishes much; and he lives longer than other men, who accomplishes more than they. And how much more can he accomplish, whose active existence is but beginning now, than was performed, or could have been performed by one, who lived fifty years ago! The multiplied facilities of intercourse, and the cunningly abbreviated methods of doing every thing at the present day, have introduced extraordinary despatch into all the operations of life, and increased a hundred fold the active power of each individual. Whole communities feel the power of these strong exciting influences. Not only are more important and numerous private acts performed by individuals, than have ever before been done in the compass of one life, but public events, more astonishing and of greater consequence, than were wont to happen in former times in the course of centuries, are now crowded into the history of a single generation. And when we look around us, and behold these strong agents of improvement, acting, at the present moment, with greater energy than ever, and producing every day still more wonderful results, we confess, we are filled with astonishment and admiration. We do not claim, as we have already said, for machinery, the sole agency in producing these magnificent effects. We know that they are principally owing to the operation of moral causes. But we say, that it is machinery, which has removed obstructions out of the way of their action, and brought them into contact with the objects on which they are to act; and that, without the

aid of machinery, these causes, whatever inherent energy they might possess, could have produced little or no effect on the condition of society.

We have mentioned some of the general results, which machinery has contributed to produce. There is one particular consequence, that should never be forgotten when machinery is spoken of. It was the inventions of two mechanics, that carried England triumphantly through the contest with Napoleon. Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton, and Watt perfected the application of steam power to manufacturing purposes. These inventions conquered Bonaparte. They enabled Great Britain to manufacture for the world. Wealth flowed into her treasury in copious streams, from every quarter. With this wealth she maintained her own armies, and subsidized those of almost all the nations on the continent. She took the lead in the struggle that ensued, and maintained it, until the battle of Waterloo finally decided the fate of Napoleon and of Europe. These inventions made no great show. They attracted little of popular admiration. No laurels bound the brows of the inventors, though, in our esteem, they were far worthier of the laurel wreath, than the proudest conqueror that ever desolated the earth. Their names have not been blazoned in song. The historian honors them but with a cursory notice. Yet did these men, by their astonishing genius, confer on England power to control the issue of the most momentous and fearful struggle, that ever put in peril the best interests of man.

How does machinery produce these almost miraculous results? How long have these strong influences been acting on society? A few words by way of answer to these questions, shall conclude this article. We have already remarked, that the invention of some machines of a simple construction, is dated far back in remote antiquity; but these were all helps to individual labor, and are never thought of now, when machinery is named. Then, almost every thing was done by hand. Navigation clung timidly to the shore. Labor performed its task tediously and imperfectly. Knowledge was diffused in scanty measures and by tedious processes. Human improvement advanced, if indeed it did advance, imperceptibly. It is but recently, that any great change has taken place. The era of machinery may be said to have commenced within the last fifty years. Man has called upon the

unwearied powers of nature to bear his burdens, and they have obeyed the call. Whatever agency expands, contracts, impels, retards, uplifts, or depresses, is set at work. We confine elasticity in our watches, and bid it measure our time. With pulleys and levers, we compel gravitation to undo its own work. We arrest the water as it flows onward to the ocean. It must do so much spinning, so much weaving, or so much grinding, before it can be allowed to pass on. With the help of pumps and other machinery, we force the very atmosphere we live in, to raise our water from the wells and from the rivers, and to aid in an uncounted and countless variety of other operations. Last, and most wonderful of all, by the application of fire we transform water into that most potent of all agents, steam. Man, as it were, yokes the hostile elements of fire and water, and subjects them to his bidding. It is hardly a metaphor, to call steam the vital principle, the living soul of modern machinery. There is hardly any sort of work, in which this mighty agent may not be employed. It is equal to the vastest operations, and it will perform the most minute. It delves in the mines, it lifts the ore to the surface, and converts it into a thousand forms. It helps to make the engine, which it afterwards inhabits. It brings the cotton to the manufactory, picks it, cards it, spins it, weaves it, stamps it, and then distributes the fabrics for sale. It works on the land and on the water, on the rivers and on the seas. It is found on the Rhine and on the Danube, driving huge fabrics impetuously along through the echoing forests, and by the old castles of chivalrous ages, accustomed to behold far different scenes; and it performs on land the work of many thousand hands. It quickens the activity of commerce on the Indian seas, at the very moment when it is doing the same on the Mississippi and the Ohio. Invention seems to rest from the effort to discover new forces, and to bend all her energies to multiply the applications of this. Friction and gravity alone continue to oppose the dominion of steam over space. Numberless subtle contrivances have been resorted to, to evade the power of these stubborn antagonists of motion. Railways are constructed, stretching over mountains and plains, linking together and making near neighbors of distant territories. Long trains of cars, moving on wheels so peculiarly constructed, that their friction is scarcely perceptible, are placed on them. The horse is unharnessed. He is too slow and too weak to per-

form the required service. At command, the whole moves, hurrying on, under the strong impulse of an invisible power, with a velocity that defies description. The lover need no longer pray for wings to bear him through the air. A railway car will bear him swifter than the swiftest wing. The exclamation of the poet no longer startles us. His description of the physical achievements of man's 'genius, spirit, power,' are no longer extravagant. It falls far short of the reality.

'Look down on Earth!—What seest thou?—Wondrous things!
Terrestrial wonders that eclipse the skies!
What lengths of labored lands! What loaded seas!
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth or war!
Seas, winds and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and subserve his ends.
Nor can the eternal rocks his will withstand;
What levelled mountains! and what lifted vales!
High through mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basins, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms, channelled deep from shore to shore.
Earth's disembowelled! Measured are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! Vanquished Nature yields!
Her secrets are extorted! *Art* prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power!'

This was a just description when it was written; and it describes splendid triumphs of the intellect over matter. Let our readers add to it all the wonders which have been achieved by steam, and they will have a tolerably accurate idea of what the mechanical powers have done, and are doing for man.

We subjoin a striking passage from Cicero's eloquent treatise *De Natura Deorum*, descriptive of the extent of man's dominion over matter in his day, with the view of enabling our readers to compare the present with the former condition of our race in this respect.

'Jam vero operibus hominum, id est, manibus, cibi etiam varietas invenitur, et copia. Nam et agri multa ferunt manu quæsita, quæ vel statim consumantur, vel mandentur condita vetustati. Et præterea vescimur bestiis, et terrenis, et aquatilibus, et volatilibus, partim capiendo, partim alendo. Efficimus etiam domitu nostro quadrupedum vectiones: quorum celeritas, atque vis, nobis ipsis affert vim, et celeritatem. Nos onera quibusdam bestiis, nos juga imponimus; nos elephantorum acutissi-

mis sensibus, nos sagacitate canum, ad utilitatem nostram abutimur: nos e terræ cavernis ferrum elicimus, rem ad colendos agros necessariam: nos æris, argenti, auri venas, penitus abditas, invenimus, et ad usum aptas, et ad ornatum decoras: arborum autem consectione, omnique materia, et culta, et silvestri, partim ad calefaciendum corpus, igni abhibito, et ad mitigandum cibum utimur: partim ad ædificandum, ut tectis septi, frigora caloresque pellamus. Magnos vero usus affert ad navigia facienda, quorum cursibus suppeditantur omnes undique ad vitam copiæ; quasque res violentissimas natura genuit, earum moderationem nos soli habemus, maris, atque ventorum, propter nauticarum rerum scientiam: plurimisque maritimis rebus fruimur, atque utimur. Terrenorum item commodorum omnis est in homine dominatus. Nos campis, nos montibus fruimur: nostri sunt amnes, nostri lacus: nos fruges serimus, nos arbores: nos aquarum inductionibus terris fecunditatem damus; nos flumina arcemus, dirigimus, avertimus; nostris denique manibus in rerum natura quasi alteram naturam efficere conamur.'

ART. XI.—*Military Academy.*

Reports of the Boards of Visitors of the Military Academy at West Point, in June, 1830, *and June,* 1831.

Those who have been accustomed to observe the progress, and reflect upon the tendency of our institutions, have doubtless remarked the rapid progress of the Military Academy at West Point in the public estimation; nor can they have failed to notice the important position which it now occupies, among those objects that ought to be well understood by all who pretend to a knowledge of our national policy, and of the means by which that policy can best be cherished and sustained.

The comprehensive mind of Washington first suggested the necessity of an establishment, where a portion of our youth might be constantly employed in acquiring such fundamental principles of knowledge, as are generally esteemed indispensable for the attainment of much proficiency in the science of modern warfare. The views of Mr. Adams were in harmony with those of General Washington on this subject, but circumstances prevented their consummation during the administration of either; nor was this finally accomplished, until Mr. Jefferson was placed at the head of the Government. Under his fostering care, this noble seminary was first organized, though on a

plan differing considerably from the existing one, and much more limited in its objects and operations. Since its establishment, through the influence of various changes and modifications, introduced by Congress, and those who have the more immediate direction of its concerns, it has risen with a steady and rapid progress to its present flourishing condition. Until within the last few years, however, it has not much engaged the public attention; but the constant and zealous assiduity of those charged with its management, has now placed it on an eminence, where it must infallibly attract the public gaze, and receive decided condemnation or applause. We feel, however, very little apprehension for the result of this scrutiny; for the indications of warm approbation and cordial support have been so numerous and unequivocal, as to leave little doubt, that it will continue to be sustained and cherished by Government and the people.

But however great and obvious the utility of this establishment may appear to those who know it well, there are others, of great intelligence and respectability, who, from ignorance of its true character, regard its progress with an unfavorable eye. It is to such persons, that our observations will be chiefly addressed, while we endeavor briefly to examine a few of the principal objections that have been made to the Military Academy, and, if possible, to remove some of the obstructions, that tend to impede its progress in the public favor. We shall, also, in the course of our remarks, take occasion to refer to some leading points in the present system of instruction, and to suggest, for the consideration of those more immediately concerned, a few alterations, which appear to us to be necessary for the more complete attainment of the ends proposed by the friends and supporters of the institution. In performing this task, we propose, instead of making a separate statement of the objections which occur to us, and attempting to give to each a formal answer, to offer our ideas in a more general form; hoping, that we shall be able, in this manner, to give to every material point, a full and satisfactory examination.

The following extract from the Report of the Board of Visitors for 1830, explains the general objects of the West Point Academy.

'We consider, then, that this Academy is expected to furnish to the army a supply of efficient officers; to the militia, an intermixture of well trained citizens, qualified, on emergency, to dis-

cipline that last and best arm of republics; to internal improvement a corps of engineers, capable of giving wholesome direction to the spirit of enterprise which pervades our country. It ought to furnish science for exploring the hidden treasures of our mountains, and ameliorating the agriculture of our valleys; nor is it upon inert matter alone, that it ought to exercise a vivifying influence. Inheriting from our varied ancestry the discordant characteristics of every people on the globe, it yet remains to form a specific and all-pervading character for the American nation; nor do we conceive any surer method of stamping upon the yet glowing wax a more majestic form, than by sending into every district, young men, emphatically the children of our country, trained to the manly exercise of arms, and imbued with the tastes of science and literature; instructed in the principles and action of our political system, and the living exemplar, from which sound education may rear the social edifice.'

This, we think, is a tolerably fair statement of what is expected of our National Military School; and perhaps it will be well, in this place, to take a cursory view of the subjects embraced in its course of study, in order that we may ascertain how far these expectations will be likely to be realized.

The first year is devoted entirely to the French language and Mathematics, in each of which there is a daily recitation. During the second year, Mathematical studies are attended to every day, and French three times a week, the other days of each week being partially devoted to copying with crayon models of the human figure. The Mathematical and French courses are completed in the two first years. The Mathematical course consists of Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Descriptive Geometry, the principles of Shades and Shadows and Perspective, Analytical Geometry, Conic Sections, and the Integral and Differential Calculus. These subjects are all pursued assiduously, and to a considerable extent, and occupy about three fourths of the student's time for two years. Many are of opinion, that the Mathematical department is made to engage too much of the cadet's attention; and this opinion was adopted by the Board of Visitors for 1830, from whose report we extract the following paragraph.

'This, (Mathematics,) appears to us a pursuit of somewhat all-engrossing character. To a certain extent, Mathematics are indispensable, and must occupy much time; but, beyond that universal test, utility, we think they ought to give place to studies of equal importance.'

Whether this opinion is well founded, is perhaps questionable. Some portions of the Mathematical course are undoubtedly not very essential to a strictly military education, nor for those who are in pursuit of merely general knowledge; but to one who desires a full acquaintance with scientific subjects, the whole is not only useful, but indispensable. One object of the Military Academy, independently of the chief one, ought certainly to be the encouragement and promotion of what are commonly called the exact sciences; and there is no other institution in our country, where so thorough a foundation can be laid for the attainment of eminence in these departments of learning. If the value of this advantage be duly appreciated, may we not reasonably hope, that, hereafter, some Newton, Davy, or La Place,—some Franklin, Bowditch, or Fulton, will rise from this cradle of science to ameliorate and elevate the condition of man, and thereby repay to the country, with abundant interest, the small pittance it bestows? Considerations of this nature plead strongly in favor of continuing the present system; yet, on the whole, we think it may well be doubted, whether, while the term of study is limited to four years, some portion of the second year which is now given to Mathematics, might not, with more profit, be devoted to other pursuits. The Mathematical course might be considerably curtailed, and there would still be left enough to keep the advantages of this school far above those afforded by our colleges, and at the same time to comprehend every thing requisite for the education of a military man. One reason for introducing French into the course of studies, independently of the consideration, that every well-educated young man ought to be acquainted with that language, is to enable the cadets to read French works with facility, many of their text-books being the productions of French authors. It is, we believe, the universal opinion of scientific men, that French writers have been much more successful and happy in their investigations and explanations of the sciences generally, and of that of war in particular, than those of any other nation. It is both an evidence and an effect of this opinion, that a large portion of the works on scientific and military subjects, contained in the library at West Point, are the productions of French authors; and the cadets derive great benefit from this collection, by means of the explanations and

illustrations given by the professors, who are, of course, familiar with these authorities.

The third year is devoted to the various branches of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, and to the completion of the course of Drawing. The afternoons of about half of this year are employed in copying sketches of landscapes, etc. with the lead pencil, and the remainder in copying topographical drawings with the pen and hair-pencil. The Board of Visitors for 1831, in alluding to this subject in their Report, use the following language:

'In Drawing, the cadets of the second and third classes have made surprising progress. In topography, landscapes, and the delineation of the human figure, their performances are excellent, and in a high degree creditable to themselves and to the accomplished artist from whom they have received their instructions.'

The Board of Visitors for 1830, in reference to the same subject, say:

'An astonishing proficiency in Drawing, proves that no ordinary praise is due to that department; but its character is entirely civil, and confined to the imitation of pictures and models. Is it not essential that military surveyors should be accustomed to sketch nature readily and accurately?'

It should be observed, that three afternoons of each week in the second year, as well as all the afternoons during half of the third year, are employed in copying, with crayon and the lead pencil, from models of the human figure, landscapes, &c. The principal object of this is said to be, to prepare the student for entering with advantage upon the subject of topographical drawing; but we are inclined to doubt, whether enough is gained by this preparatory course, to compensate for the time consumed by it. If crayon-drawing, which engages so very large a portion of the cadet's attention, were dispensed with, and the time now devoted to pencil-drawing principally given to learning to sketch from nature, instead of copying from painted landscapes, we conceive that the cadets would acquire a more complete knowledge of topography, than they can be expected to obtain under the present arrangement; and the time devoted to crayon-drawing might, as it seems to us, be more profitably employed in attention to some other branch of study.

Topography is a highly useful part of a military education; and it is especially necessary that it should be well attended to

in this country, where few persons are now very conversant with the subject. But to be a good military topographer, supposes the ability to 'sketch nature readily and accurately;' and the neglect of this art at West Point is very justly criticised by the Board of Visitors for 1830.

Thus far, every thing is but preliminary. The main object of the institution is to qualify the pupil for the performance of all the duties of a military life; and by way of preparation, he is carefully disciplined in the various duties of a soldier and officer, from the handling of a musket, to the commanding of armies. The use of the various instruments of attack and defence; the construction of military works, both permanent and temporary, and the most approved methods of attacking and defending these works; the manner of conducting the marches of armies, and of disposing of the different arms, with a view to their mutual protection and assistance in cases of emergency; minor tactics, or the evolutions of troops, whether in small or large numbers; and the more complicated and exalted principles of grand tactics, or *strategy*, are each in turn carefully attended to, so far as theory and the lessons of experience extend.

Besides these military subjects, studies of a different nature are made to engage a large portion of the pupil's attention during the last year. Civil engineering, in its multifarious departments, viz. the construction of roads, canals, bridges, and rail-roads, together with the elements of carpentry and architecture, holds an important rank. As architecture is becoming daily more interesting to the public at large, its encouragement and advancement cannot be too strongly recommended. A deficiency of taste and information upon this subject is but too evident in many parts of our country; and any institution, which tends to diffuse the correct and chaste principles of this art, deserves to be cherished and encouraged. A fine collection of casts, representing the most celebrated buildings of antiquity, has recently been procured from France for the Military Academy; and there is every reason to hope, that it will tend materially to improve the department of architecture.

The studies that have now been enumerated, together with rhetoric and national and constitutional law, embrace the chief objects of attention at this institution. A cursory glance at this course of instruction will be sufficient to con-

vince the observer, that it comprehends much useful information. Yet there are many, who profess to believe the Academy not only useless, but absolutely injurious in its effect upon the public interests. They maintain, that genius and courage alone are enough to ensure distinction in the military profession. They say, that all our citizens are soldiers, and that competent officers can be selected from among them, whenever military services are necessary; and they, doubtless, honestly believe, that to become an able officer is not a very difficult matter. But, with due respect for the sincerity of these opinions, we must confess our preference for the doctrine of our illustrious Hamilton; who says, that 'war, like most other things, is a science to be acquired and perfected by diligence, by perseverance, by time and by practice.' These few words, coming as they do from a statesman of acknowledged genius and wisdom, are entitled to the most respectful and deliberate attention. That great man had investigated with the most keen and discerning scrutiny, the many and complicated causes of national grandeur and infirmity. He had especially weighed the mighty causes, which had elevated, sustained, and overthrown the various contrivances of men for self-government; and he was of the unqualified opinion, that a national military establishment was indispensable to our peace and security. The reasons which led him to this conclusion are, doubtless, familiar to most of our readers,* and still operate with undiminished influence. All, however, must acknowledge, that a military establishment without skilful officers, would be about as inefficient as powder and bullets without a gun, or a vessel without helm or compass. But how is this skill to be 'acquired and perfected?' Doubtless, 'by diligence, by perseverance, by time, and by practice.' These objectors should hesitate, before they destroy one of the most useful instruments by which this benefit is to be secured.

Such an instrument is the Military Academy. Before they attempt to subvert so noble an edifice, they should reflect, that it is not always wise to suffer speculation to prevail over experience. They should remember the consequences, which have heretofore resulted from the want of military science and skill, before they labor to expose us anew to similar evils. They ought not to forget, that nations, as well as individuals, are liable to be overwhelmed by adverse events, whose approaches

* See *Federalist*, Nos. 24 to 28.

cannot be foreseen, or guarded against by any sudden exertion of art or power; that a hitherto unknown responsibility rests upon the citizens of this republic, an obligation greater than ever was imposed upon any other political society; and that we ought, at least, to pause, before we divest ourselves of any of those securities, upon which the peace, the progress, and the stability of our institutions may depend.

One objection, which has frequently been urged against this institution is, that it is used as a mere engine of favoritism, for the benefit of the wealthy and influential; and many who highly approve the policy of maintaining a National Military School, are hostile to the existing one, in consequence of this supposed partiality in the appointment of cadets. Now, nothing can be more unjust or unsubstantial than this objection. It is unnecessary to waste words upon it, for the inspection of a single document will exhibit it in its true light, and prove it to be wholly groundless. Those who wish fully to satisfy themselves upon this point, can do so by referring to a paper published in the spring of 1830, by order of Congress, containing the names and parentage of all, who have ever been members of the Academy.

There are some who maintain, that the sons of rich men should be wholly excluded, and that those of the indigent only, who are destitute of the ordinary means of education, should be admitted into the Military Academy. They have evidently come to this conclusion, without sufficiently considering the effect of such an eleemosynary establishment. It would invest the indigent of the community exclusively, with the most unlimited power over liberty and property in times of danger; and, although, under such a system, there might be no want of fidelity and patriotism, is it probable that the same interest would be felt, either for, or by the army, or the same confidence inspired by it, as if the officers were taken indiscriminately from all classes of society? Certainly not. The spirit of our institutions is decidedly in favor of placing, as far as practicable, persons of all ranks in those stations which they are qualified to fill. In this way, only, can we provide for the preservation of republican principles, and the stability and harmony of the Union. If none but the sons of the wealthy and influential were appointed cadets, we should be among the first to object to such partiality: if none but the sons of the poor and obscure, we should be just as ready to enter our

protest against it. But we are persuaded, that neither principle prevails in their selection, and think that a moment's attention to the rules of appointment will convince the reader, that our opinion is well founded. The number of cadets is limited by law to two hundred and sixty; and every State is entitled to have one cadet always at the Academy, from each of its congressional districts. The aggregate of the quotas of the several States being but two hundred and thirteen, there remain more than forty vacancies, which are usually filled by young gentlemen from the territories and District of Columbia; by sons of officers of the army and navy; and other persons selected by the President and Secretary of War. The most fastidious could hardly imagine a more equitable method of selection; but as there are always many more applicants than vacancies, it of necessity follows, that where one is gratified, several are disappointed. The Secretary of War has doubtless a delicate and sometimes exceedingly unpleasant duty to discharge, in making a selection from the multitude of candidates. As a general rule, however, it is believed that he is governed by the wishes of the representatives in Congress from the particular State, to which the applicant belongs. This system of appointment is as free from objection as any that could be adopted, and ought to give universal satisfaction. It is, indeed, sometimes made a subject of complaint, that citizens are precluded, under the present system, from receiving commissions in the army; but we trust that enough has already been said, to show that a preparatory course of study, such as citizens have not generally an opportunity of pursuing, is indispensable; and as, moreover, the cadets who are sent to West Point are selected according to an equitable rule from the mass of citizens, we are at a loss to perceive, why this is not in fact a virtual compliance with the principle in question.

We come now to the consideration of another objection; which is, that young men, after having been educated at the national expense, often resign their commissions in the army. Those who make this objection contend, that no one should be admitted to the Academy, who does not intend permanently to pursue the military profession. This we cannot admit. We are persuaded, that it would be very advantageous to the country to educate even a considerably larger number than is required by the immediate necessities of the army, and not only to permit those who choose to resign, but

even to refuse to commission any more of the graduates than the service absolutely demands, leaving the remainder to pursue whatever calling suits them best. Suppose, for example, that fifty should be graduated annually, and only twenty be required for the army. We would retain twenty in the service, and discharge the others. We would not, however, as a matter of course, retain the *first twenty* of each class, as they are arranged at the Academy according to their comparative proficiency; but we would have each State and territory proportionately represented; and this proportionate representation might be secured by the observance of the following rules.—Let one be commissioned from each of the twenty largest States, provided the graduating class contains one from each of those States, who is desirous of entering the army; but if not, then let the selection be made from other States in succession. If several from the same State should be candidates for a commission, let it be given to him who is most distinguished as a scholar. When it becomes necessary to commission twenty more, let them be selected according to the same rule, from the remaining States, the District of Columbia, and the territories. Let this principle be observed from year to year, extending equal privileges to every State. When a number shall have been commissioned from any State, equal to the number of its representatives in Congress, let the graduates belonging to that State be precluded from receiving commissions, till all the other States and territories are represented in the same ratio. As the army has now its full complement of officers, it becomes a matter of some importance to determine what disposition shall hereafter be made of the graduates of the Military Academy, or what modification of that institution circumstances may render it necessary to adopt. Either the number of cadets must be very much reduced, or provision must be made for an increase of the army, or some arrangement like the one here proposed must be adopted. After much reflection upon the subject, we do not hesitate to express the opinion, that a reduction of the number of cadets would be extremely injudicious. There are on an average about forty who annually leave the Academy; and if the system should be adopted, of commissioning each year as many as are required for the immediate necessities of the service, and of discharging the others, after having given them diplomas as testimonials of their character and standing,

we doubt not, that the individuals thus discharged would do vastly more to advance the real objects of the Military School, than they could possibly do by being retained in the service. They would enter upon civil life, not only well qualified for its ordinary pursuits, but with the possession of that military knowledge, which it is the purpose of the National Academy to disseminate. In a few years there would be several of these graduates in every State, who would aid greatly in establishing a uniform system of discipline throughout the militia of the different parts of the country. If so desirable a result could be obtained so easily, we should have abundant cause to rejoice. The present militia system is generally allowed to be a very defective one. As respects discipline, or any important knowledge of military matters, they are wholly out of the question, and must ever remain so, as long as the subject excites so little attention. One valuable end, and only one, is now attained, that of ascertaining the effective numbers of armed men in the country. But this might be done at a vastly less expense of time, money, industry, and morals. Relying as we now do upon the militia as our chief security against foreign invasion and domestic convulsions, it behoves every one to lend his zealous efforts to raise it from its present comparatively impotent condition, and to give it an efficient and useful organization. The necessity of some change is apparent to all; but the difficulty is, to ascertain the means, by which it may best be accomplished. It is much to be regretted, that, although the subject has been earnestly recommended to the attention of Congress, that body has not yet given to it the consideration, which its importance obviously demands. It is only by means of officers instructed in military affairs, that we can ever hope to reduce to any thing like discipline, the present unwieldy mass of our militia; but with the assistance of such officers, large levies of recruits might in a little time be prepared for efficient service in the field.

Every one is aware of the importance of military science in the conduct of warlike operations; and the cultivation of that science is, as we have already remarked, the prominent object of the West Point Academy. With the assistance which the graduates would be capable of rendering, might we not reasonably hope, that in a few years, with a moderate degree of attention to the subject, the officers of the militia throughout the country would become familiar with a uniform system of

tactics, which would always enable them, in cases of emergency, to act effectively together? In this way, raw troops might soon be disciplined, and an army of efficient men brought into the field in a far shorter time, than can possibly be hoped for now. Unless some measures are soon adopted to give more vigor to our militia, it will become necessary to increase to a considerable extent the force of our regular army, or we may be destined again to hear of those scenes of desolation and horror, that have so recently spread sorrow and dismay through a portion of our land.

Our regular military force is, and has for some years been, reduced to the smallest possible limit. It is but a mere fragment, scattered in small detachments over an immense frontier; and has hitherto been found scarcely sufficient to preserve our munitions, and impose a salutary check upon the numerous tribes of Indians on our Western borders. A large standing army has no advocates among us, and is wholly adverse to the spirit of our Government and to public sentiment. But it would be equally adverse to the dictates of justice and humanity, so to curtail its limits, as to leave it entirely inadequate to the performance of its duties. Whether the symptoms of disaffection that have at various times appeared among our black and red inhabitants, or whether the rapid augmentation of our wealth and population, and the consequent increase of the number of important military positions, require or would justify an increase of our army, are questions, which do not properly fall within the immediate purpose of this article; and we leave them to the consideration of our statesmen and legislators.

We trust that enough has already been said to prove the great utility of the West Point Academy, in the education of officers suitable for the army, and in disseminating correct military information through the country. It has also, we hope, been made to appear, that the sciences and arts are likely to be advanced in time by the same means. We now ask the attention of the reader to another of the benefits, which the public will derive from this Academy. We mean the aid which it gives, in perfecting the system of internal improvements. The extensive works in progress or in contemplation in various parts of our country, require a far greater number of skilful civil engineers, than can now be readily obtained. This demand will continue to increase for many years to come; and there is no school in the country, where the knowledge

necessary to satisfy it can be acquired so well, as at this institution.

It is well known, that a number of gentlemen, distinguished for political and scientific attainments, are annually invited to attend the public examination at West Point, and to make a detailed report of their impressions concerning the institution, to the Secretary of War; and the opinions of these visitors, for the last few years, as exhibited by their reports, bear the most ample testimony to its utility and excellence. The reports of the Boards of Visitors for 1830 and 1831, are full of almost unqualified encomium; and the other reports, for several years past, are scarcely less favorable. What higher or more honorable evidence in its favor, can be expected or desired? And yet, we regret to see, that there are those, who would impair its usefulness, by detracting from its well earned fame. Of this class is the author of a pamphlet, published at Washington, in the winter of 1829—1830, under the signature of 'Americanus.' This writer altogether denies the utility of the Academy, as it is now conducted; condemns the course of those intrusted with its management; and pronounces the education given to its graduates wholly unsuited to the ends proposed. His pamphlet is strongly tinctured with prejudice; his assertions are, in many instances, notoriously unfounded; and his reflections upon particular individuals, are rather too indicative of disappointed ambition and personal resentment. The candid reader, in comparing the assertions of 'Americanus' with the language of the reports above alluded to, will doubtless form a fair estimate of the merits and justice of the former; and we take our leave of him, with a simple expression of our regret, that his eagerness to gratify any personal feelings should have hurried him so far beyond the limits of prudence and propriety.

Those who have never visited this school, can form only an inadequate idea of the manner in which it is conducted; but of the multitudes who have, few, we are persuaded, have ever left it with other than friendly feelings. It has often happened, that persons going there with strong prejudices against it, have found reason to alter their opinions, and have frankly acknowledged their previous misconception of its character. There, assembled on terms of the most perfect equality, is a large number of young men, from every quarter of the country, and from all classes of society. Wealth, so often in other stations the

criterion of worth, is there deprived of its baneful influence over the youthful mind; which, animated by a salutary discipline, strives with generous and ardent emulation for a nobler prize. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, are clad with the same garments, fed at the same board, and subjected to the same discipline. Artificial distinction, with its unsubstantial appendages, avails nothing in the contest for intellectual superiority. We doubt whether our boasted principle of equality is any where more completely exemplified or more carefully cherished; the only aristocracy which is known there, is that of intellect and character; and honors are awarded only, where the title to them has been fairly earned by diligence and merit. Such a system of instruction forcibly teaches the young mind, that intellectual wealth has no exclusive proprietors; and that men's deserts are to be measured, not by gold and genealogy, but by genius and moral worth. By the free and familiar association of persons from every portion of our country, the asperities of sectional jealousy are smoothed away. It is, indeed, no rare occurrence, for young men, whose homes are most widely separated, to contract at this school attachments of the warmest and most enduring character. It is situated, as is well known, on one of the most romantic spots on the banks of the beautiful Hudson; and its seclusion, together with the wholesome effects of rigid but well regulated discipline, combine to render it almost unrivalled, as a place for study and improvement. Whatever is most conducive to corporeal vigor and elasticity of mind; whatever is calculated to create or cultivate independence and decision of character; and whatever has a tendency to nourish noble and generous sentiments, are concentrated in this lovely region. We may not immediately experience all the benefits of this admirable school, but time will continue to develope them more and more. Its interests, in the mean time, ought to be guarded with careful solicitude, especially from the assaults of ignorance and malignity.

We are bound to express our conviction, however, that although much which is highly useful is now undoubtedly acquired by the pupil, much more is requisite to give a proper finish to his elementary attainments. To become an accomplished officer of either the army or navy, requires not only minute professional skill, but an acquaintance with all subjects commonly embraced in a polite education. It is the duty of

those who have the direction of early studies, to point out with careful and considerate attention, all the paths that lead to excellence; but he who wins the prize, must be indebted for success to his own diligent and judicious exertions. At West Point, the youthful mind, untaught by experience, and in a great measure excluded from the beneficial influence of an association with those of more advanced age and experience, does not readily appreciate the value of that general information, which is deemed of the first importance in all refined society; and in consequence of this, it too often happens, that graduates, who have entered the Academy at an early age, find themselves, on mingling with the world, greatly deficient in much of that knowledge which ought to be deemed indispensable in every *élève* of our national seminary. Our impression may be erroneous; we hope it is so; but if it be well founded, the fault is not so much with the pupil, as with those who have the charge of his instruction. Perhaps the term of four years is not enough to accomplish all that is desirable; and if it is not, the period of study should be extended so far, as to give the students time enough to attend to the outlines at least, of civil, natural, and military history, and the elements of geography, political economy, and literature in general; all of which are now almost wholly if not entirely neglected. Some knowledge of these subjects is certainly indispensable to a finished education. Any considerable progress in them can only be effected by time and continued exertion; but the outlines of each and their general utility, should be pointed out and illustrated, in every well regulated system of instruction. History is a subject of far greater importance in this view, than is apt to be supposed by the superficial thinker. To the military man, it is of the last importance. Bolingbroke, in drawing a parallel between Lucullus and Marlborough, makes the following forcible remarks:

'The Roman had on his side, genius and experience, cultivated by study; the Briton had genius improved by experience, and no more. The first, therefore, is not an example of what study can do alone; but the latter is an example of what genius and experience can do without study. They can do much, to be sure, when the first is given in a superior degree; but such examples are very rare; and when they happen, it will be still true, that they would have had fewer blemishes, and would have come nearer to the perfection of private and public virtue, in all the

arts of peace and achievements of war, if the views of such men had been enlarged, and their sentiments ennobled, by acquiring that cast of thought, and that temper of mind, which will grow up and become habitual in every man, who applies himself early to the study of history, as to the study of philosophy, with the intention of being wiser and better, without the affectation of being more learned.'

Why then, is the study of history totally neglected at a school, where the professed object is to render the pupils accomplished military men? Were the term of study at West Point made five, instead of four years, there would be time enough to attend to all the subjects that we have mentioned, and perhaps to other useful ones, that now receive no attention.

It appears to us, that it would be a decided improvement in the present system, to introduce to a considerable extent, the exegetical method of instruction, especially if those subjects to which we have referred, should be added to the list of studies. The exegetical, if judiciously combined with the existing method, would probably render the system of instruction at West Point much more thorough, than that of any of our other institutions.

As this Academy is a national institution, and one, respecting which considerable interest is beginning to be felt, we should, perhaps, be justified, in laying before the public a much more minute account of its affairs, than we have here attempted; but we trust that what we have said is sufficient to show that its defects, when contrasted with its merits, are but as the glimmering of a taper to the brightness of the sun. In comparing its present condition with its situation ten or twelve years since, we are forcibly impressed with the rapid improvement that has already been made. Our observations upon it have been rapid and general, being only intended as a hasty commentary on the existing organization of a noble institution, which, we believe, we shall ere long behold complete in majesty and strength; and we hope that the time is not far distant, when it will become a model to all others of a similar character, and an imperishable monument of the wisdom of its founders.

ART. XII.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

Encyclopædia Americana. A Popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, Politics and Biography, brought down to the present time; including a copious Collection of Original Articles in American Biography; on the basis of the seventh Edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by FRANCIS LIEBER, assisted by E. WIGGLESWORTH and T. G. BRADFORD. Philadelphia. 1829—1831.

This work, which has now proceeded as far as the seventh volume, deserves to be recommended to the great body of our people, as a library of itself;—cheap, comprehensive, exceedingly well executed, and of the highest authority. The German Conversations-Lexicon, which is properly acknowledged to be the basis of the Encyclopædia Americana, is in fact nothing more: a large part of the superstructure, which is made up of biography, politics, and history, having been added here; while even the basis, which contained much that was originally important, but owing to the progress of time, materially diminished in value, has been greatly improved both here and abroad, by the substitution of new and better materials. The articles on the subject of English and American law are entirely new; and, with the treatises in the original on Roman, German and French law, render the work very complete for the historical, and of great use to the professional lawyer. Some articles, those, for example, on the subjects of Zoology, Mineralogy and Chemistry, have been altogether re-written; while others, including the departments of Political Economy and Geography, have been greatly enlarged. Add to this, that the subject of American Biography is wholly new; and those who are acquainted with the original German work will at once perceive the nature, scope and value of the Encyclopædia Americana.

For the information of those who may not be acquainted with the Conversations-Lexicon of Germany, either directly, or through any of its numerous translations, it may be proper very briefly to state a few facts in regard to its origin, history and success, which we have borrowed from the preface to the work before us. The *Allgemeine deutsche Real-Encyklopedie für die gebildeten Stände* originated with Mr. Brockhaus, an

eminent bookseller of Leipsic, who was its publisher and principal editor. He called it the Conversations-Lexicon, as being a work chiefly designed for the use of persons, who would take a part in the conversation and society of well-informed circles. The character of the work, however, has been to a certain degree changed by numerous improvements, in each successive edition; and its original title has therefore ceased to be strictly appropriate. But as the book had become known, and had gained its well deserved popularity under that name, it was thought inexpedient to change the title.

The value attached to this undertaking of Mr. Brockhaus is evident from the fact, that about eighty thousand copies of the work, now consisting of twelve volumes, have been published since 1812; besides which, two pirated editions have appeared in Germany. There have been, moreover, Danish, Swedish and Dutch translations of it; and a French one is in progress at Brussels. More than two hundred contributors are enumerated in the preface, most of whom are distinguished not only at home but abroad, while many of them are recognised throughout the scientific and literary world, as among the most eminent men of the age.

'In presenting this work to the public in the English language,' says Dr. Lieber, 'my intention has been, by making such changes and additions as the circumstances of this country required, to render it as useful and acceptable to the general reader here, as the original is in Germany; and I have cherished the hope, that the circumstance of its being an *American* Encyclopædia, not merely in name, but as constituting an extensive repository of information relating to America, as well as to the various branches of general knowledge, would give it a peculiar value with that great European nation, whose language and literature are the common property of themselves and their descendants in the United States.

'In the title-page, this work is stated to be formed upon the basis of the German *Conversation-Lexicon:* and if the reader will compare it with the original, and consider the numerous additions and corrections which have been made, I hope he will not find cause to charge this title with being too pretending. My idea of a good American Encyclopædia has been, that it should contain, besides the most valuable portions of the English Encyclopædias, and the topics of peculiar value to an American reader, information upon all subjects of general interest on the continent of Europe.'

It will be conceded by all, who have bestowed any serious attention upon the subject, that, however numerous may be the Encyclopædias that have hitherto appeared in our language, there is no one, which fully corresponds with this in its principal characteristics, or is at all likely to interfere with it, if this prove what it is designed to be,—a compilation adapted to the use of our country and people, as well as of those abroad, whoever they may be, that speak the same language, and feel interested in the growth of their own distinguishing usages and institutions, though transplanted into another hemisphere. It may be admitted also, that such a work is needed here, and that, if well executed, and placed within the reach of those, who, without the ability to procure large libraries, and without leisure to use, if they had them, are nevertheless able to expend something every year in the purchase of books, and sufficiently inquisitive in regard to the subjects which occur in the course of their general reading, to desire a more extensive, if not a complete knowledge of them. Our citizens, with their abundant leisure, their multitude of newspapers, and their opportunities for acquiring elementary knowledge, appear in fact, to require some such work, more than almost any other people; not excepting the thinking, studious, indefatigable German; nor the shrewd Scot, whose prevailing character is in nothing more evident, than in his efforts to add strength to his understanding; nor the sprightly Frenchman, who is hardly ever so illiterate, as to be ignorant of the principal writers of his own country. A work, which occupies a sort of middle place between our newspapers and our libraries, being more deliberately prepared than the former, and less expensive and more easily mastered than the latter; avoiding the disadvantages, and uniting the benefits of both, at least with most readers, who require summaries and works of reference, rather than voluminous treatises upon the subjects in which they are interested, would appear to be singularly well fitted to our wants and wishes. This is what the editors of the Encyclopædia Americana have attempted to prepare. That there is nothing of this sort within the reach of our people now, may be proved by referring to the Encyclopædias now in use; all of which are too expensive, too bulky, and too learned, or in other respects ill adapted to the use of the many. If we turn to Chambers's Cyclopædia, or the Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, which has already passed through several editions; to the Encyclopædia

of Rees, which was re-published in this country, at a very low price, but was disposed of by lottery at last, in consequence of the magnitude and difficulty of the enterprise; to the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*, of which six editions have already appeared, and the seventh is in the course of preparation, containing at different times from ten to twenty volumes, with a supplement of six volumes by Napier; to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, re-published in Philadelphia, which must consist, when completed, of hardly less than forty volumes; to the *Encyclopædia Londinensis;* to the *Encyclopædia Edinensis;* to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, to consist of twenty-five volumes quarto; and to many more in all the languages of Europe:—or if we run over the list contained in the work before us, we shall be satisfied, that such works are required for the general reader, as well as for those who have libraries, and leisure to enjoy them; and that there is not, as we have already said, one in existence, adapted to the wants of our people. On reviewing the works mentioned above, no one appears to be so well fitted for our purposes, taking all circumstances into consideration, as the German Conversations-Lexicon would be, if translated for us; any improvement, therefore, upon it, would be entirely decisive in its favor. There can be little doubt, that it fully deserves the reputation it enjoys. A work, which has passed through so many editions at home, and has been translated into so many languages abroad, must be,—it cannot be otherwise,—of great value, not only in the country in which it first appeared, but in every other, where it has been allowed to re-appear. Men do not enter into such expensive undertakings without deliberation. They are unlike all others; and they cannot continue, year after year, unless they have something else to depend upon, than merely popular favor. Perhaps two hundred thousand copies of the original work have been distributed through Europe, in different languages, since its publication in 1812; while probably not more than twenty-five thousand copies of the Library of Useful Knowledge have been disposed of. This fact alone is sufficient to convince us, that this age has produced nothing better fitted to the wants of society at large; to the necessities rather; for its circulation could not have been so extended, unless it had been regarded almost as a necessary of life.

One word in regard to the mechanical execution and price of the Encyclopædia Americana; for whatever might be its

scientific or literary value, if it were badly printed, or expensive, it would be hardly suitable for us. The price of the whole work is thirty dollars, or two dollars and a half a volume. There are to be twelve volumes, seven of which are already published, each containing between six and seven hundred pages octavo. Owing to the dimensions of the paper, and the mode of printing, they contain as much as three or four English octavos of a similar quality, of which the price would be twelve shillings sterling; so that the whole work will contain as much matter as from thirty-six to forty-eight English octavos, which would cost in this country nearly one hundred and fifty dollars. Nor should it be forgotten, that there are in each volume about fifteen hundred articles, together with a general index. Here then, are nearly twenty thousand articles, —abridged treatises,—upon every subject of inquiry to which the well informed or the ill informed can possibly have occasion to refer; and to be purchased at such a price, that few indeed, in our country, can have the wish, without the means of obtaining the publication which contains them. Six cents a week, laid aside for ten years,—or two dollars and fifty cents a year,—will furnish every individual with a library of his own. Subscribers are found in every part of our country, for the Library of Useful Knowledge, and other cheap publications; and the case will be the same, when the work is properly understood, with the Encyclopædia Americana.

The alterations, omissions, and additions, made by Dr. Lieber, and the gentlemen associated with him, are, as they were designed to be, great improvements upon the original work, so far at least as relates to this country. What interest, for example, is felt here, on the subject of Heraldry, which occupies so large a portion of English Encyclopædias? Occasionally, perhaps, when reading a novel of Sir Walter Scott, or examining a Liverpool coat-of-arms burnt into opaque china, we might wish for something in the shape of a dictionary, to enable us to look into its mysteries; but there are few, indeed, who would care to purchase or possess a work upon the subject. Of course, the place usually occupied by Heraldry, in our Encyclopædias, may be surrendered to something better, in a work which is designed for all classes; and the editors have done wisely, in excluding it from this. It is another material improvement, that they have gone very largely into the

subjects of American law, the natural sciences, political economy, American history, and American biography ;—subjects of vast importance to ourselves, and to those who are to tread in our footsteps, and inherit our libraries. On the two last, particularly, nothing sufficiently clear, condensed, and satisfactory, is to be found elsewhere. We have Delaplaine's Repository, and Sandford's Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, together with a few volumes, and only a few, of unconnected individual biography ; and in the department of history, we have, perhaps, a hundred volumes, purporting to be histories of these States, many of which are well executed ; but we had before no epitome,—no abridgment,—no map of the whole, to which any one may instantly refer, without resorting to a capacious library.

The article, *Statistics of Crime*, may also be mentioned as a particularly valuable paper. We know nothing of the author, and have no means of authenticating his calculations with certainty ; but from our general impressions, and the data within our reach, we are inclined to believe, that he has not been led astray by the enthusiast Colquhon, and that he has brought together the substance of much close, thoughtful, and long-continued observation, made under the most advantageous circumstances. Many abridged reports of the House of Commons appear to be still farther abridged, in this brief and very complete summary. If our limits permitted, we should be pleased to follow the author through an inquiry so interesting, not only to the philanthropist, but to the lawgiver, and the philosopher. A very learned paper, embodying in the form of principles, maxims fortified by authorities from every quarter, and comprehending matter enough to fill a volume, as volumes are now made, within the compass of three pages, may be found in the appendix to Volume IV. under the head of *Domicil*. We are satisfied, indeed, by examination of a number of the legal articles, that no lawyer, certainly no lawyer who desires to be acquainted with the Roman law, and its numberless European modifications, ought to think his library complete, without the Encyclopædia Americana. The article *Dyspepsia* is a very original and satisfactory treatise on that subject. The Zoological and Biographical parts, the first prepared by the late Dr. Godman, and the latter by Mr. Walsh, are also executed with great ability.

We conclude with expressing our best wishes for the success

of this valuable publication. In order to secure it a very wide circulation, nothing more is necessary, than that its character should be fully understood, its price known, and specimens of its execution occasionally given in our newspapers. Great things are doing on every side, in the cause of popular education; but none worthier of the object, none better calculated for the safe and certain promotion of it, than the multiplication of cheap standard works, the value of which will not depend upon the caprice or fashion of the day.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

Porter's Health Almanac, for 1832. Calculated generally for all parts of the United States; containing the Maxims and Rules for the Preservation of Health. Philadelphia. Henry H. Porter. 12mo. pp. 80.

The Pearl; or Affection's Gift, for 1832. Philadelphia. T. T. Ash. 18mo. pp. 223.

Affection's Gift; or a Holiday Present. New-York. J. C. Riker. 12mo. pp. 288.

The Vocal Annual; or Singer's Own Book, for 1832. Boston. F. S. Hill. 18mo. pp. 280.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1832. Boston. Gray & Bowen. 12mo. pp. 327.

The American Annual Register, for the year 1829–30; or the Fifty-fourth Year of American Independence. 8vo. pp. 996. Boston. Gray & Bowen.

The Christian Offering. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 12mo. pp. 231.

BIOGRAPHY.

Remains of Rev. E. D. Griffin. By Francis Griffin. With a Biographical Memoir. By Rev. John Mc Vickar, D. D. Two Volumes. 8vo. New-York. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

Memoir of Rev. Joseph Stibbs Christmas. By E. Lord. New-York. J. P. Haven. 18mo. pp. 213.

A Narrative of the Military Actions of Col. M. Willett; taken chiefly from his own Manuscript. Prepared by his Son. New-York. G. & C. & H. Carvill. 8vo. pp. 162.

A Brief and Impartial History of the Life and Actions of Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. By a Free Man. Boston. Stimpson & Clapp.

EDUCATION.

The Catechism of Health; or Plain and Simple Rules for the Preservation of the Health and Vigor of the Constitution, from Infancy to Old Age, for the Use of Schools. Philadelphia. Literary Rooms. 18mo. pp. 195.

A Book for the Children of Maine; for the use of Schools and Families. Portland. S. Colman. 12mo. pp. 220.

An Economical Atlas; for the use of Families and Young Persons. Containing thirty-four Maps; to which are added, various Tables of Population, extent of Canals, Rail Roads, &c. Boston. Gray & Bowen.

Lectures on Chemistry; with a small Apparatus, intended for Lyceums, Academies, and Private Students. By W. G. Hanniford, M. D. Boston. Richardson, Lord & Holbrook. 12mo. pp. 140.

The American School Geography; containing a General View of Mathematical, Physical, and Civil Geography, with an Atlas. By Barnum Field, A. M. Boston. William Hyde. 12mo. pp. 152.

The Child's Own Book of American Geography. By the Author of Peter Parley; with sixty Engravings, and sixteen Maps. Boston. Carter & Hendee. 12mo. pp. 64.

Interrogative Grammar; in a Series of Progressive and Practical Questions. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 12mo. pp. 70.

Le Ministre de Wakefield. Traduction Nouvelle, Précédée D'an Essai Sur la Vie et les Ecrits D'Oliver Goldsmith. Par M. Henneqain. D'Apres L'Edition de Paris. Intended as a French Class Book. Boston. Gray & Bowen. 12mo. pp. 211.

Hints for Conversing with the Children of Infant Schools upon the Texts of Scripture hung round the Room. By the 'Author of Bible Stories.' Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 68.

HISTORY.

Annals of Tryon County; or the Border Warfare of New York, during the Revolution. By W. W. Campbell. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 8vo. pp. 279.

History of Scituate, Mass. By Samuel Deane. Boston. James Loring. 8vo. pp. 400.

The History of New England; illustrated by Tales, Sketches, and Anecdotes. By Lambert Lilly. Philadelphia. Key & Meilke. 24mo. pp. 184.

The History of America. By T. F. Goodwin. In Two Volumes. Containing the History of the Spanish Discoveries prior to 1520. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 12mo.

History of Ancient and Modern Greece. Illustrated with Maps and Engravings. Edited by John Frost. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 8vo.

Conversations on the History of Massachusetts; for Children. By a Friend of Youth. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 180.

LAW.

Precedents of Indictments; to which is Prefixed a Concise Treatise upon the Office and Duty of Grand Jurors. By Daniel Davis. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Babcock. 8vo. pp. 319.

A Summary of the Law and Practice of Real Actions. By Asahel Stearns. Second Edition. Hallowell. Glazier, Masters & Co. 8vo. pp. 495.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Remarks on the History and Treatment of Delirium Tremens. By John Ware, M. D. Boston. Hale's Power Press. 8vo. pp. 61.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Explanation, or Eighteen Hundred and Thirty; being a Series of Facts connected with the Life of the Author, from Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Five to the Present Day. By John C. R. Palmer. Boston. Printed for the Author. 18mo. pp. 191.

The Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humor, Gaiety, and Genius. Boston. F. S. Hill. 12mo. pp. 285.

Counsels on Matrimony, or Friendly Suggestions to Husbands and Wives; with an Appendix. By John Morrisson. Newark, New Jersey. William Warts. 32mo. pp. 126.

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The Caricature Scrap-Book; consisting of Original and Humorous Designs. New York. Peabody & Co. 4to.

The Criminal Calendar. An Awful Warning to the Youth of America, being a True Account of the most Notorious Pirates, Highwaymen, &c. of America. Boston. F. S. Hill. 12mo. pp. 356.

Remarks on the Life and Writings of Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 8vo. pp. 48.

The Progress of Intemperance, designed, engraved, and published by E. Gallaudet. Boston. 24mo. pp. 24.

Plain Letters on Important Subjects. By Jonathan Farr. Boston. L. C. Bowles. 18mo. pp. 230.

The Working Man's Companion. Cottage Evenings. Philadelphia. Cary & Hart. 18mo. pp. 214.

The American Library of Useful Knowledge. Vol. III. Containing a Universal History, in Four Books. Boston. Stimpson & Clapp. 12mo. pp. 286.

American Girl's Book, or Occupation for Play Hours. By Miss Leslie. Boston. Munroe & Francis. 18mo. pp. 303.

A Guide for Emigrants; containing Sketches of Illinois, Missouri, and the adjacent parts. By J. M. Peck. Boston. Lincoln & Edmands. 18mo. pp. 333.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXV.

APRIL, 1832.

ART. I.—*Spanish Devotional and Moral Poetry.*

1. *Obras de Gonzalo de Berceo.* (Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV. Por T. A. SANCHEZ. Tom. II.)
2. *Rimas Sacras y Doctrinales.* (Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas, ordenada por J. N. BÖHL DE FABER.)

There is hardly a chapter in literary history, more strongly marked with the peculiarities of national character, than that which contains the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. It would naturally be expected, that in this department of literature, all the fervency and depth of national feeling would be exhibited. But still, as the spirit of morality and devotion is the same spirit, wherever it exists,—as the enthusiasm of virtue and religion is every where essentially the same feeling, though modified in its degree and in its action, by a variety of physical causes and local circumstances,—and as the subject of the didactic verse and the spiritual canticle cannot be materially changed by the change of nation and climate, it might at the first glance seem quite as natural to expect, that the moral and devotional poetry of Christian countries would never be very strongly marked with national peculiarities. In other words, we should naturally expect it to correspond to the warmth or coldness of national feeling, for it is the external and visible expression of this feeling; but not to the distinctions of national character, because its nature and object being

every where the same, these distinctions become swallowed up in one universal Christian character.

In moral poetry, this is doubtless true. The great principles of Christian morality being eternal and invariable, the verse, which embodies and represents them, must, from this very circumstance, be the same in its spirit through all Christian lands. The same, however, is not necessarily true of devotional or religious poetry. There, the language of poetry is something more than the visible image of a devotional spirit. It is also an expression of religious faith; shadowing forth with greater or less distinctness, its various creeds and doctrines. As these are different in different nations, the spirit that breathes in religious song, and the letter, that gives utterance to the doctrine of faith, will not be universally the same. Thus Catholic nations sing the praises of the Virgin Mary in language, in which nations of the Protestant faith do not unite; and among Protestants themselves, the difference of interpretations, and the consequent belief or disbelief of certain doctrines, give a various spirit and expression to religious poetry. And yet in all, the devotional feeling,—the heavenward volition,—is the same.

So far, then, as peculiarities of religious faith exercise an influence upon intellectual habits, and thus become a part of national character, just so far will the devotional or religious poetry of a country exhibit the characteristic peculiarities, resulting from this influence of faith, and its assimilation with the national mind. Now Spain is by pre-eminence the Catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the Christian faith; and many of her warriors,—of her best and bravest,—were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries, which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed, the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous tradition. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honor in more than one dangerous pass; and the war-shout of *Santiago, y cierra España*, has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress, cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external, ritual ob-

servances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honored and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the way-farer. It is the evening orison when the toils of day are done; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary street in the voice of the watchman's cry.

These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain. It is not only instinct with religious feeling, but incorporated with 'the substance of things not seen.' Not only are the poet's lips touched with a coal from the altar, but his spirit is folded in the cloud of incense that rises before the shrines of the Virgin Mother and the glorious company of the saints and martyrs. His soul is not wholly swallowed up in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of the Eternal Mind, but with its lamp trimmed and burning, it goeth out to meet the bridegroom, as if he were coming in a bodily presence.

We shall first endeavor to exhibit the devotional poetry of Spain, as modified by peculiarities of religious faith. In doing this, we shall be obliged to speak of certain points of belief, which do not make a part of the Protestant faith; but we shall do so in the spirit of those who regard the sects into which Christianity is divided, as merely different forms of the same common religion.

The history of the devotional poetry of Spain commences with the legendary lore of Maestro Gonzalvo de Berceo, a secular priest, whose life was passed in the cloisters of a Benedictine convent, and amid the shadows of the thirteenth century. The name of Berceo stands foremost on the catalogue of Spanish poets, for the author of the Poem of the Cid is unknown. The old patriarch of Spanish poetry has left a monument of his existence in upwards of thirteen thousand alexandrines, celebrating the lives and miracles of Saints, and the Virgin, as he found them written in the Latin chronicles and dusty legends of his monastery. In embodying these in rude verse in *roman paladino*, or the old Spanish romance tongue, intelligible to the common people, Fray Gonzalvo seems to have passed his life. His writings are just such as we should expect from the pen of a monk of the thirteenth century. They are more ghostly than poetical; and throughout, unction holds the place of inspiration. Accordingly they illustrate very fully our preceding remarks, and the

more so, inasmuch as they are written with the most ample and childish credulity, and the utmost singleness of faith, touching the events and miracles described.

The following extract is taken from one of Berceo's poems, entitled 'Vida de San Millan.' It is a description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted on snow-white steeds and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas in the *Campo de Toro*. We make our translation as literal as possible, without attempting to give it much ease or polish; qualities which, as will be perceived, do not characterize the original.

'And when the Kings were in the field,—their squadrons in array,
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

'And whilst the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward toward Heaven they turned their eyes and fixed their thoughts on high;
And there two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow, their garments were more white.

'They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen,
The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff's mitre wore,
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.

'Quando estaban en campo los Reys, azes paradas,
Mezclaban las feridas, las lanzas abaxadas,
Temiense los Christianos de las obras mesnadas,
Ca eran ellos pocos, è ellas mui granadas.

'Mientre en esta dubda sedien las buenas yentes,
Asuso contral Cielo fueron parando mentes:
Vieron dues personas fermosas è lucientes,
Mucho eran mas blancas que las nieves recientes.

'Vienen en dos caballos plus blancos que cristal,
Armas quales non vío nunqua ome mortal:
El uno tenie croza, mitra pontifical,
El otro una cruz, ome non vío tal.

'Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way,
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

'The Christian host beholding this, straightway take heart again,
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

'And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around,
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

'Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high,*
The Moors raised up their voices, and by the Koran swore,
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne'er had seen before.

'Avien caras angelicas, celestial figura,
Descendien por el aer à una grand pressura,
Catando à los Moros con turva catadura,
Espadas sobre mano, un signo de pavura.

'Los Christianos con esto foron mas esforzados,
Fincaron los ynoios en tierra apeados,
Firien todos los pechos con los puños cerrados,
Prometiendo emienda à Dios de sus peccados.

'Quando cerca de tierra fueron los caballeros,
Dieron entre los Moros dando golpes certeros,
Ficieron tal domage en los mas delanteros,
Que plegó el espanto à los mas postremeros.

'A vuelta destos ambos que del Cielo vinieron,
Aforzaron Christianos, al ferir se metieron,
Juraban los Morellos por la lei que prisieron,
Que nunqua en sos dias tal priesa non ovieron.

---

*We use the word in the signification it bore in the ages of Chivalry:

'Bon chevalier, n'en doutez pas,
Doit ferir *haut*, et parler bas.'

'Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half-dead with fright,
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

'Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows,
Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

* * * *

'Now he that bore the crosier and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.'

'Caien à mui grand priessa los Moros descreidos,
Los unos desmembrados, los otros desmedridos,
Repisos eran mucho que hi eran venidos,
Ca entendien del pleyto que serien mal exidos.

'Cuntiolis otra cosa que ellos non sonnaban,
Essas saetas mismas que los Moros tiraban,
Tornaban contra ellos, en ellos se fincaban,
La fonta que ficieron carament la compraban.

* * * *

'El que tenie la mitra è la croza en mano,
Essi fue el Apostol de Sant Juan ermano,
El que la cruz tenie è el capiello plano
Esse fue Sant Millan el varon Cogollano.'

Berceo's longest poem is entitled '*Miraclos de Nuestra Señora*,' Miracles of Our Lady. It consists of nearly four thousand lines, and contains the description of twenty-five miracles. It is a complete homily on the homage and devotion due to the Glorious Virgin, *madre de Jhu Xpo*, mother of Jesus Christ; but is written in a low and vulgar style, strikingly at variance with the elevated character of the subject. Thus, in the twentieth miracle, we have the account of a monk who

'Entró enna bodega un dia per ventura,
Bebió mucho del vino, esto fo sin mesura.'

Having lain on the floor till the vesper bell aroused him, he staggers off toward the church in most melancholy plight. The Evil One besets him on the way, assuming the various shapes of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but from all these perils he is miraculously saved by the timely intervention of the Virgin, who finding him still too much intoxicated to make his way to bed, kindly takes him by the hand, leads him to his pallet, covers him with a blanket and a counterpane, smooths his pillow, and after making the sign of the cross over him, tells him to rest quietly, for sleep will do him good.

'La Reina preciosa è de precioso fecho
Prisolo por la mano, levólo por al lecho,
Cubriólo con la manta è con el sobrelecho,
Pusol so la cabeza el cabezal derecho.

'Demas quando lo ovo en su lecho echado
Sanctiguol con su diestra, è fo bien sanctiguado:
Amigo, dissol, fuelga, ca eres mui lazrado,
Con un pocco que duermas luego seras folgado.'

To a certain class of minds, there may be something interesting and even affecting in descriptions, which represent the spirit of a departed saint as thus assuming a corporeal shape, in order to assist and console human nature even in its baser infirmities; but it ought also to be considered, how much such descriptions tend to strip religion of its peculiar sanctity, to bring it down from its heavenly abode, not merely to dwell among men, but like an imprisoned culprit, to be chained to the derelict of principle, manacled with the base desire and earthly passion, and forced to do the menial offices of a slave. In descriptions of this kind, as in the representations of our Saviour, and of sainted spirits in a human shape, execution must of necessity fall far short of the conception. The handiwork cannot equal the glorious archetype, which is visible only to the mental eye. Poetry, painting and sculpture are not adequate to the task of embodying in a permanent shape, the glorious visions, the radiant forms, the glimpses of heaven, which fill the imagination, when purified and exalted by devotion. The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch. From this it would seem to be not only a natural, but a necessary conclusion, that all the descriptions of poetry, which bor-

row any thing either directly or indirectly from these bodily and imperfect representations, must partake of their imperfection, and assume a more earthly and material character, than those which come glowing and burning from the more spiritualized perceptions of the internal sense.

Of Berceo's Miracles of Our Lady, the following is one of the shortest and best.

'Saint Miguel of the Tumba is a convent vast and wide,
The sea encircles it around, and groans on every side;
It is a wild and dangerous place, and many woes betide
The monks who in that burial-place in penitence abide.

'Within those dark monastic walls, amid the ocean flood,
Of pious fasting monks there dwelt a holy brotherhood;
To the Madonna's glory there an altar high was placed,
And a rich and costly image the sacred altar graced.

'Exalted high upon a throne the Virgin mother smiled,
And as the custom is, she held within her arms the child:
The kings and wise men of the East were kneeling by her side,
Attended was she like a queen, whom God had sanctified.

* * * *

'Descending low before her face a screen of feathers hung,
A *moscader*, or fan for flies, 'tis called in vulgar tongue;

'San Migael de la Tumba es un grand monesterio,
El mar lo cerca todo, elli iaci en medio;
El logar perigroso, do sufren gran lacerio
Los monges que hi viven en essi cimiterio.

'En esti monesterio que avemos nomnado,
Avie de buenos monges buen convento probado,
Altar de la Gloriosa rico è mui onrrado,
En el rica imagen de precio mui granado.

'Estaba la imagen en su trono posada,
So fijo en sus brazos, cosa es costumnada,
Los Reis redor ella, sedie bien compannada,
Como rica Reina de Dios santificada.

* * * *

'Colgaba delant ella un buen aventadero,
En el seglar lenguage dicenli moscadero:

From the feathers of the peacock's wing 'twas fashioned bright
and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when all its stars are there.

'It chanced that for the people's sins fell the lightning's blasting
stroke,
Forth from all four the sacred walls the flames consuming broke,
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal and holy book,
And hardly with their lives the monks their crumbling walls for-
sook.

* * * *

'But though the desolating flame raged fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen,—it did not reach the child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before her face that shone,
Nor injure in a farthing's worth the image or the throne.

'The image it did not consume, it did not burn the screen,
Even in the value of a hair they were not hurt, I ween;
Not even the smoke did reach them, nor injure more the shrine,
Than the Bishop hight Don Tello has been hurt by hand of mine.

'*Continens et contentum*,—all was in ruins laid,
A heap of smouldering embers that holy pile was made;

De alas de pavones lo fizo el obrero,
Lucie como estrellas semeiant de lucero.

'Cadió rayo del Cielo por los graves peccados,
Encendió la eglesia de todos quatro cabos,
Quemó todos los libros è los pannos sagrados,
Por pocco que los monges que non foron quemados.

* * * *

'Maguer que fue el fuego tan fuert è tan quemant,
Nin plegó à la duenna, nin plegó al infant,
Nin plegó al flabello que colgaba delant,
Ni li fizo de danno un dinero pesant.

'Nin ardió la imagen, nin ardió el flabello,
Nin prisieron de danno quanto val un cabello,
Sola miente el fumo non se llegó à ello,
Nin micio mas que nuzo io al Obispo Don Tello.

'*Continens et contentum*, fue todo astragado,
Torno todo carbones, fo todo asolado:

But where the sacred image sat, a fathom's length around,
The raging flame dared not approach the consecrated ground.

'It was a wondrous miracle to those that thither came,
That the image of the Virgin was safe from smoke and flame,
That brighter than the brightest star appeared the feathery screen,
And seated there the child still fair,—and fair the Virgin Queen.

* * * *

'The Virgin Queen,—the sanctified, who from an earthly flame
Preserved the robes that pious hands had hung around her frame,
Thus from an ever-burning fire her servants shall deliver,
And lead them to that high abode, where the good are blessed forever.'

Mas redor de la imagen quanto es un estado,
Non fizo mal el fuego ca non era osado.

'Esto lo vieron todos por fiera maravella,
Que nin fumo nin fuego non se llegó à ella,
Que sedie el flabello mas claro que estrella,
El ninno mui fermoso fermosa la poncella.

* * * *

'La Virgo benedicta Reina general
Como libró su toca de esti fuego tal,
Asin libra sus siervos del fuego perennal,
Lievalos à la gloria do nunqua vean mal.'

The devotion paid at the shrine of the Virgin, is one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the Catholic religion. In Spain it is one of its most attractive features. In the Southern Provinces, in Granada, and in Andalusia,—*la tierra de Jesus, y de Maria santisima*, the land of Jesus and the blessed Mary,—this adoration is most ardent and enthusiastic. There is one of its outward observances which has struck us as beautiful and impressive, and which is there performed with peculiar decorum and solemnity. We refer to the *Ave Maria*, or evening service of the Virgin. Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business ceases. The thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes, that crowd the public walks, stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of pleasure dies away; life seems for

a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business re-commence. We have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day,—the shadows of evening,—the calm of twilight,—inspire a feeling of tranquillity; and though we differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to us a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that at the close of each daily epoch of life, which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the human family,—the voice of a whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to Heaven in praise, and supplication, and thankfulness.

The foregoing remarks will enable our readers to understand more perfectly the following lines from the pen of Alonso de Bonilla. They contain a kind of dialogue between the soul and the heavenly bridegroom, and refer to the twilight hour of the *oracion*, as one of more than common sanctity, in which the heavenly spirit seems most willing to penetrate and pervade the soul.

'Beloved bride, come, let us hold
Sweet converse now.'—Yes, if it be,
Fair bridegroom of my heart, with thee.
'Then in the garden I will wait.'
When?—'When the vesper bell hath tolled.
And in that solemn hour of prayer,
My spirit shall commune with thine,—

'¿Quieres hoy conversacion
querida esposa?'—Sí quiero,
esposo del corazon.—
'Pues en el jardin te espero.'
—¿A que hora?—'A la oracion.
A la oracion no me niego,
que esta es la perfecta hora,

Thy soul its host,—thy breast its shrine.'
—If at that hour I am not there?—
'Soul, soul!—will thou resist the power
And holy influence of that hour?'
Oh no!—oh no!—where'er thou art,
I come, sweet bridegroom of my heart!
'Then in the garden I will wait.
When?—'When the vesper bell hath tolled.
If thy devotion constant be,
Within my bosom thou shalt see
Diviner flowers their leaves unfold.'
—And wilt thou give me one sweet flower?
'Yes,—give thee many rich and rare,
If at that consecrated hour
Thy soul shall meet me in the prayer
Of its affections uncontrolled.'
—Thou bridegroom of my heart,—it will.
'Then in the garden wait I still.'
When?—'When the vesper bell hath tolled.'

en que á las almas me entrego.'
—¿Y si a la oracion no llego?—
'Has por llegar á tal hora,
goza tan buena ocasion,
alma, ¿no quieres?'—Sí quiero,
esposo del corazon.—
'Pues en el jardin te espero.'
—¿A que hora?—'A la oracion.'
'Si acaso te determinas
en mi pecho hallarás
jardin de flores divinas.'
—¿Y alguna flor me darás?
'Darte he flores peregrinas
pero con tal condicion
que me has de querer.'—Sí quiero
esposo del corazon.—
'Pues en el jardin te espero."
—¿A que hora?—'A la oracion.'

The following singular production on the Nativity of Christ, is from the pen of Luis de Gongora, a poet who flourished in the last half of the sixteenth century.

'To day from the Aurora's bosom
A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom:
And oh, how glorious rests the hay
On which the fallen blossom lay.

'When silence gently had unfurled
Her mantle over all below,
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,
Night swayed the sceptre of the world,
Amid the gloom descending slow,
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom
A pink has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

'The only flower the Virgin bore
(Aurora fair,) within her breast,
She gave to earth, yet still possessed
Her virgin blossom as before:
The hay that colored drop caressed,—
Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom.

'The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,

'Caido se le ha un clavel
hoy á la aurora del seno:
¡que glorioso que está el heno
porque ha caido sobre él!

'Cuando el silencio tenia
todas las cosas del suelo,
y coronada de hielo
reinaba la noche fria,
en medio la monarquía
de tiniebla tan cruel:
caido se le ha un clavel.

'De un solo clavel ceñida
la Vírgen (aurora bella)
al mundo le dió, y ella
quedó cual antes florida:
á la púrpura caida
siempre fué el heno fiel:
caido se le ha un clavel.

'El heno pues que fué dino
á pesar de tantas nieves,

Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from Heaven,
Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson blossom.'

de ver en sus brazos leves
este rosicler divino,
para su lecho fué lino,
oro para su dosel:
caido se le ha un clavel.'

We have selected this, as well as the preceding piece, in preference to any of the numerous hymns and direct ascriptions of praise and glory to the Virgin, as better illustrating how far this peculiarity of religious faith, thus faintly traced in song, has passed into a mental habit. These indirect allusions, these more remote and imperfect delineations of a sacred doctrine, show how closely and deeply its belief has become inwrought with all the religious associations of the mind. There are also very numerous examples of more direct appeals to the Virgin Mary, and of hymns of praise and adoration addressed to her. These are not, however, generally speaking, remarkable for their poetic merit. The following is one of the best. It is from the pen of Fray Luis Ponce de Leon, one of the most beautiful and harmonious of the Spanish Poets. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin.

'Lady! thine upward flight
The opening heavens receive with joyful song:
Blest, who thy garments bright
May seize, amid the throng,
And to the sacred mount float peacefully along.

'Bright angels are around thee,
They that have served thee from thy birth are there:

'Al cielo vais, Señora,
y allá os reciben con alegre canto:
¡o quien pudiese agora
asirse de vuestro manto,
para subir con vos al monte santo!

'De angeles sois llevada,
de quien servida sois desde la cuna:

Their hands with stars have crowned thee;
Thou,—peerless Queen of air,
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

'Celestial dove! so meek
And mild and fair!—oh, let thy peaceful eye
This thorny valley seek,
Where such sweet blossoms lie,
But where the sons of Eve in pain and sorrow sigh.

'For if the imprisoned soul
Could catch the brightness of that heavenly way,
'Twould own its sweet control
And gently pass away,
Drawn by its magnet power to an eternal day.'

de estrellas coronada
tal reina habrá ninguna,
pues por chapin llevais la blanca luna.

'Volved los blandos ojos,
ave preciosa, sola humilde y nueva,
al val de los abrojos,
que tales flores lleva,
do suspirando estan los hijos de Eva.

'Que si con clara vista
mirais las tristes almas de este suelo,
con propriedad no vista
las subireis de vuelo,
como perfecta piedra de iman al cielo.'

It is far from our intention to utter any sweeping denunciation against the divine arts of painting and sculpture, as employed in the exhibition of Scriptural scenes and personages. These we esteem meet ornaments for the house of God. Though, as we have already said, their execution cannot equal the high conceptions of an ardent imagination, yet whenever the hand of a master is visible,—when the marble almost moves before you, and the painting starts into life from the canvass, the effect upon an enlightened mind will generally, if not universally, be to quicken its sensibilities and excite to more ardent devotion, by carrying the thoughts beyond the representations of bodily suffering, to the contemplation of the intenser mental agony,—the moral sublimity exhibited by the martyr. The im-

pressions produced, however, will not be the same in all minds; they will necessarily vary according to the prevailing temper and complexion of the mind, which receives them. As there is no sound where there is no ear to receive the impulses and vibrations of the air, so is there no moral impression,—no voice of instruction from all the works of nature, and all the imitations of art,—unless there be within the soul itself a capacity for hearing the voice, and receiving the moral impulse. The cause exists eternally and universally; but the effect is produced only when and where the cause has room to act, and just in proportion as it has room to act. Hence the various moral impressions, and the several degrees of the same moral impression, which an object may produce in different minds. These impressions will vary in kind and in degree, according to the acuteness and the cultivation of the internal moral sense. And thus the representations spoken of above might exercise a very favorable influence upon an enlightened and well regulated mind, and at the same time a very unfavorable influence upon an unenlightened and superstitious one. And the reason is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impressions they are calculated to convey. It is not hoodwinked,—it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence; but it walks abroad; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it; the various works of Nature are its ministering angels;—the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it developes new powers and acquires increased capacities, and thus, rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture,—the moth-eaten tome,—the gloomy tapestry,—the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colors of the painted glass;—whilst the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a colored medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The

invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse, the marks of lingering, incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched;—such is the contrast between the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas,—to generalize them,—to place them in their proper light and position,—to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail,—and thus to arrive at just conclusions, but on the contrary receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself, and treasures it up as an ultimate fact,—upon such a mind, we think that representations of Scripture scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavorable influence. Such a mind cannot rightly estimate,—it cannot feel the work of a master, and a miserable daub, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only to strengthen the chains,—to drive the rivet closer in the fetters,—which hold it down to earth. Thus in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity, with which the mind naturally invests the unseen and invisible.

It is curious to observe the influence of the circumstances just referred to, upon the devotional poetry of Spain.* Some-

*The following beautiful little hymn in Latin, written by the celebrated Francisco Xavier, the friend and companion of Loyola, and from his zeal in the Eastern Missions, surnamed the Apostle of the Indias, would hardly have originated in any mind, but that of one familiar with the representations, of which we have spoken above.

'O Deus! ego amo te:
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterno punis igne.

'Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam
Multamque ignominiam:
Innumeros dolores
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem: et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

'O God! my spirit loves but thee,
Not that in heaven its home may be,
Nor that the souls which love not thee
Shall groan in fire eternally.

'But thou on the accursed tree
In mercy hast embraced me.
For me, the cruel *nails*,—*the spear*,
The ignominious scoff didst bear,
Countless, unutterable woes,—
The bloody sweat,—death's pangs and throes,
These thou didst bear,—all these for me,
A sinner and estranged from thee.

times it exhibits itself directly and fully; at others, more indirectly and incidentally; but always with sufficient clearness to indicate its origin. Sometimes it destroys the beauty of a poem by a miserable conceit; at others, it gives it the character of a beautiful allegory. In illustration, we give the following sonnets. They are from the hand of the wonderful Lope de Vega.

'Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song,
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,—
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,

'Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains,
For thou my shepherd, guard and guide shalt be,
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

'Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,
O wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.

'Pastor, que con tus silvos amorosos
me despertaste del profundo sueño:
tú, que hiciste cayado de ese leño
en que tiendes los brazos poderosos.

'Vuelve los ojos á mi fe piadosos,
pues te confieso por mi amor y dueño,
y la palabra de seguir empeño
tus dulces silvos y tus pies hermosos.

'Oye, pastor, que por amores mueres,
no te espante el grandor de mis pecados,
pues tan amigo de rendidos eres.

'Cur igitur non amem te
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Nec prœmii ullius spe:
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te:
Solum quia rex meus es,
Et solum quia Deus es.
Amen.'

'And wherefore no affection show,
Jesus, to thee that lov'st me so?
Not that in Heaven my home may be,
Not lest I die eternally,—
Nor from the hope of joys above me;
But even as thyself didst love me,
So love I, and will ever love thee:
Solely because my King art thou,
My God forevermore as now.
Amen.'

'O wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me!—yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me.'

'Espera, pues, y escucha mis cuidados:
pero como te digo que me esperes,
si estas para esperar *los pies clavados*.'

The sonnet which follows, though of a higher cast, had its origin in the same kind of feelings and reflections as the foregoing.

'Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

'O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy bless'd approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

'How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!

'And oh! how often, to that voice of sorrow,
To-morrow we will open, I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answer'd still, to-morrow.'

'¿Qué tengo yo que mi amistad procuras?
¿qué interes se te sigue, Jesus mio,
que á mi puerta cubierto de rocío
pasas las noches del invierno escuras?

'¡O cuanto fueron mis entrañas duras!
pues no te abrí: ¡que estraño desvarío!
si de mi ingratitud el hielo frio
pasmó las llagas de tus plantas puras.

'Cuantas veces mi Angel me decia:
alma, asómate ahora á la ventana,
verás con cuanto amor llamar porfia.

'Y cuantas, hermosura soberana,
mañana le abriremos, respondia,
para lo mismo responder mañana.'

We recollect but few instances of this kind of figurative poetry in our language. There is, however, one of most exquisite beauty and pathos, far surpassing any thing we have seen of the kind in Spanish. It is a passage from Cowper.

> 'I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
> Long since: with many an arrow deep infixt
> My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by one, who had himself
> Been hurt by the archers: in his side he bore,
> And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
> With gentle force soliciting the darts,
> He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.'

Here the reader will be at no loss to decide upon the comparative merits of the different manners, in which the allusion is made by the Spanish and by the English poet.

Lope de Vega, the writer whom we have just quoted, is the most voluminous author of Sacred Poetry, recorded in the literary history of Spain. Most of his pieces, however, in this department, are of a very unedifying kind. He is too much given to quibbles and levity.

The most remarkable portion of the devotional poetry of the Spaniards, is, however, to be found in their sacred dramas, their *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales*. These had their origin in the *Mysteries* and *Moralities* of the dark ages; and are indeed monstrous creations of the imagination. The *Vidas de Santos* or Lives of Saints, are representations of their miracles, and of the wonderful traditions concerning them. The *Autos Sacramentales* have particular reference to the eucharist and the ceremonies of the *Corpus Cristi*. In these theatrical pieces, are introduced upon the stage, not only Angels and Saints, but God, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and in strange juxta-position with these, devils, peasants, and kings; in fine, they contain the strangest medley of characters, real and allegorical, which the imagination can conceive. As if this were not enough, in the midst of what is intended as a solemn religious celebration, scenes of low buffoonery are often introduced.

The most remarkable of the *Autos* which we have perused, is *La Devocion de la Cruz;* The Devotion of the Cross. It is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's sacred dramas;

and will serve as an example of that class of writing. As it will throw much light upon this part of our subject, we shall give a brief analysis of it, by way of illustration to our foregoing remarks. The piece commences by a dialogue between Lisardo, the son of Curcio, a decayed nobleman, and Eusebio, the hero of the play and lover of Julia, Lisardo's sister. Though the father's extravagance has wasted his estates, Lisardo is deeply offended that Eusebio should aspire to an alliance with the family, and draws him into a secluded place in order to settle their dispute with the sword. Here the scene opens, and in the course of the dialogue, which precedes the combat, Eusebio relates that he was born at the foot of a cross, which stood in a rugged and desert part of those mountains; that the virtue of this cross preserved him from the wild beasts; that being found by a peasant, three days after his birth, he was carried to a neighboring village, and there received the name of Eusebio of the Cross; that being thrown by his nurse into a well, he was heard to laugh, and was found floating upon the top of the water, with his hands placed upon his mouth in the form of a cross; that the house, in which he dwelt, being consumed by fire, he escaped unharmed amid the flames, and it was found to be Corpus Cristi day; and in fine, after relating many other similar miracles worked by the power of the cross, at whose foot he was born, he says that he bears its image miraculously stamped upon his breast. After this they fight, and Lisardo falls mortally wounded. In the next scene, Eusebio has an interview with Julia at her father's house;—they are interrupted, and Eusebio conceals himself;—Curcio enters, and informs Julia that he has determined to send her that day to a convent, that she may take the veil, *para ser de Cristo esposa*. Whilst they are conversing, the dead body of Lisardo is brought in by peasants, and Eusebio is declared to be the murderer. The scene closes by the escape of Eusebio. The second act or *jornada*, discovers Eusebio as the leader of a band of robbers. They fire upon a traveller, who proves to be a priest, named Alberto, and who is seeking a spot in those solitudes, wherein to establish a hermitage. The shot is prevented from taking effect by a book, which the pious old man carries in his bosom, and which he says is a 'treatise on the true origin of the divine and heavenly tree, on which, dying with courage and fortitude, Christ triumphed over death; in fine, the book is called the Miracles of the Cross.' They suf-

fer the priest to depart unharmed, who in consequence promises Eusebio, that he shall not die without confession, but that wherever he may be, if he but call upon his name, he will hasten to absolve him. In the mean time, Julia retires to a convent, and Curcio goes with an armed force in pursuit of Eusebio, who has resolved to gain admittance to Julia's convent. He scales the walls of the convent by night, and silently gropes his way along the corridor. Julia is discovered sleeping in her cell, with a taper beside her. He is, however, deterred from executing his malicious designs, by discovering upon her breast the form of a cross similar to that, which he bears upon his own, and 'Heaven would not suffer him, though so great an offender, to lose his respect for the cross.' To be brief, he leaps from the convent walls, and escapes to the mountains. Julia, counting her honor lost, having offended God, *como á Dios, y como á esposo*, in despair pursues him,—descends the ladder from the convent wall, and when she again seeks to return to her cell, finds the ladder has been removed. In her despair, she accuses Heaven of having withdrawn its clemency, and vows to perform such deeds of wickedness as shall terrify both Heaven and earth, and cause

> 'Horror al mismo pecado
> y terror al mismo infierno.'

The third *jornada* transports the scene back to the mountains. Julia, disguised in man's apparel, with her face concealed, is brought to Eusebio by a party of the banditti. She challenges him to single combat; and he accepts the challenge on condition, that his antagonist shall declare who he is. Julia discovers herself; and relates several horrid murders she had committed since leaving the convent. Their interview is here interrupted by the entrance of banditti, who inform Eusebio that Curcio, with an armed force, from all the neighboring villages, is approaching. The attack commences. Eusebio and Curcio meet, but a secret and mysterious sympathy prevents them from fighting; and a great number of peasants coming in at this moment, rush upon Eusebio in a body, and he is thrown down a precipice. There Curcio discovers him, expiring with his numerous wounds. The *denouement* of the piece commences. Curcio, moved by compassion, ex-

amines a wound in Eusebio's breast, discovers the mark of the cross, and thereby recognises him to be his son. Eusebio expires, calling on the name of Alberto, who shortly after enters, as if lost in those mountains. A voice from the dead body of Eusebio calls his name. We transcribe a part of the scene, with a literal translation.

'*Eusebio.* Alberto!
'*Alberto.* Hark!—what breath
Of fearful voice is this,
Which uttering my name
Sounds in my ears?
'*Eus.* Alberto!
'*Alb.* Again it doth pronounce
My name: methinks the voice
Came from this side: I will
Approach. . . . .
'*Eus.* Alberto!
'*Alb.* Hist! more near it sounds.
Thou voice, that ridest swift
The wind, and utterest my name,
Who art thou?
'*Eus.* I am Eusebio.
Come, good Alberto, this way come,
Where sepulchred I lie;

'*Eusebio.* ¡Alberto!
'*Alberto.* ¿Qué aliento es este
de una temerosa voz,
que, repitiendo mi nombre,
en mis oidos sonò?
'*Eus.* ¡Alberto!
'*Alb.* Otra vez pronuncia
mi nombre, y me pareció
que es á esta parte; yo quiero
ir llegando . . . .
'*Eus.* ¡Alberto!
'*Alb.* Mas cerca suena.
¿Voz, que discurres veloz
el viento, y mi nombre dices,
quien eres?
'*Eus.* Eusebio soy.
Llega, Alberto, hácia esta parte,
adonde enterrado estoy;

Approach, and raise these branches:
Fear not.
'*Alb.* I do not fear.
[*Discovers the body.*
. . Now I behold thee.
Speak, in God's holy name
What would'st thou with me?
'*Eus.* In his name,
My faith, Alberto, called thee,
That previous to my death
Thou hearest my confession.
Long since I should have died,
And this stiff corpse resigned
The disembodied soul;
But the strong mace of death
Smote only, and dissevered not
The spirit and the flesh. [*Rises.*
Come, then, Alberto, that I may
Confess my sins, for oh!—they are
More than the sands beside the sea,
Or motes that fill the sunbeam.

Llega, y levanta estos ramos;
no temas.
'*Alb.* No temo yo.
[*Alberto le descubre.*
. . Ya estás descubierto.
Dime de parte de Dios,
¿qué me quieres?
'*Eus.* De su parte
mi fe, Alberto, te llamó,
para que, antes de morir,
me oyeses de confesion.
Rato ha que hubiera muerto,
pero libre se quedó
del espíritu el cadáver;
que de la muerte el feroz
golpe le privó del uso,
pero no le dividó. [*Levántase.*
Ven adonde mis pecados
confiese, Alberto, que son
mas que del mar las arenas,
y los atamos del sol.

So much with Heaven avails
Devotion to the Cross.'

Tanto con el cielo puede
de la Cruz la Devocion.'

Eusebio then retires to confess himself to Alberto; and Curcio afterwards relates, that when the venerable saint had given him absolution, his body again fell dead at his feet.' Julia discovers herself, overwhelmed with the thoughts of her incestuous passion for Eusebio and her other crimes, and as Curcio in a transport of indignation endeavors to kill her, she seizes a cross which stands over Eusebio's grave, and with it ascends to Heaven, while Alberto shouts *gran milagro*, and the curtain falls.

Thus far we have spoken of the devotional poetry of Spain as modified by the peculiarities of religious faith and practice. Considered apart from the dogmas of a creed, and as the expression of those pure and elevated feelings of religion, which are not the prerogative of any one sect or denomination, but the common privilege of all, it possesses strong claims to our admiration and praise. We know of nothing in any modern tongue so beautiful, as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul,—the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized; with nothing of earth and all of Heaven;—a Heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or a vapor of earth to obscure its brightness. This voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel,—melodious to the ear, and to the internal sense,—breathing those

'Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears.'

The following sonnets are by Francisco de Aldana, a writer remarkable for the beauty of his conceptions, and the harmony of his verse. In what glowing language he describes the aspirations of the soul for its paternal Heaven,—its celestial home! —how beautifully portrays in a few lines the strong desire, the ardent longing of the exiled and imprisoned spirit, to wing its flight away and be at rest!

'Clear fount of light! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth!—without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

'There dwells the soul in its etherial essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.

'Beloved country!—banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!

'Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.'

'¡Clara fuente de luz!.¡ nuevo y hermoso
rico de luminarias, patrio cielo!
¡casa de la verdad, sin sombra ó velo,
de inteligencias ledo almo reposo!

'¡O como allá te estás, cuerpo glorioso,
tan lejos del mortal caduco anhelo.
casi un Argos divino, alzado á vuelo
de nuestro humano error libre y piadoso.

'¡O patria amada! á tí sospira y llora
esta en su cárcel alma peregrina,
llevada errando de uno en otro instante.

'Esa cierta beldad que me enamora
suerte y sazon me otorgue tan benina
que do sube el amor llegue el amante.'

The thought, with which the following sonnet closes, strikes us as uncommon and beautiful.

'O Lord! that seest from yon starry height
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!

'¡Señor! que allá de la estrellada cumbre
todo lo ves en un presente eterno,
mira tu hechura en mí, que al ciego infierno
la lleva su terrena pesadumbre.

'Eternal Sun!—the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays,
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

'Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,

'As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him, who seeks it there,
And owe its being to the gazer's eye.'

'¡Eterno Sol! ya la encendida lumbre
de este mi alegre Abril florido y tierno
muera, mas siento en el nevado invierno
tan verda la raiz de su costumbre.

'En mí tu imágen mira, ¡O Rey divino!
con ojos de piedad, que al dulce encuentro
del rayo celestial verás volvella:

'que á verse como en vidrio cristalino
la imágen mira el que se espeja dentro,
y está en su vista de él, su mirar de ella.'

Foremost among the sacred poets of Spain stands the gentle enthusiast, Luis Ponce de Leon. He was born at Granada, in the year 1527, and died at the advanced age of sixty-three, while exercising the high functions of general and provincial Vicar of Salamanca. Though descended from the noble family of the Ponces de Leon, the pleasures and honors of the great world seem to have had no attractions for him. From early youth, his mind was wrapt up in the study of poetry, and in moral and religious contemplations. At the early age of sixteen, he made his theological profession in the Order of St. Augustine, and in his thirty-third year was invested with the dignity of Doctor of Theology. In the retirement of the cloister, his ardent mind gave itself up to its favorite pursuits; and his poetic imagination was purified and exalted by a strong moral sense and a pure and elevated piety. His devotional poems, which, according to his own testimony, were composed in his youth, exhibit the amiable enthusiasm of that age, and all the beauty of a religious mind, abstracted from the world, and absorbed in its own meditations and de-

votions. He seems, however, to have been at no period of his life a fanatic. Indeed he was himself thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, for having translated into the vulgar tongue the Song of Solomon, at a time when all translations of the holy Scriptures were strictly prohibited. There he remained for nearly five years; but even in the darkness of his dungeon, enjoying the light of his own pure mind,—free, though imprisoned,—injured, yet unrepining. In one of his letters he says, 'Shut out not only from the conversation and society of men, but from their very sight, for nearly five years I was surrounded by darkness and a dungeon's walls. Then I enjoyed a tranquillity and satisfaction of mind, which I often look for in vain, now that I am restored to the light of day, and to the grateful intercourse of friends.' It was the visitation of holy thought, like a messenger from Heaven,—the bright presence of his own spirit, like the presence of an angel, which, in imagination, made the iron gate of his prison swing open, and set the prisoner free.

Emanating from a mind like this, the poems of Luis de Leon flowed sweetly from his pen. They are equally remarkable for beauty of thought, and harmony of versification. Thoroughly acquainted with the odes of Horace, he transferred the classic elegance of their style to his own compositions; and at the same time breathing into them a tone of high and sincere devotional feeling, he has given them a character unsurpassed, if not unequalled in modern devotional poetry.

As a specimen of the Odes of Luis de Leon, we select the following. We avail ourselves of Bryant's beautiful translation, although, as the reader may see, it departs in one or two instances from the strict meaning of the original.

ON HEAVENLY LIFE.

'Region of life and light!
Land of the good, whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty; fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

DE LA VIDA DEL CIELO.

'Alma region luciente,
prado de bienandanza, que ni al hielo
ni con el rayo ardiente
falleces, fertil suelo,
producidor eterno de consuelo.

'There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye are fed.

'He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

'He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long sought Good,
And fountains of delight;—
And where his feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food;

'And when in the mid skies
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with modulated sound.

'De púrpura y de nieve
florida la cabeza coronado,
á dulces pastos mueve
sin honda ni cayado
el buen pastor en tí su hato amado.

'El va, y en pos dichoses
le siguen sus ovejas do las pace
con inmortales rosas,
con flor que siempre nace,
y cuanto mas se goza mas renace.

'Ya dentro á la montaña
del alto bien las guia, ya en la vena
del gozo fiel las baña,
y les da mesa llena,
pastor y pasto el solo y suerte buena.

Y de su esfera cuando
la cumbre toca altisimo subido
el sol, él sesteando
de su hato ceñido
con dulce son deleita el santo ojido.

'From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

'Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it, till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, oh love, in thee;

'Ah then my soul should know,
Beloved! where thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.'

Toca el rabel sonoro
y el inmortal dulzor al alma pasa,
con que envilece el oro,
y ardiendo se traspasa
y lanza en aquel bien libre de tasa.

¡O son! ¡o voz! siquiera
pequeña parte alguna descendiese
en mi sentido, y fuera
de sí el alma pusiese
y toda en tí, o amor, la convirtiese!—

'Conoceria donde
sesteas, dulce esposo, y desatada
de esta prision adonde
padece, á tu manada
se juntaria sin vagar errada.

Upon such descriptions as this we love to pause, that the mind may fix its eye more steadily upon the scene described, and register every point and feature. There lies 'the fair bright region,—the Holy Land on high,—blighted by no wintry frost,—parched by no summer sun,—but blooming with eternal joys. There, crowned with white and purple flowers, walks the good shepherd, and without crook or sling leads his beloved flock to green pastures and beside still waters;—there, sheltered from the noon-day sun, he blows his heavenly pipe,

whose melody pervades and kindles the hearts of the blessed company around him, and whose faintest echo, could it descend and reach the poet's ear, transporting the soul beyond itself and transforming it all to love, would lead the spirit to its rest on high!'—How beautiful is this! How high in conception,—how melodious in language! The strain does not die upon the ear, till a response is given from the heart. It carries our thoughts with it;—it transports us to the heavenly country;—it whispers to the soul, higher, immortal Spirit!—higher!

We shall close our extracts from the sacred or devotional poetry of Spain, by a beautiful poem from the Spiritual Canciones of the younger Argensola. It is an apostrophe to Mary Magdalene. This translation also is from the pen of Bryant, and rivals the original in beauty.

'Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
'Thou weepest days of innocence departed,
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.
'The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
'Thou didst kneel down to him that came from Heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.
'It is not much, that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
'Nor that upon the wintry desert's bosom

'O tu siempre dichosa pecadora,
la que fuiste por tal con grande espanto
del vulgo con el dedo señalada!
'Tus lagrimas con Christo pueden tanto,
que la menor lo enciende y enamora,
y a la culpa mayor dexa anegada.
'Tu quedas en Apostol transformada,
y de ignorante y mala, santa y sabia.
No es mucho que la zarza en flor se mude,
y que el álamo sude
en competencia de la mirra Arabia;
y que quando de yerba al campo priva,

The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home the abundant grain.
'But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses: come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree:
'The perished plant set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
Forever, towards the skies.'

la mies en abundancia se recoja.
'Venid á ver de rosas y azucenas
las montañas esteriles mas llenas,
y un arbol seco revestido de hoja.
La planta antes inutil Dios cultiva;
regada en su jardin con agua viva,
es fructífera ya, y sus ramas bellas
tocan continuamente en las estrellas.'

The general and prevailing characteristics of Spanish devotional poetry are warmth of imagination, and depth and sincerity of feeling. The conception is always striking and original, and when not degraded by dogmas, and the poor, puerile conceits arising from them, beautiful and sublime. This results from the frame and temperament of the mind, and is a general characteristic of the Spanish poets, not only in this department of song, but in all the others. The very ardor of imagination, which, exercised upon minor themes, leads them into extravagance and hyperbole, when left to act in a higher and wider sphere, conducts them nearer and nearer to perfection. When imagination spreads its wings in the bright regions of devotional song,—in the pure empyrean,—judgment should direct its course, but there is no danger of its soaring too high. The heavenly land still lies beyond its utmost flight. There are heights it cannot reach; there are fields of air, which tire its wing; there is a splendor which dazzles its vision;—for there is a glory, 'which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'

But perhaps the greatest charm of the devotional poets of Spain is their sincerity. Most of them were ecclesiastics,—men who had in sober truth renounced the realities of this life, for the hopes and promises of another. We do not suppose that all who take holy orders are saints; but we are still farther from believing that all are hypocrites. It would be even

more absurd to suppose, that none are sincere in their professions, than that all are. Besides, with whatever feelings a man may enter the monastic life, there is something in its discipline and privations, which has a tendency to wean the mind from earth,—and to fix it upon Heaven. Doubtless many have seemingly renounced the world from motives of worldly aggrandizement; and others have renounced it because it has renounced them. The former have carried with them to the cloister their earthly ambition, and the latter their dark misanthropy; and though many have daily kissed the cross, and yet grown hoary in iniquity, and shrived their souls that they might sin more gaily on,—yet solitude works miracles in the heart, and many who enter the cloister from worldly motives, find it a school wherein the soul may be trained to more holy purposes and desires. We do not believe there is half the corruption and hypocrisy within the convent's walls, that the church bears the shame of hiding in its bosom. Hermits may be holy men, though knaves have sometimes been hermits. Were they all hypocrites, who of old for their soul's sake exposed their naked bodies to the burning sun of Syria? Were they, who wandered houseless in the solitudes of Engaddi? Were they, who dwelt beneath the palm-trees by the Red Sea?—Oh, no! They were ignorant,—they were deluded,—they were fanatic,—but they were not hypocrites,—if there be any sincerity in human professions and human actions,—they were not hypocrites. During the middle ages, there was corruption in the church,—foul, shameful corruption; and now also hypocrisy may scourge itself with the twisted cord, and ambition hide its face beneath a hood; yet all is not therefore rottenness that wears a cowl or cassock. Many a pure spirit, through heavenlymindedness, and an ardent, though mistaken zeal, has fled from the temptations of the world to seek in solitude and self-communion, a closer walk with God. And not in vain. They have found the peace they sought. They have felt, indeed, what many profess to feel, but do not feel,—that they are strangers and sojourners here, travellers who are bound for their home in a far country. It is this feeling, which we speak of as giving a peculiar charm to the devotional poetry of Spain. We compare its spirit with the spirit which its authors have exhibited in their lives. They speak of having given up the world, and it is no poetical hyperbole;—they speak of longing to be free from the

weakness of the flesh, that they may commence their conversation in Heaven, and we feel that they had already begun it in lives of penitence, meditation, and prayer.

With regard to the moral poetry of Spain, we shall not be prolix in our remarks. In common with the devotional, it possesses the glow and fervor of Spanish feeling, and so far exhibits the national character. At the same time, as we have already had occasion to observe, the principles of Christian morality being every where the same throughout Christendom, moral poetry must every where display to a great extent a common and homogeneous character. The only variety it exhibits will be found, we apprehend, to consist not in the general tenor of the thought, but in the tone of feeling and consequent warmth of language, in which the thought is expressed. In all Christian countries, the prevailing thought is the perishable nature of all things earthly, and that kind of contemplative and philosophic content so well expressed by Francisco de Rioja, in one of his moral epistles,—'a little nook among my household gods, a book and friend, and light slumbers, that neither cares nor creditors disturb,—these are enough for me :'

'Un ángulo me basta entre mis lares,
un libro y un amigo, un sueño breve
que no perturben deudas ni pesares.'

Still, something of a national character will occasionally present itself, either in the point of view or in the coloring of the picture. It would, however, be useless to follow out this idea into detail, and to show wherein the moral poetry of Spain exhibits the features and shadows of national character. Though such a discussion might be interesting to some of our readers, we think the majority of them would prefer to have its place occupied by the extract, which follows. It is from the noble poem of Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, a model in its kind. The thoughts it contains are beautiful and true, and in accordance with them, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.

'O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake,

'Recuerde el alma adormida,
avive el seso y despierte,

Awake to see
How soon this life is passed and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !
Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;—
The moments that are speeding fast,
We heed not,—but the past,—the past,
More highly prize.

' Our lives are rivers gliding free,
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave :
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In that dark wave.
Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill ;
There all are equal ;—side by side,
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

contemplando
como se pasa la vida,
como se viene la muerte,
tan callando.
Quan presto se va el placer,
como despues de acordado,
da dolor ;
como á nuestro parecer
qualquiera tiempo pasado
fué mejor.

' Nuestras vidas son los rios
que van á dar en la mar,
que es el morir ;
allí van los señoríos
derechos á se acabar,
y consumir :
allí los rios caudales,
allí los otros medianos,
y mas chicos,
allegados son iguales,
los que viven por sus manos,
y los ricos.

'This world is but the rugged road,
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.
Our birth is but the starting-place,
Our life the running of the race;
We reach the goal,
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leads to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

'Behold, of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery;—
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.
Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accident and change
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,

'Este mundo es el camino
para el otro que es morada
sin pesar;
mas cumple tener buen tino,
para andar esta jornada
sin errar.
Partimos quando nascemos,
andamos mientras vivimos,
y allegamos
al tiempo que fenescemos;
así que quando morimos
descansamos.

'Ved de quan poco valor
son las cosas tras que andamos,
y corremos
en este mundo traydor;
que aun primero que muramos
las perdemos.
Dellas deshace la edad,
dellas casos desastrados,
que acaescen,
dellas por su calidad

Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate,
The strongest fall.

'Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,—
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?
The cunning skill, the curious arts,—
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage,
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

'Where are the high-born dames,—and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame
Low at their feet?
Where is the song of Troubadour,

en los mas altos estados
desfallecen.

'Decidme, ¿ la hermosura,
la gentil frescura y tez
de la cara,
la color y la blancura,
quando viene la vejez,
qué se para?
Las mañas y ligereza,
y la fuerza corporal
de juventud,
todo se torna graveza,
quando llega al arrabal
de senetud.

'¿ Qué se hicieron las damas,
sus tocados, sus vestidos,
sus olores?
¿ Qué se hicieron las llamas
de los fuegos encendidos
de amadores?
¿ Qué se hizo aquel trobar,

Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

'So many a Duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave!—
Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and cruel face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

'Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed,
High battlements, entrenched around,

las musicas acordadas
que tañian?
¿Qué se hizo aquel danzar,
aquellas ropas chapadas,
que traian?

'Tantos Duques excelentes,
tantos Marqueses y Condes,
y Barones
como vimos tan potentes,
dí, muerte, ¿dó los escondes
y traspones?
Y sus muy claras hazañas
que hicieron en las guerras
y en las paces,
quando tú, cruel, te enseñas,
con tus fuerzas las aterras
y deshaces.

'Las huestes innumerables,
los pendones, estandartes
y banderas,
los castillos impunables,

Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,
And covered trench, secure and deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.'

los muros, y baluertes
y barreras,
la cava honda chapada,
ó qualquier otro reparo,
¿ qué aprovecha ?
que si tú vienas ayrada,
todo lo pasas de claro
con tu flecha.'

These are dismembered fragments, taken here and there from Manrique's long and beautiful ode. The reader, who is curious to peruse the entire poem, will find it among the *Rimas Doctrinales* in the *Floresta* of Böhl de Faber. To the same work we refer those, who may wish to pursue more in detail the subject of this article, and who have not an extensive Spanish library within their reach. In our remarks upon the devotional and moral poetry of Spain, we have not attempted to sketch their history, nor have we even observed the order of time in the selection of our extracts. This was of little importance to us. Our object has been merely to exhibit some of the more striking peculiarities and beauties of this class of poems. The Spanish scholar, who has not already made himself familiar with this department of literature, will find it a delightful region, in which to wander and muse.

ART. II.—*Authorship of Junius.*

1. *Memoirs of* JOHN HORNE TOOKE, *together with his valuable Speeches and Writings; also, containing Proof, identifying him as the* AUTHOR *of the celebrated Letters of Junius.* By JOHN A. GRAHAM, LL. D.
2. *The Posthumous Works of* JUNIUS, *to which is prefixed an Inquiry respecting the Author, and a Sketch of the Life of John Horne Tooke.*
3. *Junius Unmasked, or* Lord GEORGE SACKVILLE *proved to be* JUNIUS, *with an Appendix showing that the Author of the Letters of Junius was also the Author of the History of the Reign of George III., and Author of the North Briton, ascribed to Mr. Wilkes.*
4. *An Essay on Junius and his Letters, embracing a Sketch of the Life and Character of* WILLIAM PITT, *Earl of Chatham, and Memoirs of certain other distinguished Individuals, with Reflections, Historical, Personal, and Political, relating to the Affairs of Great Britain and America, from* 1763 *to* 1785. By BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE, *Member of several Medical, Philosophical, and Literary Societies in Europe and America.*
5. *Letters of Junius, addressed to John Pickering, Esq. showing that the Author of that celebrated Work was* EARL TEMPLE. By ISAAC NEWHALL.

An attentive examination of the theories and arguments, which have been put forth on the subject of the authorship of Junius, will detect certain prevailing fallacies, which have run through nearly all of them. If the true theory have ever been advanced, it wears the same colors of sophistry as the false, and is not at present distinguishable from them. It remains to be proved, as much as it did when Junius ceased or began to write, and when men were watching for external indications of the author, instead of studying his works and searching contemporary writings for resemblances.

Most of the examiners of this question have thought it necessary to place an implicit reliance on each of the assertions, which Junius made touching himself. But in doing this they have violated a rule of evidence, which requires that the confessions of a party be all taken together. Each writer has usually selected those, which were favorable to his theory,

and without attempting to discredit the remainder, has omitted them in the discussion.

It will not be difficult to show, that many of the assertions of Junius respecting his own character and connexions, are to be taken with considerable qualifications; and that others are to be totally rejected. In his Private Letter No. 8, addressed to Woodfall, he requests the printer to impose a fiction upon the public. Of the same character were all the innocent deceptions of writing under various signatures in defence and aid of Junius, and especially under that of *Philo-Junius*. He calls it 'a fraud,' but adds that it was 'innocent,' and that he 'always meant to explain it.' In the Miscellaneous Letter signed *Anti-Fox*, there is an instance of artifice, a little more peculiar. He says, 'I know nothing of Junius.' Again, notwithstanding his habitual contempt and abuse of the Scotch, he attacks Lord Barrington under the signature of *Scotus*, commencing with, 'I am a Scotchman;' and vindicates the national character of his fictitious brethren, with as much zeal as that with which he usually abused them. It is evident, that Junius did and naturally would practise every harmless deception in relation to his circumstances, associations and character, which was adapted to give effect to his writings, and security to his person.

We give full credit to his declaration in the Dedication to the English nation, 'I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.' There is an earnestness and solemnity in these words, which convey a strong impression of their truth. It may be said, that if we believe all that Junius asserts respecting himself and his works, we shall believe contradictions. This proposition is true, and forms an essential part of our theory, but a distinction is to be made between spontaneous and voluntary statements, and those extorted by fear or interest. 'There is a great difference between what is said without our being urged to it, and what is said from a kind of compulsion.' This was the remark of Dr. Johnson in relation to the inquiry now before us. It may be further remarked, that the motive which urges to an avowal or confirmation of a fact is not always without, but quite as often within ourselves. Thus vanity, when unrestrained by fear, might admit the charge, or voluntarily claim the credit, of writing the Letters of Junius. So the recklessness of one who had nothing to lose, and to whom chances were rare blessings, would be likely to produce the same result; with this modification, the

principle of Dr. Johnson will be found of great service, when applied to declarations of or concerning Junius. A confession, to be of any value, must be voluntary, the confessor being at perfect liberty to make it or not, and uninfluenced by motives of hope, fear, or interest.

The only passage of Junius, which has been cited to prove the privity of other persons to the composition of the letters, occurs in his private correspondence with Woodfall, though there is one in his public letters, which seems to imply the same fact. The first which we shall quote is in his Private Letter No. 8, to Woodfall. 'The last letter which you printed, was idle and improper, and I assure you printed against my own opinion. The truth is, *there are people about me*, whom I would wish not to contradict, and who had rather see Junius in the papers ever so improperly, than not to see him at all.' If this confession be voluntary and disinterested, then by our rule it must be true, and if true it is decisive on the point before us. What was the motive for recalling and partially disclaiming the public letter, to which the private note refers? It was an apprehension in the mind of Junius, that he had impaired his credit with the public, by offending them with a publication which was coarse and trifling; or, as he himself says, 'idle and improper.' When we consider what a strict regard Junius generally paid to the public sense of decorum, and the masterly tact and skill with which he struck every chord of English feeling, and sounded every note of English passion, it is truly surprising, that he should ever have erred as he did on this occasion. It was, however, a mistake, from which the most sensible and prudent are not always exempted. He was misled by a witty conceit, and followed it up, though it left him in the mire. In these circumstances, it was necessary that he should make the best retreat he could from a situation incompatible with the grave and austere character and authoritative tone, which he had assumed. He therefore in the first place, requests Woodfall to state an untruth to the public. With this request Woodfall readily complies; and thus the *faux pas* was remedied so far as respected the public. The only other person to be operated upon was Woodfall himself, and those familiar friends and advisers to whom he might show the private correspondence of Junius. The confession then of the privity of other persons to the writings of Junius, was intended to affect Woodfall. Why, and in what way? In the

same way and for the same object, that several other declarations and promises were scattered through the private letters, viz. to encourage the printer to perseverance, to discourage a dangerous curiosity, and to secure more completely his fidelity. He was taught to believe, that the great secret of the time was not always to be concealed, that it was not even then withheld from the author's intimate friends, and would one day be imparted to himself, whom Junius always addressed as if he had a great regard for him, and would one day take pleasure in enrolling him in that select troop, by which it might naturally be supposed that such a man was surrounded.

In addition to this, we may see throughout Junius's intercourse with Woodfall a determination to stand particularly well with him, because he had resolved to make Woodfall the reflector of all the light, which the public were to receive immediately or perhaps for ever on the subject of Junius's moral character, so far as that character depended on actions instead of words. To have somewhat of a personal character, and to have that, however little, so free from reproach, as to authorize the most flattering inferences as to the whole, was an important point with Junius, and evidently auxiliary to his great design. The same motive, then, which induced him to wish the letter to *Junia* 'recalled,' would make him seek to clear himself as far as possible in the eyes of Woodfall, from the acknowledged weakness of having published it. Junius had then a double, and certainly an important purpose in view, in deceiving Woodfall. He wished to flatter his hopes of knowing 'the Great Unknown,' and to impress upon him and propagate through him the most favorable opinion of his character as a man and a gentleman.

There is another passage, which contains a feebler implication, of the same kind as that in the private letter. In Letter No. 36, to the Duke of Grafton, he says, 'But in the relation you have borne to the country, you have no title to indulgence; and if I had followed the dictates of my own opinion, I never should have allowed you the respite of a moment. In your public character, you have injured every subject of the empire; and though an individual is not authorized to forgive the injuries done to society, he is called upon to assert his separate share in the public resentment. I submitted however to the judgment of men more moderate, perhaps more candid than myself.' This we conceive does not necessarily imply

that 'the judgment' to which Junius 'submitted,' was given to him as Junius. In his real character, he might, and must have propounded questions, and listened to facts and opinions, which he made use of as Junius, without being known or suspected from that cause to be the writer. The political and personal opinions of a party are common property, and when one adds anything to the store, it immediately vests in all concerned. A new fact, or a new idea, will generally in twenty-four hours, or in half that time, have been so widely spread among ardent politicians, at an excited period, that it may appear in a gazette the next morning, without the originator having the slightest knowledge of the channel through which it got there. This consideration shows how Junius may have received in his real character, suggestions which he used in his fictitious one, without furnishing thereby any clue to lead to his detection. In this manner the last passage may be explained, and reconciled with the passage from the 'Dedication.' Perhaps, also, that contained in Private Letter No. 8, may be explained in the same way; we have sometimes thought so; but it is not very important.

Let then these passages, so explained, be compared with the following: 'I have faithfully served the public, without the possibility of personal advantage. As JUNIUS, I can *never* be rewarded. The secret is too important to be committed to any great man's discretion. If views of interest or ambition could tempt me to betray my own secret, how could I flatter myself, that the man I trusted would not act upon the same principles, and sacrifice me at once to the King's curiosity and resentment. Speaking therefore as a disinterested man, I have a claim to your attention.' This is in a private letter to Wilkes. In another private letter to Woodfall he says, 'Be assured that it is not in the nature of things that they, or you, or any body else should *ever* know me, unless I make myself known. All arts or inquiries or rewards will be equally ineffectual.' In another private letter to Wilkes he says, 'I willingly accept as much of your friendship, as you can impart to a man whom you will assuredly *never know*;' and to Sir William Draper; 'motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment make it impossible you should *ever* know me.' 'I should be exposed to the resentment of the worst and most powerful men in this country, though I may be indifferent to yours. Though *you* would fight, there are others who would assassinate.'

We conclude this topic with the asseveration, with which we started, that Junius *was* 'the sole depositary of his own secret,' and that it *has* 'perished with him,' and perished for ever; unless time and a better understanding of the methods of argument and the weight of evidence shall effect the discovery by means not yet known, and by facts which Junius could not disguise; for as far as in *him* lay, he has provided that all traces of himself should be concealed while he lived, and be buried with him when he was dead.

It is sometimes asked, why Junius should have wished for a continued concealment after his death, and when it could affect none connected with him, unless it were to invest them with a portion of the honor of all that was great and good in him, while all that derogated from either would be charitably 'interred with his bones.' We believe that he has answered the question himself. *One* of the reasons he assigned for taking and maintaining his *incognito* at first, has now, and will ever have the same force as then. He says to Wilkes, 'Besides every personal consideration, if I were known I could no longer be a useful servant to the public. At present there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate, and darkness we are told is one source of the sublime.—The mystery of JUNIUS increases his importance.' The interest arising from the concealment of Junius is an interest superadded, and even superior to that which the intrinsic importance of his works would command. It keeps up a more lasting and lively attention to these letters, than that which any didactic compositions, without the aid of something extraneous, could ever sustain. In adopting therefore a stern and soul-subduing purpose of self-denial in regard to the harvest of fame, Junius showed a deep knowledge of mankind, who have never placed among their consecrated things, aught which had not mystery about it,—aught which limited entirely the imagination, and set bounds to 'thoughts that wander through eternity.' Thus did Mahomet and Numa sanctify the revelations of genius, and make them as universal and lasting as the nations, whom they wished to influence and to serve. The great writer, whose era is called 'the Reign of Junius,' left a sort of sanction to his doctrines, in the mystery with which he enveloped their origin.

> 'The *more* to raise our reverence she chose,
> The *less* the sacred Sybil did disclose.'

Such was one of the original reasons of secrecy. Junius has declared it, and any man would have presumed it, if he had not. This reason remains in all its force, perhaps with accumulated force. For the allusions to local, personal, and party feelings and facts, though calculated to produce the most intense interest at the time, would soon not only cease to be interesting, but would even detract from other merit. Instead of wings to bear him up, they would be weights to drag him down. Whatever interest could be retained or inspired by secrecy, would therefore become more necessary, in proportion as ephemeral circumstances and passions passed away. Junius delivered a system of political ethics, and constitutional liberty, primarily intended for his own nation, but applicable and now applied in all nations, who possess or seek rational, impartial, and just systems of administration and government. With admirable wisdom and forecast he provided, that as one source of curiosity and attention should be diminished or lost, another should supply its place, and rivet the eyes and minds of beholders. The 'Dedication' says, 'When kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire are no longer understood, and measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity.'

There is no doubt that the first and most necessary object of secrecy was personal safety, and liberty to write and lay before the country and the king,—to use the language of Mr. Burke upon this subject,—'many truths, many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit.' In a private letter to Woodfall, Junius says, 'I must be more cautious. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days. If I did, they would attaint me by bill. Change to the Somerset Coffee House.' Again, 'When you consider to what excessive enmities I may be exposed, you will not wonder at my caution.' Sir William Draper challenged Junius, and other antagonists left their names with the printer, and called upon Junius to come forth, and try the questions between them by mortal combat.

To show, that Junius did not over-rate the importance of his secret, we produce the following contemporary testimony. Mr. Whitefoord, one of Junius's antagonists, says, September, 1769, when but twenty-two out of sixty-nine letters had been published, 'Various have been the conjectures formed on the

question, "Who is Junius?" I have heard at least twenty persons named, whom suspicion points the finger at. Nay, I have been assured at different times, that each of them was the author in question. They could not all be the writer, perhaps none of them.' Wilkes says, in the private correspondence with Junius, 'I do not mean to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times, the author of Junius. *I will not attempt with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I am disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect an altar to the unknown God of our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness.*' Burke said in the House of Commons, 'the myrmidons of the Court have been long and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No, they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke all their toils, is before them.' Lord North, in the same debate, said, 'Why should we wonder that this great boar of the wood, this mighty Junius, has broke through the toils and foiled the hunters? Though there may be at present no spear that will reach him, yet he may be some time or other caught.'

These were the mixed motives which first prompted Junius to secrecy. But when he found by experience, if he did not fully foresee, how much his 'mystery increased his importance,' and when, by his knowledge of the philosophy and history of man, he foresaw that the same effect would not only continue, but be increased as the stream of time rolled on, there cannot, we think, be a doubt that he resolved in the solitary recesses of his heart, that his secret should be eternal. That he had a prophetic insight into the future, is manifested in the sentiment, which we have quoted from the 'Dedication.' In one of his letters to Horne he says, 'Without meaning an indecent comparison, I may venture to foretell that the Bible and Junius will be read, when the commentaries of the Jesuits are forgotten.'

If all these expressions, and they are all the important ones of their kind contained in the work, be taken together, the impression upon the whole will be, that Junius was known and intended to be known to none. To suppose that when the danger of discovery was nearly over, or greatly diminished, when his machinery had been tried, and found safe and adequate to its purpose, and when there was no need of multiply-

ing precautions, to suppose that Junius would sit down to his 'Dedication,' and falsely make to the people of England that solemn asseveration, is to suppose what is inconsistent not only with the sagacity, wariness, and practical good sense of Junius, but with the common sense of mankind. No motive, apart from its truth, can be assigned for the declaration. It could no longer contribute to the safety or liberty of writing and publishing. The work was done and bequeathed to Woodfall, as one of the last acts of the author. On the other hand, could Junius be so absurd, so suicidal, so ineffably stupid, as to place on the frontispiece of his great work, *ever to remain there*, a declaration which he knew, and intended to be false, gratuitously and unprofitably false? To suppose this is inconsistent with the smallest modicum of intellect which nature in her most niggardly mood ever vouchsafed to a rational being. It must have been obvious, that it would forever impair the respectability and popularity of the work, if it were tainted with wanton trick and deceit, of which it would be difficult to say, whether the silliness or the disinterested knavery were most conspicuous. To cry out in the market place, 'I am Junius, but none of you shall ever know it,' is a madness, which must be reconciled with the deep subtilty and strong sense of Junius, by those who maintain that the implication of the privity of other persons contained in the letter to Woodfall, is to be believed in preference to the opposite declaration in the Dedication and elsewhere. In the former case, there was an obvious and reasonable object, in the latter no imaginable one; there, it was convenient and useful, here gratuitous; there it was to do him good, here it was to do his writings harm; there it was private, here public. It might well be demanded of Junius, 'was not the secret your own, to impart or conceal at your pleasure? Then why have you, intending to tell it, surrounded it with trumpery and falsehood? Why, by an empty parade of self-denial, of which you knew that you were incapable,—by an affectation of a superiority to vanity, which was in itself egregiously vain,—have you impaired the credit of principles, and brought ridicule upon labors, which otherwise would always have been respectable, coming from any source, known or unknown? This is a question, which we apprehend to be unanswerable. At all events there is no answer to it, except the actual production of the author. That it was his design never to be known, we fully believe; that he provided wisely and se-

curely, as far as possible, for its accomplishment, we also believe; that he did so effectually, must always be self-evident, until he is discovered.

Those who recollect how much use has been made of the circumstance of the supposed privity of other persons to the composition of the letters, in almost all the discussions of this subject, and how important the solution of the question is to the settlement of various claims to the honors of Junius, will not think that we have occupied an undue space for presenting it fully and fairly to our readers.

Several persons have said that they knew the author. Others, when charged with being the author, have denied it evasively, or have blushingly submitted to have 'greatness forced upon them;' and one has affirmed, that he was himself the veritable Junius. Dr. Parr was in the habit of saying that he knew the author of Junius, and he one day invited a gentleman to his house to meet the son of Junius, or in his classical nomenclature, *Juniades*, meaning thereby a natural son of Charles Lloyd, private secretary of George Grenville.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall states in his Memoirs, that the late king George III. declared that he knew the author; and that he would write no more. This was not said at the time when Garrick had communicated such a story, and could not have been founded upon it; for Junius had meantime continued to write. Probably the king like many others thought he knew, and announced as a fact, what was merely an opinion. Upon the principle, which we have endeavored to establish, to know the author is equivalent to being the author, unless the knowledge were the result of study and investigation, or of other means in which *he* had no agency.

Alexander Stephens, in his Memoirs of John Horne Tooke, informs us, that in answer to the interrogatory, 'do you know the author of Junius?' Mr. Tooke said, in presence of his biographer, and with a peculiar look and emphasis, 'I do.' Mr. Graham, whose work is at the head of this article, testifies, that 'one day in his presence a mutual and reverend friend put the question directly to Mr. Tooke; 'do you know the author of Junius?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'I do know him better than any man in England.' 'Pray, is he now living?' 'Yes, he is yet alive.' 'He must then be an old man. Do you know his age?' Mr. Tooke replied, 'strange as it may seem,

I can assure you, that Parson Horne and Junius were born on the same day in the city of Westminster.'

Reverend Philip Rosenhagen is said to have imposed upon Lord North a story that he was the author, in order to induce his Lordship to buy him in with a pension.

The present Duke of Buckingham, and his uncle, Lord Grenville, are said to have severally declared that they know the author.

Another class of persons connected in a more important manner with this question are those, who being accused, have tacitly admitted or have evaded the charge of the authorship. The earliest of them, we believe, was Hugh Macauley Boyd. Almon, the bookseller and publisher, states, that he got sight of part of a letter of Junius, in the hands of Woodfall, and knew that it was in Boyd's hand-writing; whereupon he charged Boyd with being the writer. Boyd *instantly changed color*, and after a short pause, said, 'similitude of hand-writing is not a conclusive fact.' Almon, it seems, was convinced that his suspicion was correct; and ever after maintained his theory with zeal and constancy.

Lord George Sackville was early accused, and does not appear to have directly denied the charge. On one occasion, his Lordship is said to have replied to a friend, 'I should be proud to be thought capable of writing as Junius has done, but there are many passages in his letters, I should be very sorry to have written.' A few days before his death he told Richard Cumberland, his private secretary, in a laughing way, that he had been accused of writing the Letters. It does not appear, that on this occasion he added any other observation.

William Gerard Hamilton, who was generally known to be among the reputed authors, is not known to have denied it, otherwise than by criticising with some rigor one of Junius's metaphors; and by observing one day to a friend in a tone between seriousness and pleasantry, 'you know that I could have written better papers.' Mr. Malone, editor of his speeches and parliamentary logic, states, however, that he denied on his death-bed that he was Junius.

The most remarkable confession, which has been made upon this subject, was that of General Charles Lee. In this, as in other things, he was a being *sui generis*. In the fall of the year 1773, Mr. T. Rodney was in company with him in America, and the Letters of Junius were mentioned. Mr.

Rodney expressed the opinion, that no other person than Lord Chatham could have been the author. General Lee immediately replied with considerable animation, affirming that 'to his certain knowledge, Lord Chatham was not the author; neither did he know who was the author any more than I did; that there was not a man in the world, no, not even Woodfall, who knew who the author was; that the secret rested solely with himself, and would forever remain with him. Feeling in some degree surprised at this unexpected declaration, after pausing a little, I replied, 'No, General Lee, if you certainly know what you have affirmed, it can no longer remain solely with him, for certainly no one could know what you have affirmed, but the author himself.' Recollecting himself, he replied, 'I have unguardedly committed myself, *and it would be but folly to deny to you, that I am the author;* but I must request that you will not reveal it during my life; for it never was, and never will be revealed by me to any other man.'

Sir Philip Francis, when directly inquired of by Sir Richard Phillips, replied in a manner which has been variously interpreted. It is certainly not quite satisfactory, and as Sir Philip lived some years afterwards, and saw that his reply was in effect ambiguous, and omitted to make it certain, we may conclude beyond a doubt, that he was willing to be thought the author. We know of no others, who were accused or interrogated in such a manner as to elicit a reply. If there were, we presume that their replies have not been preserved. The only person, who appears to have given a prompt and categorical denial, was Edmund Burke. He denied it to Dr. Johnson, in a manner which satisfied him; and to Dean, afterwards Bishop Morley, he said, 'I could not write like Junius, and if I could, I would not.'

From these facts, it is manifest, that if confessions, direct, tacit, or implied, of knowing or being the author, prove any thing, they prove too much, and instead of one, would give us twenty Juniuses, and as Mr. Whitefoord said, sixty years ago, 'they could not *all* be the writer.' Yet we are far from affirming that expressions may not have been dropped by the real Junius, which, together with other facts and circumstances, may tend to show who he was. This, however, we think is certain, that they must be expressions, which do not necessarily and of themselves direct or tend to that result. They would involve Junius in the folly and absurdity, which we have pointed

out, and of which the *niaiserie* of General Lee furnishes a good illustration. It is probable, also, that if he ever did utter any such expressions, it must have been after the public had become so familiar with this kind of evidence, as to think little of it, and when to add any thing to it would not be a distinction. Upon such fallacious confessions and admissions, various theories have been constructed with great labor and sometimes with ingenuity, and presented to the public with great expense. We have read fifteen volumes, written expressly to establish the authorship, and many incidental discussions in other works. There are several, which we know only by their titles; and in addition to these, various claims have been brought forward in magazines and other periodicals, which never emerged into an independent volume. These discussions are at least amusing; they are not without their use in a historical point of view, and they go to increase the great sum total of literary taste and liberal study. Above all, they have had the effect, which Junius probably foresaw, of keeping up and increasing to a singular intensity, the interest in his works; which, in and of themselves, masterly and perfect as they are, would not have been half, perhaps not a hundredth part as much read, if the author had been known. Thus much for confessions.

We now proceed to a second species of fallacy, more extensive and important than the foregoing. This consists in taking up a coincidence or two, perhaps in some cases striking ones, between the situation, life, personal enmities, or something else of the claimant, with the like circumstances of Junius. A single coincidence has sometimes been enough to convince a reader that he had made the great discovery, and he has thereupon become a writer, and made a book. Five candidates have been set up, because they were clerks in some ministerial department, or secretaries to some eminent statesmen, and therefore had facilities for obtaining Junius's prompt, important, and authentic private information. In our opinion, the information which Junius obtained in so remarkable a degree, was not that which the small clerks at their desks would be much more likely to have, than any other citizen of London. Some have been brought forward, because they esteemed a man or men whom Junius praised; others, because they hated men whom Junius hated; others, because Junius defended their personal rights or interests on some occasion, where those rights or interests involved public principles.

Among all these, the real Junius *may be embraced;* but if he be, this partial and narrow method of proof does not establish, but rather obscures his claims, and sinks him to a level with a multitude of vain pretenders. The same remark is applicable to this, as to the preceding species of fallacy. It gives us too many Juniuses. This fallacy, in its proper place, and with sufficient induction of facts, might be legitimate and valuable proof; but when isolated and elevated to an undue importance, it has deplorably misled the investigators of this question. Possessed with one master notion, they have closed their eyes and minds to facts, which they should have carefully considered. They have not sought the author of Junius, but plausible arguments to support the pride of pre-conceived opinion. The favorite, and almost the only means, which have been employed for this purpose, has been the collating of parallel phrases, and identical words and ideas; and in this consists the third and most dangerous fallacy on this subject.

Dr. Paley has remarked, that 'every party, in every country, has a vocabulary.' Wherever there is a free press, and consequently discussions and parties, there are words, phrases, and doctrines, which circulate in the respective parties, and in fact, are mutually exchanged in the intercourse of opposite ones, as commonly as the coin which they carry in their pockets. In the political pamphlets, speeches, and newspapers of our country at the present moment, who does not know, that the words 'tariff,' '*judicious* tariff,' 'free trade,' 'protection,' 'restriction,' 'American system,' 'home industry,' 'domestic manufactures,' 'reform,' 'freedom of elections,' and the leading ideas and arguments which the respective parties connect with them, are so familiar, that any political writer would have to make them a particular study, and would find considerable difficulty in avoiding them? It would be unnatural, if not impossible, for any two persons, even of different sides, to address the public without using a great many similar, and some identical words and phrases; and any two or more persons, of the same side would, for a stronger reason, have a great many ideas and opinions as well as terms in common; otherwise they would not be of the same party. Thus it was in England, in the time of Junius, and so it will ever be there and here. There was not a distinguished writer or orator of the whig party, who may not be proved by this sort of reasoning to be Junius. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that there was no political writer, distinguished or

not, of whom this might not be proved; and that a recipe for making a good Junius might be given in some such form as this;—take any writer of 'Junius's reign,' who published a pamphlet, or any man, who was suspected of having talent enough to write one; if you can find nothing under his name, take the best anonymous pamphlet you can find, and assume that it was his. Sort the words well, and pick out some dozen or twenty, which are also in Junius, a circumstance which is as remarkable as that they are in the dictionary. Pick out four or five phrases from both works, or if there are not so many at hand, one or two will answer; place them side by side, and *underscore*. Locate your candidate in London, though it will do if he make a few trips to Paris and Spaa, provided it cannot be *proved* that he was in those places at the very time when Junius must have been in London, replying to attacks on the next morning, or next but one, after their appearance. Connect him with an under clerk or a great man in the Government; let him receive an affront from the Duke of Grafton's fifth cousin, and you have a Junius made "good cheap" as any of my Lord Coke's "gentlemen of England."'

The following are set down as parallels between Sir Philip Francis and Junius, in the work called Junius Identified, by Mr. Taylor.

'*Junius.* As it is, whenever he changes his servants, he is sure to have the people in that instance, of *his side.*

'*Francis.* But he who knows that he has the law of *his side*, will never think of appealing to necessity, for a defence of the legality of his measures.

'*Junius. So far forth* as it operates, it constitutes a House of Commons, which does not represent the people.

'*Francis. So far forth*, I also meet the opinion of the Governor General and Mr. Boswell.

'*Junius.* I am sorry to tell you, Sir William, that in this article your *fact is false.*

'*Francis.* This part of the motion, I say, implies a *false fact.*'

The next examples are from Mr. Coventry's book in favor of Lord Sackville.

'In his private letter to Mr. Woodfall, he says, "that Swinney is a *wretched*, but dangerous fool." In the instance before us, Lord George publicly remarked, "that he despised that honorable member, but would level himself with his *wretched* character and malice."'

'The freedom of election is the sacred *palladium* of English liberty.' To this passage from Sackville's speech on the Middlesex election, the following observation is subjoined in a note by Mr. Coventry.

'This speech was made long before Junius's "Dedication" of the Letters to the English nation, wherein he says, "Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the *palladium* of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman.'

'*Junius.* We see the prophecy verified in every particular, and if *this great and good man* was mistaken in any one instance, it was perhaps that he did not expect his predictions to be fulfilled so soon as they have been.'

'*Sackville.* The author of this bill, Mr. Grenville, had preserved a *good* name, while in office, and when out. And he sincerely hoped the noble Lord would endeavor *to have his name handed down to posterity with the same honor as Mr. Grenville had.*'

We take one example from a work in support of the claims of Richard Glover, as follows: 'In the preliminary part of his address, *Glover* expresses his acknowledgments to the Livery in general, "for their candor, *decency* and indulgence." In the memoir, he attributes to Pitt, "hot and unguarded expressions in Parliament, the most *indecent* of which was a needless encomium on the late Sir Robert Walpole." These words are frequently used in this sense by *Junius*, and I do not remember their being used in any other. "The man I have described, would never prostrate his dignity in Parliament by an *indecent* violence, either by opposing or defending a minister."'

We take the following from the first work at the head of this article.

'*Horne.* Sermons, petitions, books against plays,—saying that money will corrupt men,—nothing but barely mentioning the effects of money;—all have been prosecuted and punished, and ears cut off, and those things for libel.

'*Junius.* Cutting off ears and noses, might still be inflicted by a resolute Judge.

'*Horne.* I have laid before you a sacred principle, with which I am much better acquainted than with any precedents, and for one of which I would willingly give up all the precedents that ever existed.

'*Junius.* It is not that precedents have any weight with me

in opposition to principles, but I know they weigh with the multitude.'

The third work at the head of this article furnishes the following, among other comparisons, between the writings of Junius and a pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations on the German War,' supposed by the author to be written by Sackville.

'*Considerations.* If from *reason* we recur to *facts*.

'*Junius.* It depends upon a combination of *facts* and *reasoning*.

'*Considerations.* It is not now the business of France to *erect* its *whole force*.

'*Junius.* He must now *erect the whole power* of his capacity.

'*Considerations.* "Many persons *I know* will think it strange." "*I know* it is said we have money enough." "*I know* that it has been said that England paid." "*I know* that it has been said that our allies."

'*Junius.* "My premises *I know* will be denied in argument." "*I know* it has been alleged in your favor." "A courtier, *I know*, will be ready to maintain the affirmative." '

In addition to the resemblances, which Mr. Taylor, the advocate of Sir Philip Francis, finds between the speeches and writings of Sir Philip and Junius, he discovers that the former, who is also the latter, reported two speeches of Chatham, delivered in the House of Lords on the 9th and 22d January, 1770; and taking it for granted, that the *Reporter* gave to his report his own spirit and style rather than those of the orator, he proceeds to institute comparisons between Chatham's speeches and Junius, to prove that Sir Philip was the latter. The author of the fourth work at the head of this article takes these comparisons from Taylor, but applies them to prove that the *orator*, and not the *reporter*, was Junius. We think that they prove one as much as they do the other. We take the following example.

'*Francis's Report of Chatham.* He owned his natural partiality for America, and was inclined to make allowance even for their excesses. That they ought to be treated with tenderness, for in his sense *they were ebullitions of liberty that broke out in the skin*, and were the sign, if not of a perfect, at least of a *vigorous constitution;* and must not be driven in too suddenly, lest they should strike to the heart.'

'*Junius.* No man regards *an eruption upon the surface*, when the vital parts are invaded, and he feels a *mortification* approach-

ing his heart.' 'I shall only say, give me a healthy *vigorous constitution*, and I shall hardly consult my looking-glass to discover a blemish upon my *skin*.'

'*Francis's Report of Chatham.* *The rights of the greatest and meanest subjects now stand upon the same foundation,—the security of law, common to all.*'

'*Junius.* However distinguished by *rank* or property, *in the rights of freedom we are all equal.* As we are Englishmen, the *least considerable* man among us has an interest *equal* to the *proudest nobleman*, in the laws and constitution of his country."

The author of the Letters on Junius, addressed to Mr. Pickering, in support of Lord Temple's pretensions, produces a pamphlet, which is anonymous, but which he supposes to have been written by his candidate. On this corner-stone he places the main pillar of his theory. The pamphlet is entitled 'An Enquiry into the conduct of a late Right Honorable Commoner.'

'*Junius.* Until they thunder at our gate.'

'*Enquiry.* He thundered against Hanover.'

'*Junius.* The incapacity of their [the administration] leaders to promote any other without *widening their bottom.*

'*Enquiry.* In order to *widen* and strengthen the *bottom* of his administration.'

We might proceed to fill a volume with couplets of this sort, which every writer upon the authorship has collected from Junius, and from some acknowledged or supposed production of his favorite candidate. Gen. Lee, Burke, Boyd, Lloyd, Wilkes, and many others, have been proved to be Junius by similar evidence, and we shall presently show, if the above examples have not shown already, that any writer might by the same means be proved to be Junius. It is true that there is a distinction, which however has seldom been made, between the cases of claimants whose writings were published *before*, and those whose writings were published *after* Junius; for the resemblances in the latter may be the effect of mere imitation. We think they are of very little value in any case, for they are witnesses which can be called, and will answer equally well for any case; like those standing in the purlieus of the courts at Naples, who, if asked what their business is, answer 'I *swear*.'

Thus much for parallel expressions of political writers of Junius's era and country. We will now proceed a step further, and show that similar coincidences may be found in writers of different eras, different countries, and different walks of literature.

The work which we shall take to illustrate the two first points, is an American pamphlet, which made some sensation in its day, and although erroneous, as it appears to us, in some of its views, is written with considerable ability.

'*Pamphlet.* A statement which the writer undoubtedly believed to be true, but which comes *only from one side of the question.*' — 'They must have been compelled either to act upon the views of this representation, without hearing the counter statement of *the other side*, or seemingly to disregard the pressing interests of their constituents.'

'*Junius.* One would think that all the fools were of the *other side of the question.*'

'*Pamphlet.* However *differing* in my conclusions upon questions of the highest moment, from any other man of *whatever party*, I have never upon suspicion imputed his conduct to corruption.'

'*Junius.* To write for profit without taxing the press, to write for fame and to be unknown, to support the intrigues of faction and be *disowned* as a dangerous auxiliary by *every party*, are contradictions, which the minister must reconcile before I forfeit my credit with the public.'

'*Pamphlet.* This open-hearted imputation of *honest intentions* is the only adamant, which can bear all the *thunder* of foreign hostility.'

'*Junius.* I should be sorry to injure any man, who may be *honest* in his *intentions.*'

American politicians of 1807-8 may recollect the pamphlet which we have quoted, and have proved to be written by the author of Junius by just as good an argument, as any which has been used to prove Francis, or Sackville, or Chatham, or Temple, or any other of a score of candidates, to be the author of Junius. The above examples are taken from the first *seven* pages of the pamphlet in question. From this a judgment may be formed, of what we might present upon an examination of the whole with the same view. Politicians and others who were not on the stage in 1808 may need to be informed, that our new candidate for Junius is none other

than President John Quincy Adams; and the above pamphlet, which proves the validity of his claims, is his reply to senator Timothy Pickering's letter to his constituents on the Embargo.

We present one more example of this sort of coincidence, which is quite as remarkable as the above, and it is the more valuable, because it is found between Junius and the first and only author in a totally different walk, and of a totally different character from Junius, whom we took up with a view to note similitudes, if any appeared. For the present, we shall designate the work to which we refer as a *book* simply.

'*Book.* I felt some *reluctance* at parting.'

'*Junius.* I write to you with *reluctance.*'

'*Book.* I can say no more for Mr. Pope (for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest). It is natural to wish the finest writer, at least one of them, we ever had, should be an *honest man.*

'*Junius.* If any *honest man* should still be inclined to leave the construction of libels to the Court, I would entreat him to consider what a dreadful complication of hardships he imposes upon his fellow-subjects.'

'*Book.* The unhappy news I have just received from you equally *surprises and afflicts me.*'

'*Junius.* It is the conduct of our friends that *surprises and afflicts me.*'

Those who have been accustomed to regard such coincidences of expressions as proof of identity of authorship, will be '*surprised*,' and possibly some of them '*afflicted*' to learn, that the *book* is Gray's Letters; and they will be further surprised to hear, that we examined but three of the letters to obtain the above couplets. There is no doubt that they might be greatly extended. In short, we should as soon think of proving that Johnson was Junius, by finding the words of the letters in the Dictionary, as by selecting and yoking together words and phrases from Junius and any author, to prove that author and him the same. One of the Petitions of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the city of London, presented to his Majesty George III, in 1770, in allusion to the supposed power and intrigues of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and her faction, a set of irresponsible persons 'behind the throne,' called in the phrase of the day 'the King's friends,' uses precisely the term MALIGN INFLUENCE. But we are not

therefore to conclude, that Mr. Secretary Branch wrote the London Petition.

To present a final and still more surprising example of the fallacy, which we have been endeavoring to expose, we shall present passages from three documents, one of which is among the most known and celebrated in the world. The others are less known, but in point of composition are not less entitled to celebrity. For the present, we shall designate them by the letters A, B, and C.

'*A.* They [the ministers] have wantonly and wickedly *sacrificed the lives of your Majesty's innocent subjects.*'

'*C.* He [the king] *has destroyed the lives of our people.*'

'*A.* After having insulted and *defeated the law*, * * * they have at length completed their design, by wresting from the *people* the last sacred *right* of election' [of representatives.]

'*C.* He has *obstructed the administration of justice.* He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions of the *rights of the people.*'

'*A.* They avow and endeavor to establish a maxim absolutely inconsistent with our Constitution, that an occasion for effectually employing a *military force* always presents itself, when the *civil power* is trifled with or insulted.'

'*C.* He has *affected* to render the *military power* independent of, and superior to the *civil.*'

'*A.* They have established numberless *unconstitutional regulations* and *taxations* in our *colonies.* They have caused a *revenue to be raised* in some of them *by prerogative.* They have appointed *civil law Judges* to try *revenue* causes, and *to be paid out of the condemnation money.*'

'*C.* He has combined with others to subject us to a *jurisdiction, foreign from our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws;* giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation;

'For imposing *taxes on us without our consent;*

'He has made *Judges dependent on his will* alone for the tenure of their offices, and the *amount and payment of their salaries.*'

We now give some comparisons from the documents B and C.

'*B.* Wicked attempts to increase and establish *a standing army.*'

'*C.* He has kept among us in times of peace *standing armies.*'

'*B.* The *military* introduced at every opportunity, unnecessarily and unlawfully *patrolling the streets,* to the alarm of the inhabitants.'

'*C.* For quartering large bodies of *armed troops among us.*'

'*B.* *Unjust* treatment of *petitions.*'

'*C.* Our repeated *petitions* have been answered only by repeated *injury.*'

'*B.* Unwilling to interrupt your royal repose, though ready to lay down *our lives and fortunes* for your Majesty's service, and *for the constitution*, as by law established, we have *waited patiently*, expecting a constitutional remedy. We see ourselves left without hopes or means of redress, but from your Majesty or *God.*'

'*C.* Such has been the *patient* sufferance of these colonies.' * * '*And for the support of this declaration*, with a firm reliance on the protection of *Divine Providence*, we mutually pledge to each other our *lives*, our *fortunes*, and our sacred honor.'

In passing we remark, that fine scholars have considered the last clause as a blemish in a composition, which for the most part is highly finished and perfect.

We now present some coincidences from the documents A, B, and C, *together.*

'*A.* They have *screened* more than one *murderer from punishment.*'

'*C.* For *protecting* them [the military] by a mock trial, *from punishment* for any *murders* they should commit on the inhabitants of these States.'

'*B.* *Murder abetted, encouraged*, and *rewarded.*'

'*A.* They have *purposely furnished a pretence* for calling in the aid of *military power.*'

'*C.* He has *excited domestic insurrections* amongst us.'

'*B.* *Mobs* and *riots, hired* and *raised* by the ministers in order to *justify* and *recommend* their own illegal proceedings.'

'*A.* Your ministers have * * *invaded* our invaluable and unalienable *right of trial by jury.*'

'*C.* For *depriving* us in many cases of the *benefits of trial by jury.*'

'*B.* *Trial by jury discountenanced.*'

'*A.* All this they have been able to effect, by a *shameless prostitution of public honors and emoluments.*

'*C.* He has erected a multitude of *new offices*, sent hither *swarms* of *officers* to *harass* our people, and to *eat out their substance.*'

'*B.* *Prostitution of public honors* and *rewards* to *men*, who can neither plead public virtue nor services.'

These are verbal, phraseological, and mental resemblances, which would prove a vast deal, if it had happened to be neces-

sary to any theory of ours, to prove that the three documents were from one and the same hand.

But there is another and higher species of internal evidence, than any which we have mentioned, or any which coincidences of mere words, phrases, or even of sentiment, can ever afford. This is general resemblance of style, or as Dr. Parr calls it, '*general lexis*' of writings. It is the compendious result of all particular resemblances. It is that which the mind intuitively detects, because it feels itself in the presence of something known and familiar. In men, it is that by which we recognize them without hearing their voice or examining their features. We will therefore present extracts from the above documents, of sufficient length to prove a similitude of *style* in its largest sense.

'*A.* Your ministers, from corrupt principles, and in violation of every duty, have by various enumerated means, invaded our invaluable and unalienable right of trial by jury.

'They have with impunity issued general warrants, and violently seized persons and private papers.

'They have rendered the laws non-effective to our security by evading the *Habeas Corpus*.

'They have caused punishments and even perpetual imprisonments to be inflicted, without trial, conviction, or sentence.

'They have brought into disrepute the civil magistracy, by the appointment of persons, who are in many respects unqualified for that important trust, and have thereby purposely furnished a pretence for calling in the military power.'

'*C.* He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into a compliance with his measures.

'He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

'He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasions from without and convulsions within.

'He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.'

From a subsequent part of the same document, we give an extract, in which the sentences are constructed in a manner quite peculiar.

'*C.* He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation,—

'For quartering large bodies of armed troops amongst us.

'For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States.

'For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.

'For imposing taxes upon us without our consent.

'For depriving us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury.

'For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended crimes.'

A similar peculiarity of construction may be seen in the following from document B.

'*B.* Under the pretence of this discretion, or as it was formerly, and has been lately called,—law of State,—we have seen,

'English subjects, and even a member of the British Legislature, arrested by a general warrant, issued by a Secretary of State, contrary to the law of the land.

'Their houses rifled and plundered; their papers seized and used as evidence on trial.

'Their bodies committed to close confinement.

'The *Habeas Corpus* eluded.

'Trial by jury discountenanced; and the first law officer of the crown publicly insinuating that juries are not to be trusted.

'Printers punished by the ministry in the Supreme Court, without a trial by their equals,—without any trial at all.

'The remedy of the law for false imprisonment debarred and defeated, &c.'

A represents the Petition of the Livery of London, presented to the king July 5, 1769; B represents a Petition of the Freeholders of Middlesex, presented to the king about the same time; and C represents the American Declaration of Independence, adopted and signed just *seven* years and *one* day after the first of the above petitions was presented. That these could all have been written by the same hand, or in the same country, is of course out of the question. The example shows the extreme liability of writers to deceive themselves, and

mislead others, by relying upon similitudes of thought, diction, or even of style, to prove identity of authorship. It may be alleged, that the above resemblances are not accidental, but the result of imitation. Jefferson might, and probably did read these English documents, which were published in the London, and not improbably in the American papers; and he was then a young lawyer and an old politician. As a whig, he must have approved their principles, and as a man of sense and taste, he must have admired the concise, nervous and eloquent style, in which they were drawn up. If they made that impression, which they were calculated to make, upon such a mind as his, he might, and probably would insensibly slide into the same method and style of stating the rights and wrongs of a great nation. Be this as it may, the resemblances are undeniable and striking. If they be accidental, then they show that there is no need of supposing or inferring the same mind and the same hand, where they occur; if they be imitation, then they show conclusively the fallacy of the pretensions of any writer, who wrote subsequently to Junius. But in truth, the argument is worth very little in any case, and in the one last supposed, it is an *ignis fatuus*, which is as likely to lead any where else as to truth. In an article in the Edinburgh Review, in 1826, attributed to Sir James Mackintosh, it is observed, that for twenty years Junius was the model of almost every political writer. We may add that he is still so, oftener than readers or writers are always aware of.

We believe that the argument from internal evidence of style, in a comprehensive sense, though often deceitful and rarely conclusive, is the best that can be employed in solving a literary problem like the one before us. It is precisely the one which has been employed least. Undoubtedly it is the one, which demands the greatest familiarity with the respective writings which are to be compared. It is a high and refined exercise of intellect, and requires a vigorous application of the powers of logic, rhetoric and criticism. We know from daily experience, how widely men differ in judgment, in cases where they have only to exercise the physical senses of sight and taste. Of course the difficulty and uncertainty must be greatly increased, where the analogous faculties of mind are to be employed, in the same manner as our reasonings on moral subjects are more loose and unsatisfactory, than in the physical and mathematical sciences. How often do the greatest epicures differ in their opinions of

the quality, age and even the kind of wines; Cervantes relates a story in point. Two delicate tasters were asked their opinions of a certain butt of wine; one thought there was a disagreeable taste of *iron* in it, and the other that it had the flavor of old *leather*. In fact, when the wine was drawn off, a *key* with a *leathern* thong attached, was found in the bottom of the cask. This is probably the *nec plus ultra* of *connoisseurship* in the article of wine.

Erasmus wrote a tract entitled *Ciceronianus*. It was answered anonymously. Erasmus perused the reply and fixed it upon Hieronimus Aleander, as the author of the whole or the greater part. The words of Erasmus on the occasion were very remarkable. 'From the *phraseology*, the *style* and *diction*, and a great many other things, I am persuaded that this, or at least the greater part of it, is the work of Hieronimus Aleander. Because his genius has become so thoroughly known to me from our domestic intercourse, that he is not better known to himself.' And yet Erasmus was mistaken. Julius Scaliger was the author of the piece. There cannot be a stronger case than this. Greater learning, judgment and sagacity cannot be expected, nor a fairer occasion for their application: yet they failed of attaining to truth; they deceived their possessor, and he deceived others. The authorship of the Dialogue *de Claris Oratoribus sive de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ* has been ascribed to Tacitus, Quinctilian, and Pliny. Learned men have advocated the claims of each, and do so still, and will for ages to come.

But to show that the internal evidence of style is not without great value, we mention the following anecdote of Ruhnken. He was reading Apsines, one of the minor Greek rhetoricians, when he suddenly perceived that he had passed into another style, resembling that of Longinus, with which he was very familiar. As he proceeded, he detected new traces of the same author, and he felt certain, that he had found a piece from some work of Longinus. To confirm the acuteness of Ruhnken, a passage of Longinus, cited by an old commentator, was found word for word in the piece which he was reading. In short, the incident proved to be a discovery of a part of a lost work of Longinus on rhetoric. The questions of the authorship of Eikon Basilike, Gil Blas, Phalaris's Epistles, and The Whole Duty of Man, have exercised without satisfying the critical learning and curiosity of the greatest scholars.

There is one case more modern, and more remarkable than any of the above. Edmund Burke was the author of an ingenious stratagem to discredit the writings of Bolingbroke, then greatly in vogue, and very generally thought to be inimitable in his style and sound in his philosophy. Burke's design was to mimic the style, to seem to adopt the principles, and then to run them out boldly, but with apparent sincerity, to their remote consequences; and thus to demonstrate their dangerous tendency. Bolingbroke's philosophy was 'the newest pattern of the day,' and both on account of its style and as the posthumous work of a distinguished politician, excited great attention; a direct attack upon it would probably have failed. Burke's treacherous torpedo was sent out in 1756, and while it was floating under the enemy's bows to blow him out of the water, was taken for his own buoy. 'The imitation was so perfect, as to constitute identity rather than resemblance.' Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Warburton for a short time believed it to be genuine. Mallet, 'the beggarly Scotchman,' as Dr. Johnson called him, whom 'the scoundrel' that 'loaded a blunderbuss against Christianity hired to pull the trigger' after he was dead,—went to Dodsley's, when filled with *literati*, purposely to disavow for his deceased Lordship, Burke's work. Dr. Joseph Warton observes, that 'Bolingbroke's manner of reasoning and philosophizing has been so happily caught in a piece entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society," that many even acute readers mistook it for a genuine discourse of the author, whom it was intended to expose; it is indeed a master-piece of irony. No writings, that raised so mighty an expectation in the public as those of Bolingbroke, ever perished so soon and sunk into oblivion.'

Hand-writing has been produced as one of the most certain and satisfactory criterions for determining the authorship of Junius. The zeal, confidence, and pains with which several claims have been placed and urged, on the ground of identity of hand-writing, shows (if it prove nothing else), how men will differ, even about things which are subjected to their natural senses, *oculis fidelibus subjecta*. To show the fallaciousness of this test, we state the following cases.

Judge Johnstone of Ireland was convicted of a libel published in Cobbett's Register about twenty years ago. Two witnesses swore positively that it was the Judge's hand-writing. The case was never called up for judgment, and the defendant

retired from the bench upon a pension. Eighteen years after, namely, in 1827, he assured his friend and guest, Gen. Cockburne, that he never wrote a word or line of it, and explained the manner in which the affair happened. Judge J. had kept a diary, in which he had entered political observations during or soon after Emmet's rebellion. A young man on a visit to his house had copied some of them. The young man was afterwards persuaded by a noble lord to write against another lord, and in so doing, he used some hints contained in the diary. When the Judge was prosecuted, the young man came and offered to avow himself, which the Judge refused, thinking it impossible that he should be convicted, and that it would be said that he got his young friend to avow, for the purpose of screening himself.

Another case occurred not long since in the United States. A young man was arraigned and put on trial for passing counterfeit money. Several witnesses, and among them brokers, testified that the bill produced as one passed or attempted to be passed, was counterfeit, and the signatures of the cashier and president forged. On this evidence, the case was about to go off, and of course fatally to the young man. It occurred to the friend, or counsel of the defendant, that it was barely possible that the bill might after all be genuine; and it was requested that the cashier of the bank should be summoned. He was so, and he pronounced the bill a genuine bill. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. As might be expected, a great many Juniuses have been established on this species of proof. No two manuscripts, written by professional or business men can be found, in which resemblances of some letter, line, or junction may not be detected. If this be true, it follows that some plausible coincidences of strokes, turns, or hair-lines, may be found in favor of any claimant whatever, especially when every argument from non-resemblance meets with the ready rebuff, that the hand is disguised, and could not without ceasing to be so, and defeating the object, possess any but slight, and to ordinary observers, imperceptible resemblances.

After what we have said, and the examples we have given under other heads, it is not necessary to take a distinct view of the subject of identical ideas and opinions. These are the common property, and cant words and phrases the circulating medium, of parties; and so far as these are concerned, any whig in England might have written Junius. It is laid down

as a canon in the Edinburgh Review, that any pretender to the authorship of Junius must unite the support of the stamp-act and taxation of America, with a warm partisanship of Wilkes; that these opinions are incongruous, and were to be found only in George Grenville and a very few of his adherents; and that therefore Junius must be one politically connected with George Grenville. This may be true or not. It is of no great importance. It is however strange, that a sagacious and learned critic should never imagine that Junius might seem to fall in with a popular doctrine, which he did not approve, but which he saw that nothing would arrest, with a view not to impair the general credit and popularity of his writings to the detriment of other objects, which he deemed of paramount importance.

We know that Junius did not hesitate to assume any disguise, to represent himself as of any place, or country, or profession, and to change totally his tone and manner towards individuals, when any of these things could conduce to his main design. At one time Lords Camden and Chatham are depreciated, at another extolled to the skies: Wilkes, when he complains privately of the wounds inflicted upon him in a public letter, is told that it was 'necessary to the plan of that letter.' On the American question, too, Junius expressly renounces and denounces all practical use of the power, and merely stickles for the right. To have done less would have set the British public against him, and destroyed or greatly impaired his usefulness; and to do no more was evidently a most lame and impotent support of Mr. Grenville's stamp-act. He may however have been a personal, as he was in the main a political friend of George Grenville; but we protest against that narrow, niggardly, and grovelling view of Junius's high talents, which makes him a mere understrapper or puppet to any great man whomsoever. Junius was made to give, not to receive the impulses of opinion; to command, not to obey. Whenever discovered, he will be seen dictating to other minds.

Having thus exposed some of the leading fallacies that have appeared in the reasonings which we have met with on this subject, it would not be difficult to lay down certain rules, according to which, in our opinion, the investigation of this question must be conducted, and a solution obtained, if it be susceptible of a solution. Our space would not now permit us to adduce the proofs necessary to establish the authority of such

rules, and without proof they would be esteemed mere dogmas, presumptuous in us, and unprofitable to others. Still less will the present occasion permit us to examine and reject or modify many, perhaps most of the numerous rules, which have been set up by others. We would observe of these rules in general, that some of them are frivolous, some of them positively fallacious, and every set of them which we have seen, defective and redundant, inasmuch as they omit some of the most essential requisites for the author of Junius, and as a natural counterpart, embrace some that are perfectly indifferent. With one exception, they appear to have been framed expressly to suit the pretensions of favorite candidates; as the house-wife whose carpet would not fit her stairs, altered the stairs to fit her carpet.

The persons to whom the letters of Junius have been from time to time attributed, are, so far as we know, as follows: viz. Edmund Burke, John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, Henry Flood, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Dyer, John Roberts, Thomas Whately, Dr. Butler Bishop of Hereford, William Gerard Hamilton, Richard, otherwise called Leonidas Glover, Charles Lee, Hugh Macauley Boyd, Sir Philip Francis, Charles Lloyd, Edward Gibbon, Sir William Jones, William Greatrakes, J. P. de Lolme, Thomas Hollis, William H. C. Bentinck Duke of Portland, Philip Rosenhagen, Dr. Gilbert Stuart, Lord Shelburne, Horace Walpole Earl of Orford, Colonel Barré, John Wilkes, Dr. Wilmot, John Horne Tooke, Lord George Sackville, Lord Chatham, and Earl Temple.

Burke, Dunning, and Flood, appear to have been named, because they were capable of writing Junius, or rather were supposed capable of writing as well. It would have saved much learned trifling, if capacity, the foundation of all other pretensions, had been ranked among the requisites for the author of Junius; and demanded at the threshold of every inquiry. It is easy however to show, that neither of these gentlemen could have been Junius. Besides the denial to Dean Morley, Dr. Johnson stated that Burke denied it 'spontaneously' to him. Junius refers to Burke as authority, and Burke eulogizes Junius both in and out of Parliament. Dunning, (as Solicitor General) was engaged in professional, official, and parliamentary business during the whole or nearly the whole period, and in the former and latter capacity, for some time afterwards. He was at the height of his fame, and immersed in business. If any rule can be laid down with entire confi-

dence for conducting the inquiry after Junius, it is that the author must have been a man, who could constantly devote the most of his time, and occasionally the whole of it, to the composition of these letters, and the extensive, minute and prompt researches which many of them required. The greatest interruption of Junius's correspondence was three weeks, and much of the time he must have written more or less every day. His published letters amount to two hundred and forty; an average of one a week. Many of them could not have been written without many days of preparation; and accordingly he says in a private letter to Woodfall, 'this [the first letter to Mansfield] though begun within these *few days*, has been greatly labored.' It is twenty-three pages in length, and the labor alluded to must have been chiefly that of composition, as the plan required little or no reference to books, being chiefly employed upon the topics of the day. It is very keen, pointed and elegant. There are many other letters, which must have required more time for examining and copying authorities, than for composition. Such letters must have occupied him twice a 'few days:' take for example the one to Lord Mansfield on the Law of Bail. It begins with the statute of Westminster passed in the year 1275, and traces the current of legislation through weeds and rubbish down to the time of writing, and then takes up the judicial authorities, which it treats in like manner. The letter contains thirty-six printed pages. About fifty statutes and law authorities are copied or abridged, and the references given. It appears by the law reports of the time, that at the date of the first letter to Mansfield so 'greatly labored,' and for nine days preceding, Dunning was engaged in every cause, which was argued in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster. One of these was the novel and famous case of the 'appeal of blood,' of the Widow Bigby against the Kennedys for the murder of her husband. This occupied five days, from the 6th to the 11th of November, 1770. The next case occupied four days, from the 11th to the 14th, including Sunday, 13th, and the third and last the 15th; on the 14th the letter to Mansfield was dated. These facts are irreconcilable with the supposition that Dunning wrote this letter. We believe that a great number of the letters might be proved by the same infallible test, not to have been written by him. And if we possessed equal evidence of the occupations, and residences of other claimants, as the law reports furnish of Dunning's, it cannot be doubted

that the claims of a multitude would vanish once for all. Mr. Barker justly states, and he is the first who has done it, that 'not merely leisure was wanted for the composer of the letters, but the consciousness of full leisure, the feeling of a mind at ease, unencumbered by official duties, unexhausted by the performance of them, undistracted in moments of relaxation by the remembrance of them, powers fresh and vigorous, and capable of being at the shortest notice waked into active and awful energy, striking the object of its wrath with the divine force of lightning, rending the knotted oak, and scattering its honors in the dust.' We may obtain further light as to the labor and time bestowed by Junius, by observing the dates of his replies to his principal antagonists, Draper and Horne. The shortest of them, being four pages, followed Sir William's after an interval of four days; the least elaborate of the longer ones after six days, and the rest from eleven to thirteen days, averaging about ten days each. The longest and most labored of these replies are among the minor letters. The inference then, is, that such letters as that to the king, those to Lord Mansfield, those on the Middlesex election, several to the Duke of Grafton, one to the Duke of Bedford, and some dozen addressed to the printer, must have occupied Junius from fifteen to twenty days each. Dunning was a whig, but a man of 'high and unblemished honor,' and he would not have employed his leisure, if he had had any, in attacking the king, from whom he was receiving the highest favors. He left nothing but speeches and legal arguments; and that he could write as well as Junius, is matter of inference, not of fact. The disclaimer of Junius that he was a lawyer is the ordinary objection to Dunning's claim, but we attach no importance to that; though we believe that Junius was not a lawyer, but we believe it for other reasons.

Henry Flood was a great and noble-minded man, and a distinguished but not polished writer; he was in Ireland during the whole summer of 1768, during which Junius was constantly writing. One of his letters, dated May 12th, is in answer to one which appeared on the morning of that day. Such facts could be multiplied; one of them is decisive.

The claims of Chesterfield, Dyer, Roberts, and Whately, are easily disposed of. They all died before Junius had done writing. We know of no particular reason for their being brought forward, except that Chesterfield was a celebrated

writer; and the others, except Dyer, who was a literary man, were clerks in the ministerial departments, and supposed to have had facilities for obtaining the secret intelligence of Junius. Dr. Butler was suspected by Wilkes, but it is not distinctly known on what ground. He had formerly been private Secretary to Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, during Pitt's ministry. William Gerard Hamilton seems to have been supposed to be Junius, from the singular fact, that he was reported to have told to a friend the contents of one of Junius's letters, as though it had already appeared, when in fact it did not appear until the next day. This is easily accounted for, by supposing that Hamilton had seen the manuscript at Woodfall's office. The claims of Glover were based on some coincidences of language, and a general conformity of political sentiment with Junius. We do not deem Glover's pretensions worthy of a serious reply. The same remark is applicable to Lee, the origin of whose claims we have already mentioned. Hugh Macauley Boyd is supported by verbal and sentimental resemblances, and by blushes,—nothing more. He was an indefatigable imitator of Junius.

The case of Sir Philip Francis has been one of the most imposing, and yet we think that there is none more easily refuted. Sir Philip never wrote a word for the public, until eight or ten years after Junius ceased to write. Whatever resemblances he may exhibit to Junius, may be accounted for from imitation; but they do not require such explanation. They may be found in all writers of the same era, the same side, and even as we have shown, in writers of different eras and different literary pursuits. To adduce such phrases as 'on my side,' 'on your side,' as proof of the identity of two authors, is as absurd as to say, that breathing the same air or speaking English, constitutes personal identity. Sir Philip was a clerk in the war-office, when Junius began to write, and continued so 'until the beginning of the year 1772.' Junius's last publication is dated May 10th, 1772. In the last but two, Mr. Francis is incidentally mentioned as having resigned, and Lord Barrington is reproached with the fact, on account of Francis's excellent character. It was this introduction of his name by Junius, which led to the extravagant, but extremely delusive theory of Mr. Taylor. There are many and overwhelming objections to Sir Philip, but it is enough, that he was a young man, sitting during the five years of Junius at a recording clerk's desk, a

dependant on Government patronage, and bound by every tie of gratitude and honor to Lord Chatham and Welbore Ellis, the former of whom Junius loaded, for a long time, with his fiercest invectives, and the latter of whom he treats with sovereign contempt and unmitigated scorn, throughout his work. Sir Philip Francis acknowledges, that he owed to Mr. Pitt his early advancement in life, and two or three honorable and lucrative posts; and ten years afterwards, he repeatedly eulogized his deceased benefactor, declaring that he had left nothing, which resembled him, behind. Can it be believed, that this man, whom we are taught to believe honorable, applied to Chatham, even while enjoying the fruit of his favor, such appellations, as 'traitor,' and 'black villain?' Again, no adequate motive can be assigned, why Francis should assail Lord Mansfield so furiously as Junius has done. Again, Francis was never in Paris, until the year 1772, nine years after the Jesuits were expelled and *their books burnt;* which last act, Junius says he *saw*, and he is to be believed; for no reason but its truth can be given, why he should have stated that fact. There are numerous other objections. We do not pretend to exhaust any of these topics. One alone is sufficient. Francis had not time to write these letters, in addition to his daily duties in the war-office. He *may* have possessed the necessary knowledge, though there is not the slightest proof of it; but if that be admitted, he had no time to use it. Lastly, his style is as inferior to that of Junius, as the movement of a Dutch dray-horse to that of the Arab steed. He was comparatively a man of heavy and moderate faculties. He was not capable of writing Junius. He died without admitting or denying the authorship. All who knew him agree, and any one who has read his letter on the regency question, in 1810, will agree, that his vanity would not have permitted him to conceal the fact, if it had been true. To this point, we have the testimony of Dr. Parr and others, who knew him well. The Doctor also pronounces 'the *general lexis*' of Francis an essentially different one from that of Junius. If it be said in vindication of Sir Philip's character, that he did deny the authorship, we reply, that he lived several years to see men contending and shedding ink, to prove that it was *not* a denial, but an evasion,—and virtually an admission. Any man, who permits an important ambiguity to rest upon his words, year after year, is little better than a falsifier. Mr. Barker, in the work to which we have so often referred, has

completely demolished the light oriental fabric of Mr. Taylor, in which he had placed Sir Philip as the deity. We add a single remark, in relation to the hand-writing, upon which Mr. Taylor lays uncommon stress; and that is, that cases equally strong have been made out for Lee, Sackville, Tooke, Burke, and Boyd.

After refuting the claims of Francis, Mr. Barker concludes in favor of Charles Lloyd. His treatise, or rather tracts, on this subject, are mere collections of *on dits* and opinions. There are no facts or arguments, which strike the reader with any new light. We are totally incredulous as to Lloyd's claim. There is no proof that he was capable of writing the book. He was one of those writers, who were early mentioned among the conjectural authors; and his pretensions were considerably patronized. So far as we have been able to learn, the supposition and rumor in regard to him, were based wholly upon the fact that he was private secretary to George Grenville, and hence might have possessed the secret information, and the necessary attachment to Grenville. This was the single slender pillar, upon which a towering fabric has been raised, which cannot stand. Lloyd was afterwards private secretary to Lord North.* If Junius's praise of Grenville be proof that he was Lloyd, his satire and invective against Lord North are, by parity of reasoning, proof that he was not Lloyd. One fact neutralizes the other.

Butler remarks in his Reminiscences, that Lloyd died, and Junius ceased to write at the same time, and that this fact furnishes a strong presumption in his favor. It was a coincidence, which, if true, and united with acknowledged capacity, and other coincidences, sufficient to furnish a fair logical induction, would pass for something. But Great Britain at that time had a population, from which the average deaths were at least four hundred a day. Could not any one of those, who died in the same week or month with Junius's disappearance, be with equal propriety brought forward, on the strength of that circumstance? But this alleged coincidence is not proved, but disproved, for the purpose for which it is here used. Junius wrote his last letter to Woodfall, long enough to cover a page or page and a half of letter paper, with the same steady, elastic,

*Letter of Rev. Thomas Kidd, published in 'Barker's Authorship of Junius's Letters.'

rapid, and vigorous pen and spirit, as usual. No difference is discernible. But Lloyd died on the third day after the date of that letter. In addition to this, we are told, and it is not contradicted, that he was in declining health during the whole period of Junius,—was more or less absent in France, for his health, (some say all the time,) and his friends admit, that if *he* were the author, then Junius is a prodigy of physical as well as intellectual effort. Dr. J. M. Good, the reputed editor of Woodfall's Junius, says that Lloyd was on his death-bed, when Junius penned his last letter, upon city and other politics; yet some men, and great men, still contend, that this fact, instead of destroying, lays a foundation for his claim. The fact, whether he was really in a condition to write, might probably be ascertained in England, if it were thought worth the while. We have no life of Lloyd; he has not even found a place in the biographical dictionaries; but it is probable that the revival of his claim, on authority so various and respectable, may lead to a more minute inquiry into the circumstances of his life and death.

Of the cases of Gibbon, Jones, Greatrakes, de Lolme, Hollis, the Duke of Portland, Rosenhagen, Stuart, Shelburne, Walpole, Barré, Wilkes, and Wilmot, we have only to remark, that we know of nothing that has been alleged in their favor, of sufficient importance to require a formal refutation or further notice. The remainder of this article we shall devote to our own countrymen, who have very considerable claims to attention on this subject.

The first in the order of time is Mr. Graham. He supports Horne Tooke. The book is a respectable one, but three fourths of its contents consist of extracts from the letters of Junius, and the political writings and speeches of Tooke. There is a great similarity of opinion between Tooke and Junius; so there is between Junius and Glover. There are verbal and phraseological resemblances; so there are in twenty other cases. Tooke is said to have declared that he knew who Junius was; so have several others, and a number have openly or impliedly avowed the work. Besides, Junius abused Horne Tooke, attributing to him 'the solitary vindictive malice of a monk, brooding over his friend's infirmities, and feeding with a rancorous rapture, upon the sordid catalogue of his distresses." It is true, that according to Graham's reasoning, this abuse of Horne is an argument in favor of his identity with the abuser;

it being a stratagem, resorted to the more effectually to conceal the author; an argument which was broached by an anonymous writer in Boston, about three years before Mr. Graham's book appeared. According to this theory, no one is so likely to have written Junius as Lord Mansfield, the Duke of Bedford or the Duke of Grafton, the King, or Lord Barrington. It is unfortunate for Mr. Graham's case, that the stratagem deemed so important was not resorted to until the last *six months* of Junius's existence. After the controversy with Horne, he writes but *nine* letters under the signature of Junius, and but *thirteen* under others,—*twenty-two* out of *two hundred and forty!* One would suppose that Tooke, if he were Junius, having got along comfortably to the two hundred and eighteenth letter, without 'dividing himself and going to buffets,' would have been content to go on upon the same friendly footing with himself, until he arrived at the two hundred and fortieth. No proof is adduced of immediate and particular danger of detection at that juncture. Mr. Graham's book is however worthy of perusal, as a tribute, if nothing else, to a great man, whom none can know without admiring for his abilities, respecting for his honest, magnanimous and intrepid character, and for his services in the cause of English and American liberty, and loving for the generosity and benevolence of his heart.

The next work at the head of this article supports the same theory. It was issued anonymously in the same city. It consists:—1. Of examinations of the claims of several candidates, particularly of Francis and Lloyd. The whole of this part is taken from Dr. Good's Essay, and Barker's work. 2. Of a sketch of the Life of Tooke, extracted and abridged from Stephens's Memoirs of Tooke. 3. Of a portion of the controversial letters of Tooke and Wilkes. 4. Of some of the miscellaneous letters of Junius, in which those written by an apparent opponent under the signature of *Cleophas*, in defence of the Earl of Hillsborough, are assumed to be written by Junius, and adduced as a new and corroboratory instance of Junius, *i. e.* Horne Tooke attacking himself. This was in 1768. The motive could not be the same as in the other case, because Cleophas attacks *Junius*, and loads him with opprobrious epithets. This could contribute nothing to the concealment of Junius, or to any other valuable purpose. The remaining portion of this work consists of all the private correspondence of Junius with Woodfall and Wilkes, and some short and

miscellaneous extracts and pieces in an Appendix. We have read the work with pleasure, as we should any one made up of these materials. The title, the propriety of which, as the compiler seems to admit, remains to be proved, (and the same remark is applicable in a little less degree to others,) contributes nothing towards effecting his purpose. It begs the question, and seems an invasion of our mental independence. Much of the matter and arrangement is identical with the preceding, and we imagine that the compiler of both is one and the same person. Some omissions in the earlier work are supplied. The coincidences in political sentiment between Junius and Horne Tooke are set forth as before, and an attempt is made to reconcile a notorious discrepancy between Horne and Junius, on the subject of the rights of America. Junius constantly maintains that Parliament had the *right* to tax us, and he supported the stamp-tax, but admitted the inexpediency of exercising the right, and condemned the tea-tax. Horne Tooke, on the contrary, so far as his sentiments are known, denied the right, and maintained essentially the doctrines of our Declaration of Independence, and of those petitions which we have compared with it, and of which we believe him to have been the author. The compiler of the 'Posthumous Writings' makes a rather disingenuous attempt to show, that at one time Horne held the same opinions as Junius. This may be true, but it is not proved. The evidence adduced is a statement of Stephens, that Horne taxed Wilkes with inconsistency, when, in consequence of 'a flattering letter from the Bostonians, accompanied by a valuable present, the Representative for Middlesex, who had always expressed hatred and contempt for the Americans, changed his mind, and transmitted a flaming reply, in which he maintained that the colonies were the *propugnacula imperii*.' The mistake of the compiler consists in assuming, that a simple reproof of the inconsistency, ridiculous self-love, and vanity of Wilkes, which were calculated to injure his party in England without benefiting America, was a reproof of the principles of America. Upon the whole, although we place Horne in the front rank of conjectural Juniuses, we do not perceive, that these two works have established any *identity*, except that of the avowed compiler of the one, with the anonymous compiler of the other. The claims of Horne Tooke were brought forward as early as 1789, in a work by Philip Thicknesse. Another work in his favor has

recently appeared in England, but we have seen neither of them. He has been occasionally mentioned elsewhere, and particularly in the newspapers of this city.

Junius Unmasked is a Boston work, not wholly destitute of merit. It supports the pretensions of Sackville. The writer tells us, that some years before its publication, he became convinced by 'internal evidence' that Sackville was Junius; that 'the comparison of a short piece, written by him before the letters were published, exhibited such striking coincidences of style, as left with him no doubt on the subject.' After the proofs which we have given of the extreme uncertainty of the highest results of this sort of reasoning, the reader will no doubt think, that he has encountered a sanguine and off-hand investigator. The details of the work, though written with creditable talent, will confirm this impression. For example; he thinks that Taylor's argument drawn from similarity of handwriting, 'amounts to nothing,' and immediately after adds, 'Sackville's writing, though twenty-five years earlier, has a strong resemblance to that of Junius. In my judgment, they are the same.' Now of the two, we think Francis's writing rather more like Junius's than Sackville's is. Both however present some evident resemblances, and if the argument founded on it do not help either, it certainly serves to destroy the claim of the other. A portion of this work is substantially the same as that of Mr. Coventry, published in England in 1825. But in addition to Coventry's views, the author has presented new matter, curious in itself, however little it may bear on his design. He supposes that Junius was the writer of the 'North Briton,' of the 'History of the reign of George III. to the end of the session of Parliament in May 1770,' and of the 'Political Register,' published in London from 1767 to 1771; a work attributed to Wilkes and Lloyd, but which he says could not have been theirs, because Wilkes was an outlaw at Paris, and Lloyd was dead. This is an error. We have seen that Lloyd died in January, 1773.

The new arguments, which the author claims to have added to those of Coventry, rest entirely on the supposition that Sackville was the author of a pamphlet, entitled 'Considerations on the present German War.' The only proof of this, with which we are favored, is, that 'the work presents such views as Sackville would be likely to entertain;' and that in the answers to the work, the author is addressed as 'Mr., or My

Lord Considerer,' and that the Critical Review attributes it to a man, who has 'withstood *the blasts* of popular clamor.' Not much reliance can be placed upon reasoning, where the premises are conjectural. There were so many 'Masters and My Lords' in England, who had 'withstood' those 'blasts,' that we must presume so far as to withhold our assent from the inference, even as such; and still more from adopting it as a basis of argument. Our author having thus fixed the pamphlet upon Sackville, proceeds to collate passages from it and Junius, as has been seen in our extracts, and he arrives at his conclusion with as much regularity, and states it with as much confidence, as the best of his predecessors. And because he finds coincidences of language and sentiment between the pamphlet, Junius, and the History aforesaid, he incontinently concludes, and certifies, that Sackville is the author of the History. The argument has two defects. The premises are uncertain, and the reasoning false. A Reply to General Burgoyne's 'Letter to his Constituents' is also assumed to be the work of Sackville, because the style resembles that of the 'Considerations,' and because the author assumes again, that Sackville was the most interested to answer Burgoyne, who revenged himself for his bad luck in America, by attacking the Ministry at home. Why Sackville was more interested than Barrington, the Secretary at War, we are not informed. A triumphant comparison is next instituted between words and phrases, of the pamphlet and Junius. There is no lack of ingenuity in this curious operation, but there is 'a plentiful lack' of utility and common sense.

The old argument in favor of Sackville, a soldier, from Junius's use of military terms, is renewed, but in the same way any clergyman, lawyer, chemist, surgeon, or stock-jobber, may be proved to be Junius.

No motive is assigned for the vehement personal attacks, except Sackville's misfortune and disgrace in Germany, *ten years* before the Letters, a sufficient time for the most choleric to cool, and the most vindictive to forget. Why should he have waited so long? No reason is assigned. Besides, Lord Mansfield was his friend and legal adviser in that very business, while Chatham was among his proscribers. Yet Junius is uniformly hostile to Mansfield, but ultimately the panegyrist of Chatham. The Duke of Grafton, what had he done to Sackville? Why, his brother, Colonel Fitzroy, had been a

witness at the court martial, which convicted Sackville of disobedience of orders, and hence all those tremendous philippics, not against Fitzroy, but against the Duke! This is too puerile. It degrades both Junius and Sackville. We cannot think, that the sublime and enduring energy of Junius proceeded from such an ephemeral and base motive. His steady and brilliant light burned on no such unhallowed altar. Besides, Junius sneers in the most cutting manner at Sackville, on the most tender point, his misfortune and alleged cowardice at Minden, for which he was stripped of all his honors and emoluments. Junius alludes to him as indulging a particular *penchant* for being in 'the *rear*,' italicising the word, so as to render it in the highest degree offensive to his Lordship; and the whole passage, the only one in which Sackville is mentioned, is supremely sarcastic and insulting. Finally, although Sackville had talent, he was at an immeasurable distance from Junius. The only writings which we have of his, known to be genuine, are some letters which Coventry publishes. These are so clumsily and affectedly written, as to be quite beneath criticism. They present Lord George's talents in too unfavorable a light. We admit with pleasure, that they are altogether beneath his speeches, or even his *actions*. But it is as a *writer*, that we are called upon to view him.

The fourth American work which we are to notice, is that of Dr. Waterhouse. This is an amusing *mélange*, but as an argument, merits less consideration than the preceding one. The title would be more appropriate, if it were Historical and Biographical Illustrations of the Ministry and Times of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. It is as an argument on the authorship of Junius, that we are concerned with it at this time, and as such we can have no hesitation in pronouncing it a total failure. He sets out with affirming, that he was first convinced that Chatham was Junius, by the well-known panegyric of Junius, (*i. e.* of Chatham) upon Chatham. If we believed that a character which we respected, and wished others to respect, at least while they were reading our encomiums, could be guilty of a folly so degrading, as that of puffing himself in the newspapers, we should certainly wish to conceal our belief, until the last sentence of the last chapter of the book in which it was expressed.

But if Lord Chatham were Junius, he did not content himself with the dishonest and unworthy trick of praising himself,

in a strain however so noble and eloquent, that a false designing knave could never have risen to it; but he also flies, and as before without any assigned or assignable motive, into the other extremity of folly, to call it by a gentle name, and abuses and execrates himself. Does this comport with the character of the proud and dignified lord, or of the grave and fastidious Junius?

We shall quote some of the invectives of Junius against Lord Chatham, and leave the question to our readers. In the first of the Miscellaneous Letters, which is signed *Poplicola*, he calls him 'a man purely and perfectly bad,' 'a traitor,' 'an advocate for rebellion,' 'a black villain;' 'guilty of crimes,' 'of artifices, intrigues, hypocrisy and impudence,' 'of prostrate humility in the closet,' 'lordly dictation to the people by whose interest he has been supported,' ingratitude to his friends, truckling to his enemies, and 'the upstart insolence of a dictator;'—concluding as follows: 'though we have no Tarpeian rock for the immediate punishment of treason, yet we have impeachments; and a gibbet is not too honorable a situation, for the carcase of a traitor.'

In the second Miscellaneous Letter, of May, 1767, under the same signature, he says, that because 'Mr. Pitt was respected and honored, it does not follow that the Earl of Chatham should be so too; that 'a very honest Commoner may become a very corrupt Peer;' again accuses him of 'a daring attack upon the Constitution' in 'suspending a law by proclamation;' says that the people ought never to forgive him; and that 'his conduct and that of his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but contempt and detestation.'

In the fourth Miscellaneous Letter, of June 24, he says: 'It was his [Lord Bute's] good fortune to corrupt one man, from whom we least expected so base an apostacy. Who, indeed, could have suspected, that it should ever consist with the spirit or understanding of that person, to accept of a share of power under a pernicious court minion, whom he had himself affected to detest or despise, as much as he knew he was detested and despised by the whole nation? I will not censure him for the avarice of a pension, nor the melancholy ambition of a title. These were objects, which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them far beneath his acceptance. But to shake hands with a Scotchman; to fight under his auspices against the Constitution; and to receive the word

from him, 'prerogative and a thistle' (by the once respected name of Pitt!), it is beneath contempt. But it seems this unhappy country had long been distracted by their divisions; in this last instance it was to be oppressed by their union.'

In the fifth Miscellaneous Letter, he calls him 'a lunatic brandishing a crutch, or bawling through a grate, or writing with desperate charcoal a letter to North America.' In the tenth of the same letters, 'a lunatic,' who 'sacrificed honor, conscience and country to carry a point of party;' 'the frantic high priest, who offered up his bleeding country a victim to America;' and accuses him of 'treachery' in co-operating with 'designing, seditious spirits in that country.' In the eleventh Miscellaneous Letter, Dec. 22, 1767, he says, sarcastically, in reply to an opponent who talked of the country's 'owing to Lord Chatham more than it could ever repay,'—'the country *does* owe to him the greater part of the national debt, and *that* he is sure it can never repay.' In the twelfth, Feb. 16, 1768, he says, 'Why the Earl of Chatham should continue to hold an employment of this importance [Lord Privy Seal], while he is unable to perform the duties of it, is at least a curious question.' In the thirty-fifth Miscellaneous Letter, Aug. 29, 1768, he says, 'His [Chatham's] infirmities have forced him into a retirement, where I presume he is ready to suffer with a sullen submission, every insult and disgrace, which can be heaped upon a miserable, decrepid, worn-out old man.' * * 'He is, indeed, a compound of contradictions.' And in the forty-eighth, of Oct. 19, 1768, he says, 'The Earl of Chatham,—I had much to say; but it were inhuman to persecute, when Providence has marked out the example to mankind.'

In the first letter under the signature of Junius, Jan. 21, 1769, he says, 'Unfortunately for this country, Mr. Grenville was to be distressed because he was a minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be patrons of America because they were in the opposition.' And to fill up the picture of selfish ambition, he adds, that 'to accomplish the ruin of a minister, they in effect divided one half of the empire from the other.' In the twelfth letter, under the signature of Junius, of May 30, 1769, he says, 'In America, we trace you [the Duke of Grafton] from the first opposition to the stamp-act, on principles of convenience, to Mr. Pitt's surrender of the right.' Lastly, in Private Letter No. 23, to Woodfall, Oct. 19, 1770, he says: 'I neither admire your correspondent *nor his idol*' [Lord Chatham]. The *italics* are Junius's.

These are not all the examples of the harsh and painful invective of Junius against Lord Chatham. It is suggested in a neighboring work, which undertakes the defence of this book, that the two letters signed *Poplicola* are not genuine; and that Woodfall, who had the best and only direct evidence on the subject, was mistaken in attributing them to Junius. Be it so, (which it is not;) what will be said to twenty others of a similar character, scattered promiscuously through the work? Will the writer deny the genuineness of these also, though bearing the proper signature of Junius? He must do so, or his defence fails. It is true that Junius at length begins to change his tone towards Chatham, after Chatham had retrieved his reputation by acknowledging the illegality of 'the proclamation' dispensing with the law, and by leading in several powerful attacks upon the Administration, on the subject of the Middlesex election, and other great grievances of which Junius and the people complained. It is true, also, that Junius finally passed into panegyric upon Chatham; but if Chatham were what we are willing to believe, and did not indeed deserve the harshest denunciations of Junius; if he were a man of any delicacy, conscience or honor, the praises of Junius constitute as strong an objection to the theory before us, as his invectives. Severe as the language of Junius was for a long time, and unjust as it upon the whole is felt to be now, though it was otherwise then, it constitutes a conclusive proof of Junius's integrity; for Chatham's conduct unquestionably afforded great cause for it, and Junius's changing when the man changed, is a proof that he was no hireling, no personal politician, but a patriot; and it is no slight objection to the hypothesis in question, that it destroys the most beautiful proofs of the disinterestedness and integrity of Junius.

There is another thing to be considered. Chatham was the victim of an afflicting disease, and in the closest retirement at Hayes, twelve miles from London, during about three years of the period of Junius, viz. from 1767 to 1770. During this interval, he was for the most part confined to his house, and much of the time to his bed. Dr. Waterhouse describes his condition some time between October 19th, 1768, more than a year after his confinement had begun, and in 1770, when his health was restored, as follows; 'Lord Chatham's disordered body and distempered mind needed tranquillity, to recruit both.' 'Disease forbade him the benefit of travelling, prohibited hunt-

ing, and the easier gestures of ordinary horseback exercise, and, what makes his bodily decrepitude still stronger, he was *unable to perform on any musical instrument*, so cruelly had the gout fed *on his extremities*.' In June, 1769, Junius speaks of 'the age and incapacity of Lord Chatham.' We have already for another purpose quoted several passages to the same point, to which the reader, if he think proper, may recur.

The fifth and last American work on Junius is Mr. Newhall's. This is at least an original performance. It is evidently the work of an industrious and thinking man; but it is nearly destitute of method, and in a considerable degree, of comprehensiveness of views. The writer is an enthusiast in his theory, and perceives few facts or arguments, except those which appear to be on his side. He claims to have discovered, twenty years ago, that Lord Temple was the author of Junius. He was first impressed with this opinion, by the fact, that Earl Temple's portrait fronts the title page in Heron's Junius, though he is not once mentioned in the text. He afterwards discovered a pamphlet written against Mr. Pitt, which he attributes to Lord Temple, not only without, but against positive evidence; for he quotes a statement of Almon, that Humphrey Coates* was the author;—but then our author supposes that Temple furnished some of the materials, dictated a portion of it, and in short was the author. This is a more immoderate demand upon our credulity, than that in favor of Lord Sackville's supposed 'Considerations.' A comparison is then instituted between Junius and Mr. Coates's pamphlet, and as they are found to agree 'excellent well' in sundry words and phrases,—being both written in the King's English,—the conclusion follows as regularly and naturally, as the 'argal' of the philosophic gravedigger.

We will state another point which the author treats as his strong one, and then his theory will be all told. It is, that Lord Temple, who had quarrelled with his brother, Lord Chatham, on account of the latter taking office with the Duke of Grafton and the Bute party in 1766, was reconciled to him at the *same time* that Junius changed his tone towards Chatham. This was not a singular coincidence. A great many changed their tone and treatment towards Chatham, when he

* Page 8.

retired, driven by infirmity, from a ministry, which he had joined in violation of his political and personal pledges, apparently for the sake of a title and a pension, and greatly to the injury of the country. If Chatham had held firmly to his friends and his principles, the Government must have gone to him, instead of his going to the Government; so great were his popularity and power. In that case, the American war would probably have been averted, at least for many years. Lord Chatham resigned Oct. 19, 1768, and his brothers, G. Grenville and Earl Temple, were immediately reconciled to him. 'From that period,' says Mr. Newhall, 'Chatham gradually becomes the subject of Junius's praises.' 'He grows upon his esteem.' '"From that moment I began to like him."'

There is an anachronism in this arrangement of the above quotations from Junius. The first of these sentences occurs in Letter fifty-four, dated Aug. 3, 1771,* nearly *three years* after the reconciliation. The second occurs in a private letter to Wilkes, of Oct. 16, 1771,† *three whole years* after the epoch with which it is here connected. The whole context of those letters shows, that these favorable expressions are bestowed upon Chatham for his noble defence of the people's cause in the debates on the Middlesex Election, and Parliamentary Reform. Of course there is no need of referring them to any such cause, as the personal reconciliation of Chatham with his brother. It would be unphilosophical in argument, and we are moreover expressly precluded from it by Junius's own avowals. Even at the last date, Junius, to guard his consistency, apologizes to Wilkes for praising Chatham. Sept. 7, 1771, he says, 'I think it good policy to pay these compliments to Lord Chatham, which in truth he has nobly deserved.' We refer the reader back to the bitter passages against Lord Chatham, which we had occasion to quote in our notice of Dr. Waterhouse's work. It will be seen, that as late as Oct. 1770, *two* full years after the reconciliation, Junius still speaks very disparagingly of Chatham. The coincidence, therefore, which Mr. Newhall relies upon, does not exist. There is another more important point, on which Mr. Newhall's theory is very deficient. He furnishes no evidence, that Temple was capable of writing the letters. He does furnish some, that he was not. The pamphlet, if proved to be Temple's, would not do it. It is very inferior to the letters; but the weight of evidence, as

* W. J. 2,310. † *Ib.* 1,321.

stated by the author himself, is against his inference that the pamphlet was Temple's. He quotes the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, a man of exquisite literary taste and acumen, that Temple was not capable of composing the pamphlet. We have great respect for the character and talents of Earl Temple, but we have no proof that he was capable of writing the Letters of Junius. Mr. Newhall exalts his ability at the expense of his honor and sincerity, when he represents him as reconciled to his brother, and makes him persevere for two years afterwards, in publicly abusing him.

We are not aware, that any farther fact or argument in this work requires particular notice. The position of Earl Temple's portrait in Heron's Junius, is not of much importance. It was probably the result of accident or caprice, or of a slight preference, because he was a handsome man. At any rate, when the author will tell us why Chatham, and Wilkes, and Fox, and Onslow, and Oliver, and Beckford, though mentioned so often in the letters, are placed nowhere, we will tell him why Lord Temple is placed where he is, though not mentioned at all. If he will clear up Mr. Graham's difficulty, and tell him why a *fac simile* of Horne Tooke's writing is attached to Woodfall's Junius, and yet his name and claims are not mentioned in the discussion or list of claimants, Mr. Graham will probably reciprocate the favor, by a satisfactory elucidation of the arrangement of the portraits. Mr. Graham sees in this singular circumstance proof positive that Horne Tooke was Junius, and that Good and Woodfall, knowing that he was so, avoided mentioning him at all, because they could not do so with truth, without betraying the secret. If it were so, they were very unfortunate, for it seems that this stroke of policy, instead of concealing, has actually disclosed it to Mr. Graham. If these men had entertained such a design, and had known what they were about, it is to be presumed that they would have suppressed also the *fac simile*. So in regard to the portrait. If the secret had been intended to be shadowed forth in types, as Mr. Newhall supposes, why should it not have been told at once? If, on the contrary, it were to be concealed, why should a hint be given, by thus distinguishing the author? Mr. Newhall appears to us a little too acute in this affair.

If the view we have taken of the intentions of Junius, the view which he himself gives, be correct, then the secret will never be known by any external evidence, unless it shall be of a kind, which eluded the knowledge and forecast of Junius.

In regard to the rumor of papers being discovered at Eaton, disclosing the secret, we are for the same reason totally incredulous. Lord Grenville, at whose request they are said to be kept back from the world, though it does not appear that he has been spoken to about it, was not an actor on the public stage in Junius's time: he was but eight or ten years old. His father George Grenville has been dead sixty years. If he aided Junius, or even had himself been Junius, the fact could do no harm to his memory or to his descendants. Two kings have since gone down to the tomb. In short, no statesman or politician of that day is yet alive, so far as we know. We see no necessity for supposing any peculiar connexion between Junius and George Grenville. He praised and never censured him; so it was with Littleton, and Temple, (who is repeatedly mentioned in the Miscellaneous Letters) and Rockingham, and Sawbridge, and Sir Geoffrey Amherst. Yet we see no improbability in it, notwithstanding Junius's assertion that he was unknown to George Grenville. The fact is, that George Grenville was an industrious, efficient, and honest statesman, ready at all times to unite with enemies, or to separate from friends, for promoting what he conceived to be the good of his country. It would have been a contradiction, for Junius to have been hostile to such a man. How Mr. Newhall got the idea that he was not in fact the author of the stamp-act, we cannot imagine. We find no confirmation of it. In fact, in a letter signed by himself, which we have seen, he claims the credit of the policy. We should be happy if it were otherwise. We have no doubt, however, that his intentions were honest and patriotic, and that he sincerely believed that Britain had a right to tax us, and that it was our duty to pay. His eldest son succeeded Earl Temple, who died without issue, and was afterwards created Marquis of Buckingham. His son, Richard Plantagenet, is the present Duke of Buckingham. William Wyndham Grenville, Lord Grenville, is the third son of George Grenville and uncle to the Duke. Both of these persons are said to know the author of Junius. But such knowledge is no novelty. Lord Grenville was 72 years old on the 18th day of July last. Of course, if the gratification of the public curiosity depend on his demise, it will not be a great while longer delayed.

ART. III.—*Audubon's Biography of Birds.*

Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of America; accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in the Work entitled the Birds of America, interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners. By JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, F. R. SS. L. and E., &c. Philadelphia. 1831.

Many years ago, the first wit of his day, representing the character and habits of John Bull, stated that, although he was peaceable in his disposition, and fully convinced of the fact, that whosoever goeth to war must do it at his own charges, he did nevertheless, if he heard the sound of a fray, however distant, rise from his warm bed at night, put on such clothing as came to hand, grasp his cudgel, and go forth to the scene of action, where he generally received a battering, which would have cracked a crown less substantial. When this ceremony was over, the parties repaired to a tavern, where John, in consideration of receiving many praises for his valor, closed the concern by paying the bill, and departed extremely well satisfied with his own exploits. This account, though meant for an individual, describes to the life almost every war, in which any country has been engaged for the last two centuries; and nations are growing so well persuaded of this, that the great body of the human race, who were formerly too happy to be permitted to die for the glory of one or two, now testify a strong reluctance to making themselves food for powder, without strong reasons for such a proceeding. This grand discovery on the part of the multitude, however auspicious to themselves, is exceedingly inconvenient to those who are ambitious of fame. Happily other paths to distinction are still open, which are trodden with a zeal and spirit as resolute and somewhat more rational, than ever was found in the blood-shod march of glory. Some esteem it a privilege to be frozen up during three quarters of the year, in the dead night-calm of a polar sea; others spring forward to seize the fortunate chance of leaving their bones whitening on the sands, beneath the red heat of an African sun; some are enchanted with the idea of tracing the course of rivers, which, according to the best authorities, have neither beginning nor end; others can die contented when they have scaled the tops of mountains,

where they stand, petrified with cold, several inches higher than man ever stood before. Now, all this restless energy, withdrawn from the fields of war, is like the electric fluid, harmless and useful when diffused among the elements of nature, though so disastrous when concentrated in the thunder-cloud.

There are many men in the world sufficiently intellectual in their tastes, but too active in their habits to submit to quiet literary labor. There are some, whose minds can never exert themselves, except when their frame is in action; and doubtless that employment is best suited to our nature, which engages at the same time the physical and intellectual powers. The pursuit, in which the author of the work before us is of late so honorably distinguished, is of this description; it combines within itself many circumstances which give it attraction; it requires the self-complacent skill of a sportsman, and the wild romance of an adventurer; it opens a field for the beautiful powers of an artist, and the fine discrimination of a man of taste; it adds the dignity of science to the exciting consciousness of danger. We do not wonder in the least, that the heart of such a man is bound up in it, nor that he should be willing to sacrifice the ordinary comforts of life in his devotion to a pursuit, which must be a happy one, because it requires the full and constant exertion of all his powers; and in which, if he need anything more than his own feeling to sustain him under his various difficulties and disappointments, he is sure to be followed, sooner or later, by the general applause of the world. But in truth he needs nothing more than the glowing inspiration within; though many,—wise persons too,—would be as sorely puzzled to understand this self-supporting principle, as the Mississippi boatmen were to comprehend the miracle of Wilson's supporting life without whiskey.

In the original constitution of things it is wisely ordered, that happiness shall be found every where about us. We do not need to have a rock smitten, to supply this thirst of the soul; it is not a distant good; it exists in every thing above, around us, and beneath our feet; and all we want is an eye to discern, and a heart to feel it. Let any one fix his attention on a moral truth, and it spreads out and enlarges its dimensions beneath his view, till what seemed at first as barren a proposition as words could express, appears like an interesting and glorious truth, momentous in its bearing on the destinies of men. And

so it is with every material thing; let the mind be intently fixed upon it, and hold it in the light of science, and it gradually unfolds new wonders. The flower grows even more beautiful, than when it first opened its golden urn and breathed its incense on the morning air; the tree, which was before thought of only as a thing to be cut down and cast into the fire, becomes majestic, as it holds its broad shield before the summer sun, or when it stands like a ship, with its sails furled, and all made fast about it, in preparation for the winter storm. All things in nature inspire in us a new feeling, and we begin to consider their fate and fortunes, their birth and decay, as resembling those of man. The truth is, that ignorance and indifference are almost the same, and we are sure to grow interested as fast as our knowledge extends, in any subject whatever. This explains how men of great ability are so engaged in what are often ignorantly regarded as little things; how they can watch with the gaze of a lover, to catch the glance of the small bird's wing, or listen to its song, as if it were the breath of a soul; how the world and every thing in it looks so spiritually bright to them, when to others the bird is but a flying animal, and the flower only the covering of a clod. It explains many things, which are perfect mysteries to vulgar minds. For example, Wilson tells a friend in one of his letters, that he sat down one evening to draw a mouse, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in an agony of fear. He had intended to kill it, but happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied, it lapped them up eagerly, and looked up in his face with such an expression of supplicating terror, that it overcame his resolution, and he let it go. Here, we think we hear some voice exclaiming, 'the man was a fool;' but we recommend to the speaker to wait awhile, seeing there may be different opinions respecting the party to which that generic name belongs.

A devoted attachment like this to the works of nature, is an evidence of delicacy and refinement; and we have cited this incident to show that the common prejudice, which regards it as inconsistent with energy of thought and action, is entirely unfounded; for assuredly, the radiant files of war can show no spirits more resolute than those of the men, who leave the abodes of civilized life, launch their canoes on unbroken waters, depend on their rifle for subsistence, keep on their solitary march till the bird has sung his evening hymn, and have

no society at night but the beating sound of their fire. Neither is it inconsistent with a strict regard to all the duties of life; on the contrary, it is the part of duty to draw happiness from these sources, which, in all the changes and misfortunes of life, will never cease to flow. The poet Gray, one of the most intellectual and fastidious of men, says, 'happy they who can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle; who can watch the brood of a hen, or a fleet of their own ducklings as they sail upon the water.' The words are true as inspiration, and we recommend them to our readers, of whom a due proportion no doubt are miserable. They will learn from them, what is of great importance to know in such calculations,—that their unhappiness is owing, not to the want of pleasures, but to their not understanding how to select and enjoy those which they possess, or we may say those which all possess, since they are given freely and impartially to all, so that no avarice can monopolize them and no oppression take them away. This being the case, those who point out to us the extent and variety of such resources, and show by their own example how full, rich, and inspiring they are, deserve to be recorded among the benefactors of mankind. No greater treasures can be offered to human desire than enjoyments like these, which at once exercise the mind and improve the heart, repel the influence of sordid passions, and encourage the suggestions of humanity, virtue, and religion. Men do well to secure them, even if, in order to do it, they must sacrifice some other objects of ambition; for their drafts upon the applause of future ages may be dishonored, and disappoint them of renown. The gold which they have collected, perhaps by such means that they had better drunk it melted from the crucible, may fall from their grasp as the fires consume and the floods drown; but these pleasures are always within their reach; they do not lose their charm in the hours of anxiety and sorrow; and those who possess them have the satisfaction of knowing, that they will last as long as the soul.

But we have little hope of convincing men of the truth of these things; it is less hopeless to undertake to show them what is for the interest of others, than what is for their own. We can therefore state with confidence to the rich, that it would be much for the interest of their children,—of the society in which they live, and of science and literature in general, if they would buy this work with its magnificent illustrations.

We are not so visionary as to expect that they will all read it themselves; wealth and taste do not invariably go together. We recommend it as a favor to others, and at the same time would suggest, that such acts of munificence come with much more grace from the living hand than from the last will; for men are seldom grateful to those who do not give till they can keep no longer. They ascribe whatever they receive in this way to the charity of death, and not of the dead. When a man has given up other employments and other prospects, to devote himself to a pursuit like this; when he has spent days of toil and nights of danger to accomplish a purpose, which he feels entitles him to encouragement and applause, it is not refreshing to be told, that he may spread out his treasures on the pages of a magazine, for the recompense of a dollar an acre; or that he may have the privilege of publishing, if he will advance a few thousands. He has no resource in such a case, except to give up the favorite wish and long devotion of his heart and life, or to range through the United States, as Wilson did, to find two hundred subscribers among ten million people;—an employment hopeless and humiliating enough, to break a tin pedlar's heart. The great work of Mr. Audubon is such an one, as could not probably under any circumstances have been published in this country, and we rejoice that he was so kindly encouraged and welcomed in the home of our fathers. But since much talent is likely to be turned in this direction, of which the benefits may be lost for want of just rewards, we wish it were possible to hold out inducements large enough to satisfy reasonable expectations, and to reflect honor on our great and growing country. We regret to see that Mr. Nuttall, in his valuable work on the birds of the United States, which will demand a more extended notice when it is completed, was compelled to restrict himself in the number of his illustrations by the expense of obtaining them, fearing lest an increased price of the work would interfere with its circulation. We hope that no apprehension of this kind will prevent his giving colored illustrations of every subject he describes, in the larger work, which he proposes to publish at a future time. Without being very costly or elegant, they may be exact enough to answer the purpose of the reader, if not to satisfy the delicate taste of the connoisseur. Not one in a hundred of those who are really interested in these subjects, know a bird, an insect, or a flower, by its scientific distinctions; and a work of the kind

must be suited to all who have any taste for the study, as well as those who aim at a thorough knowledge of it, or it can have no great circulation in a country like ours.

It is surprising to see how few of all the birds which annually visit us, are known by name, and how little their habits are understood. Most natives of New England are acquainted with the bluejay, one of the earliest of our visiters, who comes sounding his penny trumpet as a herald of the spring, and either amuses himself by playing pranks upon other more serious birds, or entertains them by acting, to the life, the part of an angry Frenchman. Every miller and vagrant fisherman knows the belted kingfisher, who sits for hours upon his favorite dead branch, looking with his calm, bright eye, to the lowest depth of the waters. The robin, also, makes himself welcome, not only by the tradition of the kindness shown by his European relation to the children in the wood, but by his hearty whistle, lifted up as if he knew that all would be thankful to hear that the winter is over and gone, and his familiarity with man, whereby he shows his belief, that they who least deserve confidence, are sometimes made better by being trusted. The solemn crow, who is willing to repose the same confidence in man, taking only the additional precaution of keeping out of his reach,—the quizzical bobolink, or ricebunting, who tells man in so many words, that he cares nothing about him, not he,—the swallow, that takes his quarters in our barns, or the one that passes up and down our chimneys with a noise like thunder,—the purple martin, that offers to pay his house-rent by keeping insects from our gardens,—the snow-bird, that comes riding from the Arctic circle upon the winter storm,—and the baltimore, or golden-robin, that glances like a flame of fire through the green caverns of foliage,—will almost complete the list of those, which are familiarly known to man.

We say familiarly known, because there are many which people in general think they know, and which are yet sadly misrepresented. The farmer, for example, accuses the woodpecker of boring his trees, when he only enlarges with his bill the hole which the grub had made, and darting in his long arrowy tongue, puts a stop to its mining forever. Many a poor bird, in like manner, after having slain his thousands of insects which were laying waste the orchard and the garden, is sentenced to death as guilty of the very offences, which he has been laboriously preventing. There are few scenes in which justice is so

completely reversed, as when we see some idle young knave permitted to go forth with a fowling-piece, to murder creatures, of which it is not too much to say, that they have done more good in the world (it is a bold speech, we confess) than ever he will do evil, and applauded for his exploits by his old father, who, in rejoicing ignorance, congratulates himself on having a son so efficient and useful. We hear complaints annually from all parts of the United States, that some insect or another is destroying the fruit, and proposing to offer a large reward to any one who will discover a remedy. Lest we should be anticipated in our design, we would say that we mean to contend for that prize, and to secure the orchards and gardens by protecting the birds, and offering a handsome bounty for the ears of those who shoot them. Kalm tells us, that the planters in Virginia succeeded at last by legislative enactment, in exterminating the little crow, and exulted much on the occasion. But it was not long, before their triumph was changed to mourning. They found that the acts had been passed for the benefit of insects, not their own, and they would gladly have offered a larger bounty to bring back the persecuted birds. We shall not plead for the crow, who is fully able to take care of himself; but we must file a protest against the practice of destroying the birds of the garden, for, besides depriving us of the beauty of their appearance and the music of their song, it lets in a flood of insects, whose numbers the birds were commissioned to keep down; and when we find this evil growing year by year, as most assuredly it will, there will be little consolation in reflecting, that we have brought it upon ourselves.

The song of birds is not much better known, than their habits and persons. We have been assured by several individuals, that they have heard the mocking-bird in Massachusetts; and in some instances, we thought it probable from their description that they were correct, though this bird is seldom found in so high a latitude; but in other cases, we were convinced that they had been listening to the performance of the cat-bird. Most persons would as soon expect to hear the cat herself uplifting her voice in melody; but the powers of this bird are by no means confined to the mew and squeal. Though sadly afraid of man, and with sufficient reason, he is a fine singer, a great wag, and in mimicry is not far inferior to the mocking-bird; but he has so little peace of mind, that he seldom dares to let us know where he is by his note, till after the fall of evening

or before the dawn. We venture to predict, that in the month of May, strangers will hear from the windows of the Tremont House, a delicious note, that seems to proceed from some singing leaf of the topmost tree in that mall, which bore the once distinguished name of Paddock,—a hero, who has almost perished from the traditions of narrative old age. He will hear it, rising high above the hackman's whistle and the rattling wheel. Few will be able to tell him more, than that the sound proceeds from a bird; while the warbler, and his brother of the red eye, will sing on, in happy indifference both to the attention and neglect of man. But their favors will not be confined to the city: they will be heard in the country, from the broad arm of the elm that overhangs the cottage door, singing on, at morning, noon and night, with a taste and science that fill other listening birds with admiration and despair. There is another bird, well known by the name of the brown thrasher, whose musical talent is but little understood. It is said that he is called the French mocking-bird at the South, and we have heard that name given to him here, not on account of his imitations, but the extent and variety of his powers. He has no ambition to display himself to the sight of man, but he excites the astonishment of all who hear him, by the luxurious fulness of his song. How many have ever seen the crimson linnet, as he sits playing the flute on the very summit of the loftiest tree, sometimes sinking his strain almost to silence, then pouring it out in bursts of rapture? It is common to say, that beauty of plumage and sweetness of song are not found together. It may be true, that they are seldom united in the highest perfection; but every child knows, that the clear piping of the baltimore and the varied whistle of the goldfinch, are as pleasant to the ear, as their fine colors are to the eye; and the brilliant redbird, which sometimes visits New England, is not more distinguished for the bright scarlet of his dress, than for the sweet and bold expression of his song.

There is so much that inspires curiosity about the various tribes of birds, that it is difficult to account for this contented ignorance of their ways, in which so many spend their lives. When the snows retreat to the mountains, the friendly voice of the robin, telling us that he is glad to see us all again, has a magical effect upon every one; it calls the heart and memory into action, and reminds us of all we love to remember. Here he is again, but he cannot tell us where he has been; what regions

he has traversed, nor what invisible hand pointed out his path in the sky. If this inquiry interest us, we begin to look about us in the closing year; we see, that when the leaf grows red, the birds are disappearing,—some assembling in solemn deliberation, to make arrangements for the purpose; others taking French leave, as it is unfitly called, without ceremony or farewell. Some, like the great white owl, delight in the prospect of moonlight gleaming on the snowy plains of the north, where all is still as death; others, like the snowbunting, rejoice to accompany the storm, as it rushes down from the frozen lakes and oceans. But most birds secure a mild climate and perpetual verdure, by retreating from the wintry tempest with a fleetness greater than its own. Some, like the sagacious crow and the light swallow, which was formerly thought to drown itself by way of escaping the winter, fly only by day; while others, like travellers in the desert, rest by day and go on their way by night. It is curious to observe the order in which some arrange themselves. The wild-geese, for example, whose word of command we so often hear above us in the stillness of night, form two files, which meet in a sharp angle at the head, where the leader cleaves the air and guides the course of the procession, giving up his place when he is weary, to the next in order. All similar caravans move on with a regularity and precision, that do them infinite honor. If they can secure a favorable wind, they consider it an advantage; but if not, they *beat* and *tack* so as to overcome its resistance as well as they can. They make every thing subordinate to the great business of migration;—the swallow snatches the insect and the kingfisher his fish, without suspending their flight; and if they are late in their journey, they allow themselves no rest till they reach their destination. Hard times these for birds of large size and little wings; on they must go,—and partly by trudging, and partly by swimming, they relieve the hardship of flying, and contrive to reach a place of safety and rest. It seems at first like a prodigious undertaking, for a bird to pass from Hudson's Bay to Mexico or South America; but as some of them can fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and more with a favorable wind, the journey is soon over, and the shelter they gain well worth the toil of reaching it. We wonder not that they should go: we are rather tempted to say to some poor goldfinch, which we occasionally see pale and starving in the dead of winter, as Dr. Johnson did to the crow in Scotland, 'What! have wings, and

stay here!' We know not that birds have much imagination themselves, but they certainly inspire it in others; witness the wish which Logan sang, and a thousand hearts have echoed,—to travel and return with the bird in the heavens, which knoweth its appointed time, a perpetual companion of the spring.

It is well worth while, also, to observe the provision which birds make for their own wants, and to see how, when reason sometimes falters, instinct always operates with the same certainty and success. We have already mentioned the woodpecker, who grasps the trunk of a tree with his claws, and stands upon his tail, drawing out insects from their burrows in the wood. It is said, that he goes to an ant's nest and lies down pretending to be dead, with his tongue out, drawing it in, however, as often as it is covered with the ants, which are a favorite article of his food. The nuthatch opens nuts, or the stones of fruit, by repeated blows of his sharp, horny bill. The butcher-bird, which lives on insects and smaller birds, is said to attract the latter by imitating their call, and has also a habit of impaling upon thorns such insects as he does not need at the moment. Some have thought this a trap set for other birds; but this is improbable, because unnecessary. It seems more likely that this trick of gathering what he does not want, and keeping it till it is of no use to him, is one which he has learned in his intercourse with man. The whippoorwill sits upon the fence or the step of a door, singing mournfully, as if he had lost all his friends; but woe to the moth, who believes in the mourner's having lost his appetite also; the bird seizes and swallows him, without any suspension of his song. The raven and the gull, who are fond of shell-fish, but are not provided with instruments to open them, carry them high into the air, and let them fall on rocks, in order to break the shell. In this way it is said that a philosopher's head was broken in ancient times, being accidentally mistaken for a stone; whether this be true or not, we cannot say; the heads of sages are harder now. The bald eagle, proud and disdainful as he seems, gets a great part of his living in a manner that does more credit to his ingenuity and strength, than to his morals. He sits in gigantic repose, calmly watching the play of the fishing-birds over the blue reach of waters, with his wings loosely raised, as if keeping time with the heaving sea. Soon he sees the fishhawk dive heavily in the ocean and re-appear with a scream of triumph, bearing the sluggish fish. Then the gaze of the eagle grows

fiery and intense; his wings are spread wide, and he gives chase to the hawk, till he compels him to let fall his prize: but it is not lost, for the eagle wheels in a broad circle, sweeps down upon the edge of the wave, and secures it before it touches the water. Nothing can be more majestic, than the flight of this noble bird; he seems to move by an effort of will alone, without the waving of his wings. Pity it is, that he should dishonor himself by such unworthy robbery as this,—though it by no means destroys the resemblance between the king of birds and the kings of men.

The art which birds display in their nests deserves admiration. We are in the habit of speaking of the nest as the home of the bird; but it is nothing more than the cradle of the young. Birds of mature years are exposed to all the elements, but are provided with oil to spread upon their plumage, which enables it to shed the rain. This supply ceases in a measure, when birds are sheltered by the care of man; while the small bird is dry and active through all the heaviest showers, the wet human being does not look more sorrowful, than the drowned and draggling hen. The nest of the humming-bird, that little creature, so beautiful, and like most other beauties, so deficient in temper, is the choicest piece of work than can be imagined; being formed and covered with moss, in such a manner as to resemble exactly a knot of the limb on which it is built. But this is exceeded by the little tailor-bird of India, which, living in a climate where the young are exposed to all manner of foes, constructs its nest by sewing together two large leaves of a tree at the very extremity of the limb, where neither ape, serpent, nor monkey, would venture for all beneath the moon. It uses its bill for an awl, and fibres for threads, and thus unites them in a workmanlike manner, placing its nest between, lined with gossamer, feathers, and down. We can see something resembling this in the nest of the baltimore-oriole, which is so common in our gardens in summer. It is formed by tying together some forked twigs at the extremity of a limb, with strings either stripped from vegetables, or, if more convenient, stolen from a graft or a window. These twigs form a frame-work, round which they weave a coarse covering to enclose the nest, composed of thread, wool, or tow. The inner nest is at the bottom of this external pocket, where it swings securely in the highest wind, and is sheltered by the arbor of leaves above it, both from the rain and sun. This intelligent bird was not slow to

discover, that much trouble might be saved by employing strings which have been already prepared by the hands of man; and if skeins of thread or any thing of the kind come in his way, he makes use of them without asking to whom they belong. This is the most remarkable structure of the kind in our country; but if we may believe the accounts of others, a bird in India makes a similar nest, with several apartments, which it lights up with fire-flies by night.

There are birds, which construct their nests with less delicacy, but more hard labor; the woodpecker, for example, which chisels out its gallery in the trunks or limbs of trees, and thus prepares a lodging, not only for itself, but for the nuthatch, black capt titmouse, and other birds, which take advantage of the woodpecker's deserted mansions. The kingfisher chooses a bank near the scene of his labors; and here, with his mate, works with his bill and claws,—rather ineffective tools for the purpose,—till he has scooped out a tunnel of the depth of several feet horizontally. The extreme part is spacious and ovenlike, but the entrance is only large enough for one. This bird does not waste its labor, like many others, but makes the same cavern answer its purpose for a number of years. The little sand-martin follows the kingfisher's example. The purple martin and the republican swallow, which is now emigrating to us from the West, defend their habitations with a mud wall. The golden-crowned thrush makes its nest in the ground, diffusing it so as to resemble the turf around it. But some birds show great indifference to this subject, from whom it would least be expected; as the hen, which merely scratches a place for its nest, though it is afterwards so attentive to its young. The sea-birds, in general rough and hardy in their habits, leave their eggs lying loosely on the sand. The duck, however, the eider particularly, which is one of our northern visitors, is so motherly in its habits, as to strip the down from its own breast, to line the nest for its young. In the northern regions, where they breed, the natives plunder the nest; the bird again lines its habitation, and again it is plundered. Many an individual in civilized countries feathers his nest at the expense of the poor eider, who is thus a martyr to her maternal affection.

Most birds make their nests in an honest and industrious way; but there is a knavish crew, which, for reasons which we cannot fathom, are permitted to save themselves the trouble, both of providing lodging and education for their young, by

imposing the burden upon others. In foreign countries, the cuckoo is guilty of this unnatural proceeding, which combines the sins of desertion and imposture. The reproach is of course transferred to our American bird of that name; but our yellow-billed cuckoo is very motherly in its habits and feelings. It is true that its eggs have been found in the nests of other birds, but a distinguished naturalist conjectures that its intention was to steal the nest, and not to leave its young to the care of others. The worst thing known of our cuckoo is, that it feeds upon the eggs of other birds. The unnatural parent in this country, is the well known low blackbird, the pest of almost all the feathered race. She lays her egg in the nests of various other birds, without much concern in the selection, and seems fully conscious, that she is acting a disgraceful part. If the owner of the nest have any eggs of her own, she takes care of the strange one, rather than desert them; if not, she generally gives up the work she has finished with the sweat of her brow. Sometimes the birds throw out the egg that has no business there; sometimes they lay a new floor to the nest; but in many cases, affection for their own induces them to submit with a good grace to the imposition. When the young foundling is hatched, the quarters are so small for him, that he often stifles the other young birds, merely from want of room. He retreats the moment he is able to fly, as if conscious that he has no right to his home. This reproach should be given to the real sinner, and not to the cuckoo; for the latter bird does actually patch up something, which, considering that it is honestly made, may be dignified with the name of nest.

Birds, like men, are apt to regard each other as lawful prey; which renders various provisions of nature necessary to secure the weak against the strong. The structure of the eye gives an advantage to the cannibal, as well as to his victim. It is suited in a wonderful manner to the wants of the animal, and to the element in which it lives. It has an apparatus, by which the bird can push it out and draw it in, thus extending or lessening the sphere of vision at pleasure; the nictitating membrane covers it with a partially opaque curtain, when it would reduce the light without closing the lid; the nerve is quick in its sensibility to every impression, and birds are thus enabled either to pick up insects close before them, or to look abroad over miles of earth and sea. The fishhawk sees the fish at an immense distance beneath it; and others of the same race

discern their prey on the ground or flying, when an object so small would be wholly invisible to the human eye. Under these circumstances, the smaller birds sometimes borrow resolution from despair. The graceful little kingbird, whose military habits are signified by the red plume which he sometimes displays, will attack the largest tyrant of the air, and not only crows, but hawks and eagles retreat from him with an expedition, which signifies that they have gained neither profit nor honor in the encounter. When the smaller birds think it unwise to do battle, they retire under hedges and brush-wood, and the hawk looks after them, as British frigates did after the little Greek pirate boats, sorely puzzled to tell whether they had passed into the earth or air, while they were quietly sunk along the shore, ready to float again as soon as the danger was past. When this cannot be conveniently done, they sometimes rush out to meet the bird of prey in great numbers, and by flying about him in all directions, attempting to get above him, and setting up a general outcry, they bewilder his brain, —never very bright,—in such a manner, that he is compelled to retreat, in order to collect his scattered wits. When they have no other resort, they sometimes put themselves under the protection of man, but they consider this a choice of evils, and to be done only in desperate cases. Nature has provided for the security of some, which have not ingenuity to defend themselves. Some are made to resemble the tree so closely, as to escape unpleasant observation; some find the same security in their likeness to earth and stones. Many of our readers have doubtless met the quail, with her thriving family of children, in their rambles through the woods. If they are so well aware of the artifices of the mother, as not to regard her pretence of lameness, they may attempt to secure the young; but fortunate and sharp-sighted must they be to discover them, such is their resemblance to the dried leaves in which they nestle. The young of the whippoorwill, also, seem aware of this advantage, and retain great composure in danger, trusting that they shall not be distinguished from the ground. It is this fear, so necessary to their defence, which makes birds so reserved in their intercourse with men, that their characters are but little understood. The crow, for example, never acts himself till he is tamed and made familiar with man. In his wild state, he is eminently suspicious; let him see but a string near the corn-field, and he imagines it a snare; let any one attempt to approach him with

a gun, and he keeps at a respectful distance, while he manifests no fear of an unarmed man. When domesticated, the grave and jealous wiseacre lays aside his solemnity, and becomes mischievous as a monkey, showing in his tricks astonishing sagacity, in selecting both subject and occasion. Most birds can be tamed; but man has not a good reputation among them in general; and it is not easy to quiet their fears, lest he shall abuse his power.

The voice is the power for which birds are most remarkable, and this depends very much upon the quickness of their hearing, in which they excel most other animals. The lungs bear a very large proportion to the frame, which is so constructed as to receive great admissions of air, which aids the energy of sound. The distance at which the soaring birds can be heard, is almost incredible. The cry of the eagle will reach us from his most towering height, and the wild scream of the sea-bird rises above the thunder of the beach. The variety of their tones is not less surprising; the common barn-door fowl is an example; its tones are ludicrously *human*, running through all changes expressive of passion, but most eloquent in discontent, anxiety, sorrow, and despair. But the smaller birds are those, which fill the garden and the wood with their spiritlike song. Their strains are poured forth to swell that stream of blended melodies, which form the voice of spring; a voice full of pleasing and tender associations, which comes upon the ear, reminding us of all most dear to remembrance, and often fills the soul with happiness and the eyes with tears. No country can exceed our own in this music of nature; the European nightingale has been long regarded as unrivalled, but now it is conceded that its strain owes something of its charm to the hour when it is heard, when the sounds of the day are over, and all around is listening, breathless, and still. But our mocking-bird, so unworthily named, since he introduces snatches of songs of other birds into his voluntary, not from poverty of invention, but in wantonness, and to show how his own surpasses them all, is rather an enthusiast than an imitator; as any one may know who has seen him at his matins, with every nerve in motion trembling with delight, and resembling St. Ignatius, who, as Maffei tells us, was often lifted several feet from the ground, by the intenseness and spirituality of his devotions. These fine powers of song, however, are not confined to one or two birds; where the mocking-bird is never heard, there are

strains not so various and striking perhaps, but equally plaintive, original, and sweet.

Every one hears the voice of the bird with interest and pleasure, and any explanation of the habits and history of the wild and retiring musician, will be generally welcome. For reasons which will easily suggest themselves to the reader, no general attention has been hitherto given to the subject. The heavy works in which information can be found, have been treasured in expensive libraries only, where they are out of the reach of the great proportion of those who are most interested in these things. But a few such men as Audubon will soon place the results of their adventurous travels, where men shall see and know them; a taste for their favorite sciences will gradually be created, and they will be sure of the general applause. But we hope that the melancholy line, 'Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves!' will not apply to them as truly as it does to many of their favorite race. Those who have labored and suffered in the cause of science, are entitled to something more substantial than golden opinions; for if fame be a reward, it is one for which they are indebted to themselves, and not to others.

The most celebrated adventurer in this charming pursuit was Alexander Wilson; a name not sufficiently known when fame would have been of use to him, but now surrounded with many interesting associations. He was, till the 18th year of his age, apprentice to a weaver; but he never seemed to regard his trade as an employment at all sedentary, and he was in the constant habit of making pilgrimages through his native land, Scotland, in the capacity of a pedler, displaying at the same time an indifference to profit, and a passion for poetry, not often found in that estimable race. This latter propensity was encouraged by the success of Burns, with whom he was personally acquainted; but Wilson, when he attempted to publish his inspirations, met with no good fortune, except once, when compelled to burn, with his own hands, at the town cross, a satire, which he had written upon some individual, by whom he thought the weavers had been oppressed, upon which occasion he was cheered by the multitude as a patriot and a martyr. We can hardly account for his entire failure in his poetical attempts; one would have supposed, that with a glowing imagination, a quick and delicate sensibility, a melancholy and sometimes majestic tone of thought, and a perseverance untir-

ing as an eagle's wing, he must have become distinguished in an art, where many have secured eminence without half his powers. But so it was, that he might as well have attempted to weave the visions of his fancy in the tapestry of a Paisley loom, as express them in such numbers as those which he gave triumphantly to the world, and which the world, fortunately for science, rejected.

Wilson came to this country in 1794, so forlorn in circumstances, that he slept upon deck through the whole voyage, and when he arrived, had no property but a fowling-piece. He landed at Newcastle, and as he was walking to Philadelphia, shot a redheaded woodpecker. It is said that he often mentioned afterwards, what delight the sight of this beautiful bird gave him; and as this was a time when he was naturally full of excitement, the incident probably had much effect in determining his mind to that pursuit, which resulted in his becoming the historian of the feathered race. After a few years of depression, variegated by an occasional change from the employment of schoolmaster to that of pedler, he found a resting-place on the banks of the Schuylkill; the same region which afterwards inspired Audubon with taste and enthusiasm similar to his own. Here he was fortunate enough to find friends, who, though they dared not encourage him in a pursuit, where the sacrifices were likely to be great, and the substantial rewards very few, seem, nevertheless, to have sympathized with him, and to have believed as he did, that the volume of nature deserved to be read, as well as the day-book and ledger. This was precisely the encouragement, which his energetic spirit wanted; his plans were already rough-hewn in his own imagination; and once assured that his object was properly estimated by others whose judgment he valued, he knew how to make minor difficulties give way before him. He applied himself earnestly to the study of natural history, in the intervals of his labor as a teacher, and made various attempts at delineating birds, but so unsuccessfully, that for a long time the sight of them filled him with indignation and despair. Still he persevered, wisely resolving to make that preparation for his rambles, without which his labor would be thrown away. He went on foot to Niagara in 1805, and on his return, we find him with a spirit undaunted, but a fortune considerably less than a dollar, expressing a manly confidence that he had the resources which his enterprise required, —a constitution, which hardship only strengthened,—a heart,

unchained by domestic affections,—a disposition, equally satisfied with a comfortable bed, or an Indian fire, in the heart of the woods;—and above all, a resolution, which no failure could depress and no obstacle withstand. He made engagements with a bookseller in Philadelphia, who was to advance the funds required for an edition of two hundred copies, while Wilson was to furnish the drawings and descriptions, receiving meantime a small sum for coloring the plates, which formed his only support. He thought it necessary to make a commencement of his work, in order that he might use it to gain subscribers, while wandering through the country to collect materials for his future numbers.

In 1808, he went forth, directing his steps eastward; and arranged his outposts and spies in such a manner, that he expressed his confidence, that not a wren could travel from York to Canada, without his receiving immediate information. But subscribers did not abound, and the whole number he was able to collect amounted only to forty-one, while the drudgery of making his proposals again and again, only to hear them rejected, was extremely grating to a spirit like his, melancholy and somewhat proud. So little was his object appreciated, that in Haverhill, New Hampshire, he was apprehended as a spy, the inhabitants supposing that some foreign power had fallen in love with their paradise, and was preparing plans for an invasion. When he returned from the East, after resting but a day or two, he made a tour through the Southern States, and succeeded in adding one hundred and twenty-five to his subscription list, beside gaining subjects for his pencil from the cypress swamps and pine savannas. All his remarks upon men and manners, are those of a sharp, thoughtful, and rather sad observer; but in a third tour, where his route led him through the vast Western regions of our country, which he visited before the steam-boat had supplanted the ark and the bush-whacker upon the rivers, thus removing solitude and extending civilization, by crowding the work of a hundred years into ten, he seems to travel with a lighter step and heart, as if he had learned distrust from those subjects of his art, that spread their wings and fly from the presence of man. But he did not escape mortifications even there; a certain judge told him that his book, being out of the *reach of the commonalty*, was anti-republican, and ought not to be encouraged. Wilson asked him, what he thought of his own handsome three-story house?

—whether such buildings were within the reach of the *commonalty*, as he called them?—a question, to which it is not stated, that the bench made any satisfactory reply. He evidently felt such coarse remarks, much more than the serious difficulties and hardships of his way. In fact he held those labors very light; and there is, to our apprehension, something grand and striking, in the thought of a man going forth alone, in the strength of his own heart, with none to share his trials, or even understand his feelings,—seeing what others could not see,—hearing what others could not hear,—bearing gallantly onward, like a light vessel over the unsounded seas, while all who crowd the shore as it departs, prophecy that it was 'built in the eclipse,' and they never shall see it again.

Lest we be taken for enthusiasts, which would be fatal to our reputation as reviewers, we would say, that it is not every great naturalist, who makes a sublime and affecting impression; witness Mr. Audubon's picturesque account of his visit from M. de T——, a blank which some readers will probably be able to fill. One day, when walking by the river, he saw an individual land from a boat with a bunch of hay upon his back, who seemed to occasion some speculation among the boatmen. The stranger inquired for Mr. Audubon, and learning that he was the person, gave him a letter of introduction from a friend, which began, 'I send you an odd fish, which I hope you will describe.' Mr. Audubon read the letter aloud, and asked him '*where it was?*' The stranger rubbing his hands with much glee, replied, 'I am the odd fish, I presume, Sir.' After such an apology as was forthcoming, Mr. Audubon offered to send for his baggage, but was saved the trouble by M. de T—'s informing him that he had none, save the cargo of weeds upon his back. When introduced to the ladies, he thought it necessary to improve his appearance, and accordingly pulling off his shoes, began to draw down his stockings to hide the holes about the heels, remarking that his dress had suffered a little in his journey. It consisted of a long loose coat of yellow nankeen, which had been stained into a resemblance to that of Joseph's, by the juice of various plants and flowers,—a waistcoat of the same, with unfathomable pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, covering a large portion of his tight pantaloons,—the whole raiment surmounted by long hair and a beard, which were left to the care of nature. The spectre conversed in a very intelligent and agreeable manner, but was impatient

to see Mr. Audubon's drawings of birds and flowers. On looking at one of the latter, he shook his head, and declared that there was no such plant. Mr. Audubon at once silenced his doubts by taking him to the spot where it grew, upon seeing which, he danced and shouted in ecstacy, declaring that he had found not only a new species but a new genus, and appearing as if he could have died happy. At midnight a great uproar was heard in the naturalist's apartment, and Mr. Audubon running thither in alarm, found him racing round the room with the handle of a violin in his hand, having already demolished the body of it in attempts to beat down some bats, nothing regarding his own want of drapery, nor the destruction he was making. Having secured one of the intruders for his collection, he retired to bed with singular satisfaction. After remaining an inmate in the family for three weeks, he suddenly disappeared, and they could only account for his absence by supposing that he had himself been taken and secured as a specimen, till a letter of thanks from him came to hand some time after. Mr. Audubon seems to have taken vengeance on the naturalist for the destruction of his fiddle and the various other inconveniences he had occasioned, by showing him the interior of a cane-brake, where they encountered a bear who was upon the same expedition, and were overtaken by a thunder-storm, which made the man of science for once forget his enthusiasm in his fears. We can forgive this, inasmuch as the jest was in the way of their profession; but we feel bound to declare our entire disapprobation of his proceeding, in exposing a fellow-traveller to the wrath of a pole-cat. This gentleman, struck with the beauty of the animal, dismounted in order to secure it; but was soon convinced, that because the creature was pleasing to one sense, it did not follow that he should be equally acceptable to another. We should as soon have thought of exposing a human being to the attacks of a party newspaper, on the eve of a presidential election. How far this unsavory jest was carried, we are not precisely informed; but, though reviewers by profession, we can see no sport in the suffering of our fellow-creatures, and we undertake to assure Mr. Audubon, that the least play of such humor is extremely offensive.

But to return to Wilson. When Mr. Audubon resided in Louisville, Wilson came into his counting-room one morning, with the two numbers of his work then published, and offered

his proposals. Mr. Audubon describes his appearance as rendered striking by the keenness of his eyes, and the prominence of his cheek bones; and his peculiarities of look were probably heightened by an expression of surprise, at finding another person engaged at the moment in a pursuit similar to his own. As Mr. Audubon was about to write his name as a subscriber, his partner advised him rather abruptly to forbear, assuring him in French, that his own drawings were superior to those of Wilson, and that his acquaintance with the habits of birds could not be less; this advice prevailed, and he declined subscribing. Mr. Audubon observes, that Wilson did not appear pleased, either because he understood the language in which the remark was made, or because he was disappointed in the hope of adding to his list. He probably did not understand French, but the language of manner is the same all the world over. It requires but little study to discover the meaning of expressions of light esteem; and beside this, a man who has given his life and heart to the accomplishment of an object, believing that he has no rival, must be somewhat more than human, if he be delighted to find that another is engaged in the same purpose, with equal energy and advantages far greater than his own. They, however, compared notes in a friendly manner, and ranged the woods together; Mr. Audubon introduced him to his family, and did all in his power to make his visit pleasant, but he seemed oppressed by constant melancholy, which was only relieved by the Scotch airs, which he played sweetly on his flute, social enjoyments having for him no charm nor attraction. Mr. Audubon offered him his own drawings for the American Ornithology, only stipulating that they should bear his own name; but Wilson did not accept the proposal. Mr. Audubon afterwards waited upon him in Philadelphia, and was kindly received, but nothing was said of the subject which was nearest to their hearts. When the ninth number of the Ornithology was published, Mr. Audubon was surprised and not particularly delighted, to find a note from Wilson's journal, dated March 23d, 1810, in which he remarks, that in Louisville, he received no attention, and gained neither new subscriber nor new bird. 'Science and literature,' said he, 'have not one friend in the place.'

Mr. Audubon relates these circumstances with a tone which does him honor; without making complaints of Wilson, who certainly appears at disadvantage, and without losing his respect

for the talent and enterprise of a very remarkable man. He had a right to justify himself, and this is all he attempts in his explanation. The note was probably written in a moment of disappointment and depression, and was an exact description of the writer's feelings. We can do more justice to both, if we remember that neither party was then known to the world. If we think of Wilson at the time, as one whose acquaintance was thought an honor, or whose genius was respected as it now is, we shall widely mistake his condition. He was a man of plain appearance, of manners not prepossessing to strangers, engaged in a pursuit which not one in ten thousand knew how to appreciate, and which indeed owes its fame in our country principally to his exertions. His features were rather coarse, and his dress better suited to the forest than the drawing-room; moreover he carried with him a subscription list, and was thus connected with a class of visiters, which no man welcomes to his house with rapture. Under these circumstances, though we have no doubt that Mr. Audubon treated him with kind attention and felt respect for his enthusiasm, still it required a prophet's eye to discover his full claims, and to assign him that high place, which, as a man of genius, he felt he had a right to demand. All who knew Wilson unanimously testify, that, although irritable, and unable to endure the least disrespect, his disposition was remarkably kind, liberal and just. In all his dealings with others, he was the very soul of honor; so that he was doubtless misled by feelings of despondency, which often attach unpleasant associations in an unjust and unaccountable manner, to places and persons which by no means deserve them. We observe that the American Quarterly Review, in noticing the work before us, justifies Philadelphia from an implied censure cast upon it by Mr. Audubon. He says that Liverpool freely accorded to him honors, which, on application made by his friends, Philadelphia had refused him. We do not profess to understand the allusion. That city is the last to deserve a charge of want of hospitality, and Mr. Audubon is evidently not the man to make unreasonable complaints or demands. We think it probable, that he wrote thus from having accidentally connected depressing associations with a place, where he had hoped to publish his work, and where he found himself disappointed, and that it never occurred either to him or to Wilson, that in expressing their feelings, they were bringing grave charges against any place or people.

It does not seem probable to us, that if Wilson and Audubon had been acquainted with each other, more intimately and under more favorable circumstances, they would have been very well suited to each other. Those who agree in being devoted to a similar object, are generally said to have similarity of taste; but this does not follow; and where they are unlike in feeling, their pursuit of the same object is more likely to make them rivals than friends. Wilson was a man, whose powers were concentrated upon a single purpose; he pursued it, not as an amusement, nor even an employment, but as the great object of his life, and with a deep and determined spirit, which few could understand. The subjects of his art and inquiry were not playthings to him, they were intimate and familiar friends; their voice was not music, but language; instead of dying away upon the ear, it went down into his soul. To him, the notes with which they heralded the spring were full of glory, and when in the autumn, they heard far off the trumpet of the storm, and sang their farewell to the woods, it was solemn and affecting, as if it were breathed from a living and beating heart. To others, this interest seemed senseless and excessive; but he was one of those, who never smile at the depth and earnestness of their own emotions. When he described the birds, he spoke of their habits, and manners, as if they were intelligent things; and thus has given a life and charm to his descriptions, which will make his work the chief attraction of the science in our country, for many years to come. But as might be supposed, this very enthusiasm, which was so strong that he kept it as much as possible to himself, thinking it would find no sympathy with those who never had felt it, has led him into many errors. He trusted too much to his imagination; from what he saw he inferred much that he did not see, and therefore his successors have been constantly employed in correcting the mistakes of their master. Audubon entered upon the pursuit with an enthusiasm equally resolute, but much more light-hearted. It began in childhood, and as it grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, it was more judicious and discriminating than if he had, late in life, turned the whole current of his feeling in this new direction. Beside this material difference, he was more fortunate than Wilson in having a family who sympathized with him, when other friends discouraged him and complained of the waste of his time and exertions. Being more a man of the world than Wilson, though without

losing the simplicity of his mind, we feel that he is less likely to be led away by his fancy, and therefore trust him as a safer guide, though not a more fascinating companion. But if he is less poetical than Wilson, he has much of the spirit of his predecessor. The very name which he has given to his work,—biography,—shows that he feels as if he were describing intelligent and spiritual things, and thus inspires a sort of Pythagorean interest, such as natural history is seldom fortunate enough to awaken. When he introduces a bird to our acquaintance, he is evidently solicitous to place its virtues and attractions in the most flattering light, as if he were speaking in favor of a friend. We need hardly say that his work is very engaging. The singleness of heart, which is always found connected with an enthusiastic love of nature, speaks volumes in favor of such men: and if it were not so, their various and amusing adventures, the wild aspects of the country which they describe, their escapes and dangers, their hardships and pleasures, all alike unknown to ordinary life, give to their writings a romantic charm.

Mr. Audubon was born in America, but was descended from a French family, and was sent early in life, to receive his education in France. This would be sufficiently evident from the peculiar style of his writings, which are fluent and eloquent, but carry evidence with them that they never proceeded from an English pen. It would seem that the direction in which he has been so successful, was given to his taste in early childhood; it must have been partly inherited; for the passion rose at a period earlier than he can remember, and he tells us that his father encouraged it, pointing out to him the graceful movement and beautiful forms of birds. There was no need, however, of fanning the flame; for, from the first, he was never happy when removed from the forests and fields, and his chief enjoyment was to find out the homes of the small birds in the green masses of foliage, or to follow the curlew and cormorant to the retreats where they sought shelter from the fury of the storm. To look upon their eggs in the downy nest, or on the burning sands, and to trace their history from the shell through all their migrations and changes, was then, as it is now, the favorite desire of his heart. It might seem a dangerous thing in a parent to encourage a taste which was already so strong, and which, if it became engrossing, threatened to interfere so much with the more practical pursuits of life. He probably was willing that his son should make this the business of his life, and ap-

pears to have taken judicious care to impress upon his child, that all the admiration and love which nature inspires, should remind us of Him who made it.

He was desirous of keeping these subjects of study always before him; but he found no satisfaction in looking upon the stuffed birds of collections, which, like the Egyptian mummies, retain but a small portion of their living attractions. These would not answer; and the beauties of their plumage seemed to him as perishable as sunset clouds, till his father, at the proper time, set before him a book of Illustrations. This awakened a new ambition, and he determined to rival, and if possible excel what he saw. But he was obliged to go through the usual discipline; his first efforts seemed like caricatures; and every new advance he made, rendered him discontented with what he had done before. It is a grievous thing to man to be compelled to laugh at his own productions, because he feels that another year's improvement may render his present efforts as ludicrous to himself as the former. But this is one of the evidences of real taste and talent. It shows that the standard of excellence in the artist's mind is set high, and this is an advantage both in youth and manhood; for the moment one begins to be satisfied with his own productions, he shows that he has lost his enthusiastic desire to improve,—a desire which forms the inspiration of genius, and without which no one ever was great.

While receiving his education in France, from which country he returned at the age of seventeen, Mr. Audubon took lessons in drawing from David, which, though the subjects were not such as he would have chosen for himself, doubtless gave him an ease and freedom with the hand and eye, which he found of great advantage. He immediately commenced the great undertaking, which is now well known to the world. His father gave him an estate on the Schuylkill,—a residence well suited to his purpose, and here, he says, it was his constant practice to commence his rambles at daybreak, it being his happiness and triumph to return wet with dew, with the bird which was to ornament his page. Those who are acquainted with birds, know how much they are in the habit of following the course of rivers in their periodical journeys, and that a diligent observer, near one of our larger streams, will be likely to see nearly all the inland birds. But it was not enough for him to know their forms; he wished to learn their history in every particular;

and to gain this information, he undertook long and hazardous expeditions, being sometimes absent from his family for years, engaged in exploring prairies, mountains, lakes, and seas. We said, that he was from the beginning engaged in this undertaking; but we must not give the impression, that he had in view the publication before us; on the contrary, he assures us that he was led onward solely by the love of the pursuit, from which he derived constant gratification. His friends were as earnest as those of Job, to convince him that he was much to blame; and he confesses that any one who saw his habits, might have supposed him negligent of every domestic duty; but his wife and children, who were certainly most interested in his movements, did not join in the censure. They will now be rewarded for their forbearance, by enjoying the reflection of his fame.

How much he was in earnest in his rambles, appears from his account of a visit to Niagara, in which he has given a picture of himself, as life-like as any of his colored illustrations. He had been wandering near the lakes for months, and was returning with his drawings of plants and birds. The last vestige of his linen had long ago been devoted to the purpose of cleaning his gun; he was dressed like one of the poorest Indians; his beard covered his neck, and his hair flowed down his back; his leathern raiment was crying loudly for repair; a large knife hung at his side, and a worn-out blanket, containing his tin box of drawings, was buckled to his shoulders. In this guise he walked into the public house, and demanded breakfast, all present being amazed to hear from such a figure anything that denoted a resemblance to civilized man. The landlord seemed anxious to secure him as a lion, and he had in fact come for the sake of sketching the Fall; but he made a discovery which may well be published for the benefit of painters, viz;—that in a miniature picture of such a scene, no very impressive idea can be given of the extent or the sound. It would save many a painting, in which the falling ocean dwindles to a mill-dam.

The idea of making a collection for publication never suggested itself to Mr. Audubon, till he visited Philadelphia in 1824, on his way to the eastward through the Atlantic States. He was then a stranger to all but Dr. Mease, who introduced him to the well-known Charles Bonaparte, whose name we observe is sometimes decorated with a title, though we doubt not he looks to science for his most honorable distinctions.

From Philadelphia he proceeded to New-York, where he was received with flattering attention, and after ascending the Hudson, traversed the great western lakes, making probably the tour to which we have just alluded. The thought of publishing to the world the results of his labors, supplied him with a new inspiration and a more definite object; the thought of a solitary individual like himself, gaining a name in the old world by his laborious pilgrimages through the desert regions of the new, came in aid of his attachment to nature. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night; and by constantly endeavoring to bring his designs to perfection, succeeded at last to his own satisfaction and the surprise of others;—we say to their surprise, because we are not in the habit of seeing one man make himself familiar with every subject of a science and inquire into all its particulars, in any other way than by studying at home, and depending in part on the authority of others.

Whoever reads Mr. Audubon's account of his various tours, will see that he had a mind, which, in the midst of its devotion to a single object, found time to meditate upon all that was before him. When he embarked on the Ohio in his own boat, with his wife and his infant son, he is very eloquent in his description of the beauty of the river. It was in October, in the season called in this country the Indian summer, when the early frosts are over, and winter, after having given a gentle warning of his coming, suspends his step, as if unwilling to destroy the glory of the year. The trees had put on their rich and glowing colors, which, with the wild garlands of the vine that covered them, were darkly reflected in the waters. The haze that covered the landscape softened its lines and shadows, melting down the brightness of the sun, and changing the pale waning moon into a golden semicircle, seen as distinctly in the stream as in the sky. The ripple of their boat was the only sound which broke the silence, except when some large fish sprang upwards in pursuit of a shoal that darted out like silvery arrows, and fell in a little shower of light. At evening they heard the distant tinkling, as the cattle were returning to their homes, and saw the shadows mysteriously darken the shores. As the night fell, they caught the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came softened almost into music by the distance, and at times heard the solemn hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings, as it sailed gently across the stream. We give the substance of this description, in order to

show our readers in what scenes his fancy was kindled and his taste formed. He had here the charm of solitude, together with the society,—which, for the time, he was anxious to secure,—of that race, which had excited in him from his earliest years, an interest deeper than man is often fortunate enough to inspire in man.

But Mr. Audubon affords us the contrast to this picture of solitude without desolation. Our readers have doubtless seen extracted in many of our papers, an account of his adventure in a cabin on his return from the upper Mississippi. He was crossing a prairie, and in taking shelter in this hut for the night, he happened to display his watch to the landlady, who immediately devised measures to secure it for herself, by removing him to a world where measures of time are not wanted. She was prevented by the seasonable arrival of two travellers, armed as usual in such journeys, who aided to secure her with her two sons. These, however well disposed to aid her, seem to have been at that time in no state to profit by her maternal instructions. For this design to murder, the wayfarers burned down the cabin, gave the furniture to an Indian who had warned Mr. Audubon of his danger, and justified the delinquents after the manner of the Regulators; a kind of extemporal police, established by volunteers, to supply the defective shortness of the arm of the law. When an individual is discovered to have committed an offence of this or any other dangerous description, a court of rather a popular character assembles and takes the case into serious consideration; the accused is arrested and brought before them, his character and proceedings sharply investigated, and if the verdict of his peers pronounce him guilty, he is advised as a friend to seek out some other climate, more favorable to his constitution. As there may be some little want of formality in the movements of the court, and the evidence may be at times deficient in precision, they judiciously lean to the side of mercy. In such cases, it is thought better for the suspected person to take the hint, and transport himself beyond the bounds of their jurisdiction; but if he choose to remain, and is found repeating his transgressions, at the next term of the court he is put on trial, and severely punished if guilty. In many cases, the punishment is inflicted by castigation of the person, and destroying his house by fire, as in the instance of the lady abovementioned. Sometimes it is thought necessary to resort to the punishment of death, in which case the head is affixed to

a pole, as a terror to evil-doers. All these punishments are found effectual, particularly the last. This kind of legal process is fast disappearing from the West. As we have said, Mr. Audubon affords us the contrasts to his pictures. On the spot where the soul of the Ornithologist had so nearly taken flight, are found taverns, those outposts of civilization, and roads and cultivated fields, all redeemed from the wilderness in the short space of fifteen years. Now, the axe is heard ringing from the banks of the rivers, and the fire by night clears out a path through the oceans of wood; the elks, deer, and buffaloes are passing to other regions; our Government is aiding the cause in its own way, by grinding the Indians to powder, preaching all the while of mercy, justice, and protection; words, which make those who understand our language, decamp with all possible expedition. But we will not dwell on those surprising changes, which Mr. Flint has made familiar, in one of the most interesting works ever published in this country. Suffice it to say, that as men, not birds, are likely to be gainers by this miraculous transformation of a vast region, it is well that Mr. Audubon began his pilgrimages twenty years ago. We know not where the lover of a wilderness will go twenty years hence, to find the solitude he desires. Long before that time, we shall hear from travellers who have dammed up with their hands the parent fountains of the great western rivers, and shared with the eagle his perch on the highest turret of the Rocky mountains.

Mr. Audubon gives us a pleasing picture of the hospitality which prevails in the western country; a virtue, which by no means gains in the progress of civilization, but is apt, on the contrary, to retreat when the sign of the tavern is displayed; being unlike many other things in this world, most abundant when and where it is most wanted. Once, when journeying with his son, he chartered a wagon for a portion of his journey, and the wagoner engaging to take him by a 'short cut,' he had the satisfaction to find himself exposed to a storm of thunder, in a night so dark that they could not have proceeded even if they had known the way, every trace of which was lost. While sitting disconsolate and dripping like Naiads, they determined to try, since the sagacity of man had brought them into difficulty, whether the sagacity of the horses would take them out. They left the animals to arrange matters at their discretion, and they set forward, soon changing their course, and bringing them to a place where they heard the barking of dogs, and saw

a light through the trees. They were soon received into the cabin of a young couple, who were delighted with the opportunity of giving them a welcome. The negro boys were waked from their slumbers, and while some repaired the fire, others went forth to the hen-roost, whence proceeded notes, which indicated that the poultry were bearing their part, though reluctantly, in the duties of hospitality. The table was soon spread, but the whiskey was wanting, and the master of the house, afflicted at this destitution, mounted his horse, rode through the storm to his father-in-law three miles off, and returned with a keg of cider. Mr. Audubon says, that his son, who was about fourteen years old, drew near to him, and remarked 'how pleasant it was to have met with such good people.' The cabin afforded but one bed, and in spite of all remonstrances, the host and his wife insisted upon making a division of its component parts, which was done accordingly, and they were soon put into a sound sleep by a long story of the wagoner, showing how mysterious it was that he should have lost his way. This temple of hospitality was constructed of logs, and the floor formed of coarse *slabs* of tulip-tree. A spinning-wheel was standing in one corner; the wardrobe of the host was suspended from the wall on one side, and that of his wife from the other. A small cupboard contained a few dishes, cups, and tin pans; every thing was as neat as possible, but nothing indicated a condition above poverty, except an ornamented rifle. Nothing would induce the inmates to accept present or compensation; they detained the travellers as long as possible, and gave them up with regret. Truly, we should be inclined to call such a householder the most remarkable *rara avis* of Mr. Audubon's collection; but there is reason to believe, that such liberal kindness to the stranger is by no means uncommon, in any part of our western country.

Our traveller appears to be one of those who can make himself easy under any circumstances, and therefore is not quite so dependent on such attentions, as many others in the world. When he was patroling the shores of Upper Canada, he says that some person stole his money, supposing that a naturalist could do very well without it. We would not defend the knavery, but the event showed, that the thief was not mistaken in his calculation. 'To have repined when the thing could not be helped, would not have been acting manfully,' says Mr. Audubon. It is a manly sentiment, but when things *can* be helped

there is no particular call for repining. He and his companion were left with seven dollars and a half, at the distance of fifteen hundred miles from home. At this time they were upon the water: when they landed, they procured a conveyance for five dollars to the town of Meadville, and took lodgings at a tavern upon the way. At night, they were shown into a room in which there were several beds; some time after they had retired, three young girls came into the chamber, and having put out the light, placed themselves in a bed most distant from theirs. We beg our English readers, if such there be, to take notice that this was not in New-York nor Boston; and in order to relieve as far as possible the fears of the worthy travellers of that nation, we think we can safely assure them, that if they venture into the United States, judging of those who follow from those who have gone before, neither man, woman nor child will have the least disposition to force themselves into their society, either by night or day. This custom is peculiar to the back-woods, and there seems to be some little excuse for it in the necessity of the case, where the whole house affords but one chamber. Mr. Audubon had thrown out a hint concerning portrait painting, and the damsels, supposing the travellers asleep, descanted concerning the taking of portraits, explaining to each other how delightful it would be to see their own. In the morning he commenced the sketches, and beside paying for his lodging, had the satisfaction of making some young hearts happy. When they arrived at Meadville, he took his portfolio under his arm, and after walking the streets awhile, begged permission to rest in a shop; it was granted, and as a matter of course, the contents of the portfolio shown to the trader; who not only contracted for a portrait of himself, but offered to find him as many sitters as were wanted. He procured a painting room, ornamented with hogsheads of oats, rolls of sole-leather, a drum and bassoon in the corner, fur caps along the wall, and a clerk's bed, swinging like a hammock, near the centre. Here he closed the windows with blankets to secure a *painter's light*, and sketched his sitters much to their satisfaction. The result was, that his pockets grew heavy and his heart light. At the *ordinary* of the public house, Mr. Audubon, being taken for a missionary, on account of his flowing hair, was asked to say grace, which he says he did with a fervent spirit. His pursuits seem to have had the right and natural effect upon his feeling; for he tells us that he never has despaired of di-

vine protection, while engaged in studying the grand and beautiful works of God.

Among the entertaining incidents of his narrative, we find an account of his meeting with Daniel Boon, the celebrated patriarch of Kentucky. He happened to pass a night under the same roof with this remarkable man. Every thing about him, Mr. Audubon remarks, was striking. His stature approached the gigantic; his form indicated great personal strength, and his countenance bore an expression of thoughtfulness and resolution. At night, when Mr. Audubon undressed as usual, he merely took off his hunting-shirt and spread a blanket on the floor, which, he said, he preferred to the softest bed. He told Mr. Audubon, that many years before, he was taken prisoner by a party of Indians,—bound, and carried to their camp,—where he was frankly assured, by signs sufficiently expressive, that the next day would put an end to his mortal cares. The ladies of the party searched his dress, and much to their satisfaction laid their hands on a flask of *monongahela*, now a historical name, but then the designation of very strong whiskey. They drank freely of its contents, till the distant sound of a gun roused them; and the warriors immediately went to ascertain the cause, leaving his fair guardians to their vigils and their whiskey. Fortunately for him, they showed a decided preference for the latter, to which they paid such unceasing attention, that they were soon asleep. He then rolled himself to their fire, where he burned off his cords and seized his rifle. He was strongly tempted to return evil for good to his snoring body-guard, but he resisted, and after striking two or three chips with a tomahawk from an ash-tree, in order to mark the spot, he departed in peace.

Thirty years after this, when Colonel Boon had retreated before the approaching deluge of population, a person removed into Kentucky, where he laid claim to a large tract of land, one of the corners of which was marked, as the deed ran, 'by an ash, which was notched by three blows from the tomahawk of a white man.' The object was to find this tree, in order to ascertain the boundary of the land. But the tree had grown, and the wood had covered the scars; no trace of it could be found. Under these circumstances, the owner, who had heard of Colonel Boon's adventure, sent to him to come and ascertain, if possible, the situation of the tree. Having no particular professional business, nor domestic cares to detain him at home, the veteran came as desired. Every thing was changed in the

country;—but having formed a party, and waited for the moon to rise, he endeavored to find the spot where the Indians had encamped; and having as he thought succeeded, they remained there till the break of day. When it was light, he examined the spot, and declared that an ash, then in sight, was the one. Proper witnesses being brought, he struck the bark; no signs were seen; he then cut deep into the tree, and at last found the distinct marks of the three notches, covered with thirty years' growth of wood. He was, when Mr. Audubon saw him, on his return to his favorite solitudes. This was a surprising effort of memory, when we consider what a near resemblance one such spot bears to another, and what a difference the hand of man soon makes in them all. Mr. Audubon saw the old hunter perform the favorite Kentucky feat of *barking off a squirrel.* He pointed to a squirrel on a tree at the distance of fifty paces, raised his piece slowly, and at the moment of the sharp, whip-like report, the bark immediately under the animal flew off in splinters, and the squirrel was whirled into the air, from which it fell dead. The dress of this 'stoic of the woods,' was a home-spun hunting-shirt; his feet were defended with moccasins, and his legs bare. It is difficult to explain the fascination of savage life,—but there are more examples than one, which prove that it is much more difficult to tame the wild, than to make a savage of the civilized man. It cannot be ascribed to an aversion to restraint,—for such men as this are in general self-denying in every respect. There must be some delight in the excitement of solitude, independence, and adventure, which strangers to them cannot understand. When the gates of the West were first thrown open, they were thronged with many such adventurers,—who pushed their way through the deep forests, guided by the sun by day, and sleeping at night by their fires. Their furniture, and in fact all their wealth, consisted of an axe and the all-important rifle; these, with their horses, were all their preparation, except we take into account what was worth all the rest, a bold and resolute heart. Their way was beset with the Indians, who seem to have had prophetic misgivings that all these movements boded no good to them, and who had the advantage of matchless cunning, and perfect familiarity with the country. Others, who carried more baggage with them, built *arks* on the rivers, which, like that of Noah, were filled with all manner of living things,—but not equally secure of divine protection; for the heavy-laden vessel

floated lazily down the stream,—in silence by day, and without light or fire by night, lest they should be discovered by the enemy on the shores. When the voyage or the journey was over, a shelter was to be provided, the soil to be subdued, and the enemy repelled. It is not strange that many became attached for life to adventure, when for years there was not a moment in which they could lay aside their arms. Wherever a settlement has been made in the deserts of our country, it has been, both at the East and West, established in the face of many dangers, threatened by the wild inhabitants; but there are some indications in our history of late, which show that it was easier to gain, than it is now to refrain from abusing our power.

Beside the opportunity of becoming acquainted with man, under wild and peculiar circumstances, Mr. Audubon has had the advantage, which as a naturalist he doubtless appreciates, of witnessing several convulsions of nature. He does not mention the years,—but we remember, that about twenty years ago, earthquakes became unpleasantly abundant in the South and West. It was probably at that time, that he was one day, when riding, surprised by a darkness in the heavens. Being as much accustomed to thunder-storms as the birds themselves, he took but little notice of it further than to urge his horse forward; but the animal paid no regard to his recommendation, and instead of advancing, planted his feet deliberately and firmly upon the ground. The rider was upon the point of dismounting to lead him, when the horse began to groan, hung down his head, and spread out his limbs as widely as possible. He was entirely at a loss to know what all this might mean, and could only suppose, that the animal was suddenly seized with mortal agony; when the earth began to roll, the shrubs and trees rocked and waved before him, and the convulsive shuddering of the whole frame of nature made it evident, that an earthquake was passing by. Shocks succeeded each other for several weeks; and as most of the houses were by no means towering structures, he became familiar with the prospect of being buried under their ruins. One night, after attending a wedding, he slept in the house of a physician, which was constructed of logs, and large enough to receive a considerable number of persons. At night, the earthquake lifted up its voice in such a manner, that all started from their slumbers, and rushed out, without waiting for the ceremony of the toilet, or even taking

care to secure any drapery at all. The clouds were floating wildly past the full moon, the trees waving like grass in the breeze,—when the Doctor, his prudence getting the better of his fears, ran to save his gallipots, which were dancing on their shelves in an awful manner, and about to leap to the floor; but arrived too late to prevent a general wreck. The moment the danger was past, and the promiscuous assembly began to consider their defect of raiment, a consternation of a different sort succeeded, and drove them back to bed with equal expedition.

Mr. Audubon was also fortunate enough to witness a hurricane. We say fortunate, since it crossed his path without injury to him. He describes it admirably, and we wish we had room to give his own full picture of the scene. He saw in the south-west a yellowish oval spot, and felt a sharp breeze passing, which increased rapidly, tearing away twigs and smaller branches from the trees, till the whole forest was in dizzy motion. The largest trunks of the wood were bent, and at last broken. The stormy whirlpool carried thick-rolling masses of foliage and boughs, together with a cloud of dust; and the gigantic trees were seen writhing and groaning, as if in agony, for a moment, when they fell in shapeless heaps of ruin. This great work of destruction was over soon; but a shower of small branches followed in its wake, as if drawn onward by some mysterious power; the sky had a lurid, greenish hue, and the atmosphere was filled with a sulphury smell. The path of this tornado extended many hundred miles. Mr. Audubon was on horseback this time, as well as before, but the animal betrayed no alarm. The reason, doubtless, of his perceiving the earthquake so much earlier than his master, was that his feet were on the ground, and his rider's were not; and had they been in the same circumstances, the biped would probably have been less affected than the animal, who was shaken at four points instead of two.

We have given this general account of the work before us, to show the variety of entertaining subjects, which the writer has introduced; and we commend his judgment in so doing. It takes from the scientific air of the work, and offers an attraction to a greater number of readers. It also serves to show, through how many and various scenes he has passed in his wanderings, and thereby gives a livelier impression of the enthusiasm and resolution, which such an enterprise requires. On one occasion his fortitude was severely tried. Having secured two hundred of his original drawings in a wooden box, he left them

in the care of a friend, during his absence on a journey. When he returned, he re-claimed his treasure; and found, that a couple of Norway rats, acting, doubtless, on the principle that 'a living dog is better than a dead lion,' had gnawed his papers to pieces, and feathered their nest with one thousand painted inhabitants of the air. This was a severe blow; and many men under it would have forsworn the pursuit forever. But Mr. Audubon thought as Bottom did, that 'what could not be endured must be cured;' and after a short period of suffering, took his gun, note-book and pencils, and went forth into the woods again. Nothing daunted him, where he could revive his strength by communion with nature; but when he was on the way to England, and when first walking the streets of Liverpool, he says that his heart almost failed him, and that he longed to retreat into the woods. But this desolate feeling only made the kindness of enlightened men in that city, which was freely given to him, more animating and delightful. After receiving the most encouraging attentions there, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where his reception was equally flattering;—and there he commenced the publication of his Illustrations. It would have been continued there, had not his engraver advised him to seek an artist in London.

Mr. Audubon, we observe, addresses a word to critics: but these are works with which critics have not much to do; or with respect to which, they can only discharge that part of their duty which is generally thought to give them least pleasure,—we mean, praise. No one can see these splendid drawings, and compare them with the ordinary illustrations of natural history,—in which animals appear as spiritless as if they had been sitting for their portraits,—without admiring his taste and skill. Instead of a solitary individual, we have here groups of each kind, in all the attitudes of life; and as the plumage of birds is often entirely changed in passing from youth to maturity,—as the female, also, generally differs very much in color from the male,—a single representation would be of little value. We might easily criticise the drawing and coloring in some small respects, and say that it differs from our limited observation; but the obvious reply is, that he has seen hundreds where we have seen one. The history of the birds of our country is still imperfect, and whoever undertakes to reduce it to a system, will find every new explorer correcting some of his errors. What he describes as the constant habits of a class,

may appear to be only accidental peculiarities of individuals; and as birds are affected by climate, food, and various other circumstances, the result of many observations will be exceedingly apt to overturn the theories and systems built upon a few. We do not, therefore, complain of the want of systematic order in the arrangement of the subjects of this work;—at present, there would be no advantage in such an undertaking. But when this great work is completed, we think Mr. Audubon will do well to follow his own suggestion, and to give a systematic view of the American birds, and his own contributions to the known number. It is well that the world should know the exact value of his labors, before he gives the work over to other hands.

The science of Ornithology is indebted to Mr. Audubon for the discovery and description of an eagle, to which he has appropriately given the name of Washington. It is the largest and most powerful of all the race of birds. Mr. Nuttall suspects that it may exist in Europe, and be the same with the *great* sea-eagle, described by Brisson, which in size and plumage resembles this species, more than any other. Mr. Audubon first met with it, when engaged in a trading voyage on the upper Mississippi. An intelligent Canadian, on seeing this bird floating above them, remarked that it was the great eagle, and the only one he had seen since he left the lakes. He described it as a bird, which built its nest in shelves of rocks, and lived by fishing like the fishing-hawk, sometimes following the hunters to secure the animals they slew. Mr. Audubon was convinced from this account, that the bird was undescribed, and says that the feelings of Herschel, when he discovered his planet, must have been less rapturous than his own.

But several years passed, before he encountered it again. He was one day engaged in collecting cray-fish near Green river, in Kentucky, where a range of high cliffs approaches the stream, when he found traces of an eagle, which his companion said was the bald eagle in its immature state. Mr. Audubon, knowing that this species builds in trees, and not on the rocks, was persuaded that this was an error; his companion maintained the contrary, and assured him that he had seen the old eagle dive and catch a fish. This also was unlike the bald eagle, which, as all know, gets his living in a less honest way. Not being able to decide the point, they agreed to wait till the old birds came to feed their young. Two hours passed

heavily away, when the coming of the parent was announced by the loud hissing of the two young ones, which crawled to the edge of the rock, to receive a fish which was brought them. The observers kept a profound silence, but when the mother returned shortly after, also bearing a fish, her quicker eye detected the spies, and she set up a loud scream, when both birds hovered over them with a growling cry, till they left the spot. When they returned a day or two after, intending to scale the cliff and storm the nest, they found that the birds had anticipated their design, and that the whole family had retreated. It was not till two years afterward, that he saw this bird again. He was near the village of Henderson, with his double-barrelled gun, when he saw it rising from an enclosure where some animals had been slaughtered, and alight upon a low tree. Thence the eagle looked at him calmly and fearlessly, till he fired, and it fell dead. The bird which he describes, is an adult male, and measures in length three feet seven inches, in extent ten feet and two inches. This is a prodigious size; but among all birds of prey, the female is larger than the male. If this rule hold good here, and there is no reason to doubt it, we may account for its not building on trees, as a French writer explains the reason of the condor's laying its eggs on the naked rock; 'because the excessive sweep of its wings makes it impossible for it to enter the woods!' Mr. Audubon compares this bird minutely with the sea-eagle, and shows wherein they differ; in the bird of Washington, the tail is considerably longer than the closed wings; in the sea-eagle the length is equal. The sea-eagle resembles it in most points, but cannot be the same, being merely the young of the white-tailed eagle. Mr. Nuttall suggests, that a larger species may be confounded with this young bird by European naturalists, a thing which has often happened in other similar cases.

Another of Mr. Audubon's discoveries, is the *Muscicapa Bonapartii*, or Bonaparte's flycatcher; so called in honor of the naturalist of that name. It is a small bird, with a simple note; he was not fortunate enough to meet with another, though Mr. Nuttall, who is not likely to be mistaken, thinks that he has seen the same bird in the Botanic Garden at Cambridge. The one here described was found in Louisiana, near St. Francisville. It was engaged in a quarrel with another. When Mr. Audubon fired, this one fell, slightly wounded, but

still full of life and spirit, so that he was able to give a lively representation of it. He has placed this bird on the *magnolia grandiflora*, but he tells us that we are not to suppose, that he has undertaken to place every bird on the plant with which it is most familiar, or from which it gathers its food. He has, however, added much to the beauty and value of his work, by this happy alliance between birds and flowers. Another fly-catcher, which Mr. Audubon has discovered, is named in honor of Mr. Selby. It was also found near St. Francisville, and was so fearless, that it came up within the reach of his gun. It kept on snapping its bill and swallowing insects with great indifference to his presence or his opinion, till he felt obliged to shoot it, lest he should lose the opportunity. He afterwards shot the female near the same place.

Mr. Audubon has been able in the same way to compliment other friends and distinguished persons. In Louisiana he found a beautiful wren, to which he gave the name of Bewick, whose engravings on wood, and work on the birds of Great Britain, are well known in this country. In these plates a bird is represented, which Mr. Audubon has named the Louisiana water-thrush, having assured himself, as he believes, that it differs from the New-York thrush, which we sometimes find in Massachusetts late in the season. The common water-thrush is very shy, but this, he remarks, is very unsuspicious, and familiar. The color of the feet and the shape of the tail are different, and the Louisiana thrush does not, like the other, wade in the water. The common water-thrush, while on its eastern visits, does not sing; while this bird, which he has never seen further east than Georgia, has a note as powerful, mellow, and almost as varied as the nightingale itself. It resides in the low grounds of the State whose name it bears; it is seen perched on a low bough, standing erect, and with its throat swelling, running through changes of tone, as clear and well defined as the notes of the piano. Its compass embraces two octaves; it begins on the highest, and moves gradually to the lowest note, which is sometimes lost, if there be any agitation in the air. Its voice is sometimes heard in the water and at night.

Mr. Audubon has named a warbler, which resembles the Maryland yellow-throat, Sylvia Roscoe, as a mark of gratitude for the kind attentions which he received from that distinguished man. To show the difference between this bird and the pre-

ceding, the author has made the description and illustration of the new species to follow immediately that of the other. Their habits are different, he says, though in form and plumage they are very much alike. In honor of another naturalist, he has named another warbler Sylvia Vigorsii, Vigors's warbler, but has given us no description of the habits of the bird, having never met with more than one, a male which he found upon the spiderwort on his farm, when he resided on the shore of the Schuylkill. The same family has furnished him with the opportunity of complimenting another friend; he has called it Children's warbler, in honor of Mr. Children of the British Museum.

Among the hawks, he has found one to which he has given the name of Stanley, after the President of the Linnean Society of London, in gratitude for kindness received from that nobleman. Mr. Nuttall seems to suggest a doubt, whether this be not the same with one described by Bonaparte, which bears the name of Mr. Cooper. It is a strong and daring bird. The author says, that one morning, in the State of Louisiana, he heard a cock crow, and immediately one of these hawks flew by, so near him that he might have struck it down with his gun. Very soon he heard the cackling of the hens, and saw the hawk, after rising a few feet in the air, fall again to the ground. On approaching, he found the hawk grappling with the cock, who was soon killed by his powerful foe, his neck being pierced and his breast torn by his claws. Mr. Audubon shot him, and honored him with a place in this work. He afterwards saw a female hawk of this species attack a party of chickens, but the hen came up in time, and flew against the hawk with such violence, as to throw it on its back, and beat it with her feet and bill, till he came up and secured it for his collection. This birds feeds on partridges, hares, and pigeons. In the southern States, it is known by the name of the great pigeon-hawk. Its nest resembles that of the crow.

Traill's fly-catcher, Rathbone's warbler, Henslow's bunting, and Harlan's hawk, are birds named for various friends of the writer. Cuvier's regulus is so called, in compliment to that eminent man; and a small hawk is oddly enough called, in honor of Napoleon, by the nickname which he bore among his soldiers, 'the little corporal.'

Beside adding to the list of our birds, Mr. Audubon has increased our stock of information concerning those already

known, by relating anecdotes of his own intercourse with them, and facts in their history, which had escaped all other observers. The mocking-bird appears in his description, like a new creation of fancy. You see him flying in graceful circles round his mate, with his eyes gleaming with wild delight; then alighting near her, and bowing with his wings lightly opened, you hear him pouring out a concert of all sweet sounds, as if his heart were bursting with rapture. When they have made their nest, if the eggs are displaced or removed during the short absences of the mother, they breathe a low mournful note, as if in sympathy with each other. They do not fear the presence of man, for they know that they have enemies more dangerous than he; they come familiarly to the gardens and plantations, sometimes perching on roofs and chimney-tops, and enchanting all who hear them with their unrivalled song. One thing in their history is very remarkable. It is known that some of them visit the eastern States, being seen occasionally in the vicinity of Boston. When these wanderers return, they are instantly known by the others, who attack them, as if to punish them for wishing to be wiser than their neighbors; and instead of listening to the story of their travels, force them to keep apart, at least till they have ascertained that their manners are not, as is sometimes the case, altered for the worse by making the grand tour. We knew that these sectional jealousies were tolerably strong in men, and why wonder that they are found in birds? Really, the creature that lacks discourse of reason, might most naturally be expected to indulge such feelings and passions.

We have endeavored to give such an account of the contents of this work, as would induce our readers to make themselves acquainted with it, and have not said a word respecting the doctrine of types, affinities, analogies, progress, development, or quinary circles. If Mr. Audubon had contented himself with Linnean descriptions, he would have had the honor of discovering more birds than readers. Such books as Dr. Lasham's General History of Birds, though convenient works of reference for those who are acquainted with the subject, are not particularly fascinating to those who desire to learn. We are not so much troubled in mind, however, as Mr. Rennie, well known as the author of Insect Architecture and Architecture of Birds, who is for cutting up all system and casting it away; on the contrary, we think his own entertaining writings

would be improved by a little more attention to arrangement; for though a work which is nothing but index is dry reading, a work without index is at times exquisitely provoking, as in reading the history of France, Mezerai is less agreeable than Henault. Classification we take to be mere matter of convenience; and in a collection of specimens, we certainly would rather have the birds without the labels, than the labels without the birds. The way to become interested in this study and to pursue it with success, is to learn it in the book of nature; its pages are full of inspiration; and while the hundred volumes of scientific ornithologists create no general interest in their favorite pursuits, whoever will go into the fields and forests, and look about him with an attentive eye, will study the science most successfully, learning it not by memory, but by heart.

ART. IV.—*Life of Sebastian Cabot.*

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot: with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1831.

The present age is honorably distinguished by that spirit of thorough investigation into the history of the past, of which Niebuhr and Sharon Turner afford the most remarkable, but by no means the only instances. The evidence upon which we formed our belief in the events of by-gone ages, has been carefully sifted by an accurate examination of original documents and contemporaneous authorities, and we have been taught to correct the erroneous impressions we had imbibed from the pages of popular historians. The consequences have, in some cases, been startling. We find that many insulated transactions have been greatly over-rated, as to the magnitude of their effects; while in others, that have been regarded as little more than mere personal anecdotes, we can now trace the germs of changes, which have affected the destinies of millions. The agency of distinguished men in the events of their time has been incorrectly estimated; the profound and just thinkers have passed for visionaries and dreamers, while the weak and

the cunning,—for the qualities are inseparable,—have received the honors due to wisdom and sagacity. And most of all, we have been mistaken in our opinions of character. The names of good men and patriots have called forth undeserved execration, while knaves and traitors have been buried and embalmed in the hearts of an admiring posterity. For all this we have generally to thank the poets and novelists, who fill up the outlines which history draws, with the shades and colors which best suit their own purposes. It is to be lamented that there is so much error on record, which must first be expunged, before the truth can be written down; and there are some who, from an indolent aversion to engage in the painful search and comparison of facts and dates, or from a wayward peculiarity of mind, sit down with the conclusion that there is not, after all, so much difference between truth and falsehood as the world thinks, and that the safest plan is to feel a wholesome doubt about every thing. But he, who doubts the credibility of history, because it presents us with conflicting statements, shows an ignorance of the human mind, which he may correct at any time, by walking into a court-room, and listening to the evidence presented to the jury by the two parties at issue. Truth both claims and deserves severe application; she is to be wooed and won in the patriarchal fashion, by years of hard labor. It is only by the light of the student's lamp, that the dark places of the past are to be illumined. In all matters of fact, though the forms of error may be infinite, the truth must be one and the same; 'your glass may be blue and mine may be green,' but the object continues unaltered by the different media, through which we contemplate it. So far as mental development is concerned, it cannot be doubted, that a superficial acquaintance with history in general is less to be valued, than an accurate and profound knowledge of one of its minute departments or separate portions. The great misfortune is, that erroneous statements have become so prevalent, from their being recorded by men of genius, who have hastily and carelessly admitted facts, and devoted their principal efforts to those original speculations which are most conducive to their own fame, that it is hardly possible to disabuse the public mind. Falsehood has gone about the world with the graces in her train, while truth has lagged behind with no attendant, but the drooping form of modesty.

These remarks have been naturally suggested by the perusal

of the work now under consideration, which is a most elaborate and successful examination into the records of the past, for the sake of doing justice to the character of an eminent man, whose merits have been strangely overlooked by most historians and biographers. The author has accomplished his task with signal ability, and has dispelled the darkness, which prejudice and carelessness had suffered to gather over the fair fame of a great navigator. He apologizes in his preface, for the somewhat repulsive form in which he has presented to the world the results of his labors, with so much good sense, and in so satisfactory a manner, that we should do him injustice not to quote his words.

'What is now submitted made part, originally, of a much more extensive plan. But there was found, at every time, so much to clear up, and the materials for rectification were so multiplied, that it seemed impossible to treat the subject, without giving to it in connexion with any other, a cumbrous and disproportioned air. To hazard assertions, and to venture on the requisite plainness of criticism, without producing the evidence which justified a departure from received opinions, could have effected no good purpose, and would justly have incurred the charge of presumption. Error was too deeply intrenched to permit a hope of dislodging it, unless through the regular, though tedious forms of investment. The author is very sensible of the dry and argumentative manner here imparted to topics, which have usually been viewed, and treated, as susceptible of the highest embellishment. He can only hope that others may catch a feeling, such as gained on himself, at every step, which, in the disentanglement of facts, rejects impatiently, rather than solicits, whatever does not conduce directly to the result. The mind seems to demand, with sternness, that this labor shall first be gone through, as the eye requires a solid foundation, and an assured elevation, before it can rest with complacency on the decorative acanthus.'

The author has well kept the honorable promise, which he has thus virtually made. He never points out an error where he is not able to substitute the truth, and never sets up a theory or a conjecture, till he has a solid foundation of fact for it to rest upon. The field of his researches is not a very extensive one, but the light he is enabled to shed upon it, is proportionally intense. In his search after materials, he has shewn an untiring industry and perseverance, which remind us of the finest efforts of German scholarship. He seems perfectly acquainted with the contents of many rare and curious books of

reference, the very titles of which are probably new to ninety-nine out of a hundred of his readers. He has dragged into light manuscripts, with the mould of centuries upon them, and forced them to give their tardy testimony in favor of the truth. Nor is it alone from works directly bearing upon the subject, that he has gathered his facts and drawn his proofs. From the copious stores of information derived from an extensive acquaintance with the whole subject of maritime discovery, he has drawn a multitude of indirect and collateral arguments, the value of which is greatly enhanced, by their being pressed into a service for which they were not originally destined. Nothing escapes his acuteness and penetration. Hints carelessly dropt, loose opinions thrown out at random, minute contradictions and inconsistencies become, in his hands, the successive links of a perfect and continuous chain of reasoning. The skill with which he builds up an important argument out of a few detached fragments of evidence, reminds us of that power, by which the philosopher is enabled, out of a few decayed bones and teeth of a fossil remain, to construct the entire skeleton of the animal, and to ascertain the genus and species to which it belongs. Even the enemies and detractors of Cabot are forced to give their testimony in his favor; and their own works are made to furnish an antidote for the mischief they have done. The book is indeed unrivalled in its way, and is well worth the attentive study of a young lawyer, as a model of a learned, acute, and profound argument upon certain obscure and disputed points of history, which admits nothing that is irrelevant, and rejects nothing that is important, and by which a cause that looks desperate at first is so triumphantly supported, that we wonder how the contrary impression could ever have prevailed. His ingenuity, indeed, is sometimes pushed to an extreme, and his reasoning weakened by the means he takes to make it doubly strong.

The result of his labors has filled us with surprise, and almost alarm. The amount of the errors and misrepresentations current upon the subject of Cabot's history, and the gross injustice done him, not only by foreigners but by his own countrymen, must go a great way to confirm the scepticism of those who agree with Sir Robert Walpole, in his well-known opinion of history. That the notice of Cabot, in a work which lays claim to such uncommon and incontrovertible accuracy as the French *Biographie Universelle*, should contain the most ex-

travagant blunders, does not greatly surprise us; for with relation to the English character and history, there seems to be that defect in the minds of most Frenchmen, that there is in their organs, when they attempt to pronounce the language; but that the popular writers of a people so fond of truth as the English, so commercial, so proud of their past annals, should have been so indifferent to the reputation of so great a navigator, a leading spirit in his own time, and one to whom the interests of trade and commerce are so largely indebted, does indeed fill us with amazement. Our wonder, however, is a good deal diminished, since, in the work before us, we are enabled to trace most of the errors to obvious sources. Many of them are drawn from the pages of Hakluyt, whose collection of voyages in three volumes folio was published in London at the close of the sixteenth century, and has become so much the standard work upon the subject, that his statements have been generally adopted, without taking the trouble to refer to the sources from which he drew them. Many circumstances have tended to give him this elevation. He was a clergyman, and a man of education, patronized and assisted by Sir Walter Raleigh and other distinguished men, and he devoted his whole life to labors connected with the splendid maritime discoveries of the English people, in which he was such an enthusiast, that he once rode two hundred miles, to obtain from an eye-witness the particulars of an unfortunate expedition to Newfoundland, in the time of Henry the Eighth. His work, too, is one of great value, though in this case certainly, and probably in many others, it is not free from erroneous statements, and untenable positions.

We have been somewhat particular in stating the merits of the work before us, because it is one of those books which will repose on the shelf of a library, to be occasionally referred to, and not lie on the table to be read through. The author is one of that rare class, who love truth for her own sake, and the possession of her seems to be a sufficient reward, for all the toil and anxiety of the pursuit. He has evidently been more anxious about the fame of Sebastian Cabot, than his own. As we have followed the thread of the elaborate argument, which he seems to be addressing to the world as to a jury, in behalf of an injured client, caring about nothing but to gain a just verdict, and disdaining the tricks of rhetoric, by which the wrong side may be varnished and gilded, so as to seem to the taste,

what the right one does to the understanding, we have been reminded of what Coleridge says of Sir Alexander Ball, who, he remarks, 'derived a keen pleasure from clear and powerful reasoning for its own sake, a quality in the intellect, which is nearly connected with veracity and a love of justice in the moral character.' This quality the author seems to have in a great degree, and no one could derive any pleasure from the work, who had it not in some measure. To the miscellaneous reader, to whom one book is as good as another if it only amuse him, the log-book of the old navigator himself would hardly be less valuable. Wordsworth says of one of his friends, 'that to be known he must first be loved;' and we may say of the Life of Cabot, that we must be determined to like it before we attempt to read it. We read it ourselves attentively, and with deep interest, not only from the ingenuity of the argument, but from the great number of new and interesting facts, which it made known to us; but we must confess, that we found the first two or three chapters somewhat repulsive.

The arrangement of the book is puzzling and unsatisfactory. Instead of beginning with the birth of Sebastian Cabot, and going on with a regular narrative of his life, the author plunges in the very first chapter into a discussion as to the highest point of latitude reached by him, and most of his readers will open the book, entirely ignorant of the preparatory knowledge necessary to understand it. During several succeeding chapters, he discusses insulated questions, and rectifies the erroneous statements, which would tend to detract from his hero a portion of his fame. It is not until after some hundred pages, that we begin to feel that we are upon a vantage-ground, and can look down upon his life as an entire whole, and compare the relation of its several parts to one another. Many of the single chapters are hard to be understood, and must be read over more than once, as there is such an accumulation of names, dates, and authorities, that if the attention flag for a moment, we must begin anew. The author does not seem to be thinking of his reader, or rather he expects that his reader will take the same absorbing interest in the subject that he does himself, and does not allow him any of those stopping-places, where, by means of a summary recapitulation, he is enabled to pause and look back at what he has been over.

Indeed, both the writer and his book seem to belong to

another age. The tendency of the times is to theory and speculation. We demand works of a comprehensive character, in which the author must take upon himself the task of arranging and digesting his materials in such a way, that we may see a great deal at a single glance. There is so much to be known, that on many subjects we must be content with the bare outlines. Many bulky folios must be condensed into a single duodecimo, which may serve as a sort of *catalogue raisonneé* of their contents. We do not want facts so much as their effects; we must see the results, but are willing to dispense with the processes, by which they are obtained. But our author has by no means adjusted his sails, so as to catch the gale of popular favor. He appears to have engaged in the work, and to have gone on with it, actuated solely by a love of the subject, and a wish to bestow honor, where honor was due. The thought that his book might not be a popular one, and that it might not sell well, seems never to have entered his mind. And what makes this more striking is, that he is not a mere plodding drudge, that gropes about the nooks and corners of libraries and spends his days in poring over half-defaced manuscripts, and volumes brown with age, and capable of no higher effort of mind, than that of transcribing and collecting. He shews himself in his preface, and also in many remarks which fall from him, half unconsciously, it would seem, in the work itself, to be an original and correct thinker, and yet he never interrupts the toilsome narrative by any more matter of his own, than is necessary to give cohesion to his argument. The tempting nature of his subject never for a moment seduces him into declamation, nor does he ever amuse himself or his readers with fanciful speculations and theories, beautiful and baseless as the clouds of summer. In another point, his forbearance is peculiar and highly honorable to him. His indefatigable researches have enabled him to correct many errors, some of them of no slight magnitude, in the works of those who have hitherto written upon the subject of maritime discovery. This he does in that calm and unostentatious manner, which grows out of a confidence in the power of truth to maintain her own cause, without the aid of flippancy or satire. There is none of that insolent tone of superiority and disgusting self-conceit, so often observable in those who have detected errors in writers of great reputation, and which make us grudge the praises due to industry and research. He does

not seem to think, that the ruins of another man's fame are the best materials with which to build up his own. When a writer is wrong, he sets him right, very simply and directly, sometimes not without an expression of surprise and even indignation, but it is all for truth's sake and not his own. He passes, in his preface, a severe rebuke upon the compilers of the *Biographie Universelle*, who, after giving a notice of Cabot, which is a continued string of errors, gravely tell us that his discoveries ought not to be considered altogether fabulous, as some historians would represent them; but he does this, not on account of their ignorance alone, but because of their unbounded pretensions to the most perfect accuracy.

Having thus, in some imperfect measure, done justice to the merits of the book, we feel that we owe the same duty to the eminent navigator, whose cause it so successfully pleads. We propose, therefore, to give a short sketch of the life of Sebastian Cabot. Very little, we believe, is known about him by the inhabitants of the country he discovered, and, as we have before said, the work is not of that popular character which would make an epitome of its contents unnecessary, either for the sake of the writer or of his subject. We shall endeavor to make our readers understand, as far as is consistent with our limits, how much error and confusion there has been heretofore on the subject of his discoveries, and how much light has been shed upon them by the labors of our countryman. In doing this, we shall without hesitation confine ourselves principally to the materials furnished by the book itself, for though it bears a somewhat controversial character, there is an air of candor and high moral principle running through it, which would make us confident of the truth of every assertion, even if the author did not (as he always does) point us to the book and page, whence he derives his authority for what he says. Indeed, we could not do otherwise, without taking a voyage to Europe, for we have not on this side of the Atlantic, the means of even verifying his accounts, much less of contradicting them.

Sebastian Cabot was born at Bristol, in England, about the year 1475, for the date of his birth is not exactly known. When he was four years old, he was taken by his father to Venice, the city of his ancestors, where he resided some years. In consequence of this, it has been generally believed and stated by many writers, that he was a Venetian by birth, though

strange to say, we have his own words to the contrary.* The precise time of his return to England is also not known, though it was while he was yet quite young.

About the time when Cabot was entering upon his manhood, the subject of maritime adventure was the all-engrossing one, throughout the civilized world. Europe was then 'ringing from side to side' with the discoveries of the Portuguese in the East, and the still more brilliant and important ones of Columbus in the Western hemisphere. We, who live in times when the imagination has so little that is dimly known, to work upon,—when the veil of mystery is lifted from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the course of the Niger,—can hardly conceive of the electric impulse that must have thrilled through Europe, when the tidings came of the New World, made known by the enterprising Genoese. What a renewed youth it must have kindled up in the veins of the old, while to the young, the ardent and the imaginative, it clothed the worn and familiar forms of life with the beauty and attractiveness of romance! Rumor, without doubt, exaggerated the glowing accounts of Columbus to that degree, that the ancient fables of the Islands of the Blessed seemed tame in comparison. There, the imagination of the poet had a range as boundless as the intervening ocean. There were groves of aromatic woods, whose fragrant breath was wafted far out to sea, and made 'old ocean smile' for many a league. There was the darling region of the sun; and his ardent glances kindled a more effulgent blaze of beauty, through earth, air, and sea, than was vouchsafed to the churlish North, on which he peered with cold and half-averted eye. The groves were populous with birds, of strange and dazzling plumage; and glittering fishes darted, like flashes of light, through the waves. Flowers of every hue and form made the air faint with their odors, and the most delicious fruits hung in prodigal luxuriance, to refresh the languid senses. The natives, too, seemed not unworthy of the Paradise they inhabited. Their fine climate and simple habits gave grace and beauty to their forms, and an instinctive taste taught them the use of natural and becoming

*In Richard Eden's 'Decades of the New World,' page 255, a rare and curious black-letter volume, published in 1555, consisting partly of translations and partly of original matter, of which the author makes a great deal of use, and from which he has made many interesting extracts.

ornaments. Their guileless simplicity, their gentleness and their love of peace, realized the fables of the golden age. They were also of an affectionate, grateful and social nature; and welcomed, with open arms, the wonderful strangers, whose coming was so pregnant with mournful consequences to them. The mineral wealth of these regions was unbounded; the precious metals were unvalued toys; and avarice might grow wanton in its visions of Eldorado cities, paved with emeralds, and with their golden tiles, glittering in the sun with the gorgeousness of a dream. The turbulent and adventurous, that felt the old world too narrow for them, were tempted, by vast leagues of territory yet to be explored, and populous nations yet to be conquered. The uneasy spirits, that thought whatever was, was wrong,—the Jack Cades of the day,—could find here the stuff, out of which they might cut as many Commonwealths as they pleased, and make a world after their own fashion. And the zealous and devoted Christian felt his heart burn within him, at the prospect of extending the bounds of the Redeemer's kingdom, and of sending the light of the Gospel to illumine the nations, that were sitting in the gross darkness of idolatry.

The enthusiastic character of Cabot made him share largely in this general feeling. He himself, speaking of the effect produced in England by the news of the discovery, says, 'all men, with great admiration, affirm it to be a thing more divine than human;' and afterwards, he adds, 'by this fame and report, there increased in my heart a great flame of desire to attempt some notable thing.' Fortunately, this flame was not permitted to burn out for want of fuel. A patent, dated March 5, 1496, was granted by Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sancius, which authorized them, their heirs or deputies, to 'sail to all parts, countries, and seas of the East, and of the West and of the North, under our banners and ensigns, with five ships, of what burden or quantity soever they may be; to seek out, discover and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians.' We quote the words of the patent, since they are incompatible with the supposition that a previous voyage had been made, and that the patent was granted in consequence of it, as is by some

writers maintained.* The monarch, with his usual thrift, stipulated for one fifth of the clear profit of the enterprise. From the fact that the name of Cabot, the father, is found in this patent, as well as from a passage in Hakluyt (vol. 3, p. 9), it has been confidently asserted by later writers, that he also was a distinguished navigator; but of this there is no contemporary evidence. All that we know of him, is, that he came to England 'to follow the trade of merchandise.' His name was probably introduced into the patent, that the king might have, in his wealth, a security for his portion. The argument of the author in the fifth chapter, in which he overthrows the testimony of Hakluyt upon this point, is one of great ingenuity and conclusiveness. The expedition set sail from Bristol, in the spring of 1497. Cabot directed his course to Iceland, that by stopping there he might break the monotony of a long sea-voyage; and thence he launched out into the unknown seas of the West. On the 24th of June, 1497, he came in sight of the continent of North America, to his great surprise, 'not thinking to find any other land than that of Cathay.' The voyage had been made for the purpose of finding a northern passage to India. With regard to its results, there has been a great deal of confusion, much of which has been cleared up by the researches of the present writer; and many erroneous statements concerning them are found in books of authority. It has been generally supposed, that Newfoundland was the portion of the coast first seen by him, and that he named it Prima Vista for that reason,† but there is every reason to believe, that it was Labrador. The praise due to him as an intrepid and bold navigator has been in a great measure denied, by an attempt to make the extreme point of latitude which he reached, much less far to the North than was really the case. Relying upon a carelessly translated passage from the second volume of Ramusio's Collection of Voyages contained in Hakluyt, such respectable authorities as Mr. Barrow, and the writer of the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery in Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, assert, that Cabot went no farther North, than the latitude of 56°; though in the preface to the

* Harris's Collection of Voyages. Barrow's Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions.

† Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. 2, p. 137.

third volume of Ramusio, he himself expressly states that he penetrated as far as 67° and a half, and although this testimony is confirmed by the authority of Lord Bacon, in his History of Henry VII. He even sailed a considerable distance into Hudson's Bay, and was pressing on with undiminished energies, confident in the belief that he had at length reached the long sought passage to India, when he was forced to return by the discontent of his crew, who, wearied with their long and perilous voyage, disheartened by the cheerless appearance of the country, and wanting the support of the intense enthusiasm which sustained their youthful commander, determined to follow no longer a phantom, that was visible to his heated and boyish imagination alone.

This disappointment, bitter as it must have been at the time, did not in the least damp his ardor. Immediately upon his return to England, he made application for another patent, which was granted. It is dated February 3, 1498. It is made to 'our well-beloved John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficiente auctorite and power, that he, by him, his Deputie or Deputies sufficient may take at his pleasure VI. English shippes, in any porte or portes or other place within this our realme of England or obeisance, so that and if the said shippes be of the burden of CC. tonnes or under, with their apparail requisite and necessarie for the safe conduct of the said shippes, and them convey and lede to the Lande and Isles of late found by the said John in oure name and by our commandmente.' The patent, it will be seen, was made out to John Cabot, but it was wholly by the representations and on the account of Sebastian, since, though the death of the former took place soon after its date, the son proceeded directly upon his contemplated voyage. Of the results of this expedition little is known. It has been supposed, that he made an attempt to colonize the northern portion of this country, which failed, from the rigor of the climate, but this rests upon evidence too slight to command belief. (pp. 87, 88.) It was probably on this voyage, and not on the former, that he sailed to the South and explored the coast, as far as about the latitude of 35°, when a failure of provisions obliged him to return to England.

Every thing relating to these two voyages has hitherto been attended with perplexity, confusion and error. We have seen already what contradictory accounts are on record, with regard to their details and results. Some writers suppose there was but one

voyage made, and that the expedition of 1498 is to be referred to the patent of 1496, while others contend, that one voyage must have been made previously to this latter date. Much of this darkness has been dispelled, by the author's having brought to light the original patent of February 3d, 1498, which was found at the Rolls Chapel, after a tedious search of more than two weeks. Its testimony is highly important and conclusive, particularly as to the fact, that the discovery of the continent had been made previously to its date, and on the first voyage. We have given a very brief statement of what it takes the author some hundred pages to establish. It would, of course, be impossible to give an abstract of an argument which investigates every point with such extreme minuteness, and which, so far from being open to the charge of unnecessary diffuseness, is sometimes obscure and involved from a want of it. We would refer those who yet feel any doubt, and wish to examine the evidence for themselves, to the book itself, promising them entire satisfaction; with this precautionary remark, however, that they must read thoroughly, if they read at all.

To the general reader, the minor details of these voyages, including the point of northern latitude which he reached, and the portion of the coast he first saw, cannot but be matters of secondary interest. But no one can be indifferent to the great fact, that Sebastian Cabot was the first discoverer of the continent of America.*

To be assured of this, we need attend but for a moment to a comparison of dates. Cabot's discovery was made, as we have seen, on the 24th of June, 1497. Columbus, as is well known, did not discover the continent of America, till his third voyage, upon which he set sail, May 30, 1498. Amerigo

*Perhaps it would be more correct and certainly more safe to say, that Cabot was the first civilized European, whose discovery of the continent of America is a matter of history. It is well known, that there is strong evidence that America was discovered by the Northmen, in the eleventh century. See Wheaton's History of the Northmen. In the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, in Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. II. p. 138, the remarkable assertion is made, that Newfoundland was discovered about the year 1463, by Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator. But the biographer of Cabot, in the second part of his work, shows the absurdity of this notion in a very few words. The mistake probably arose from the fact, that an expedition sailed to the coast of North America, under the command of a person named Cortereal, in 1574. See Book II. Ch. 11.

Vespucci crossed the Atlantic for the first time, with Alonzo de Hojeda, one of the companions of Columbus, who sailed from Spain, May 20, 1499. Thus the honor indisputably belongs to the English navigator; but how capriciously has fame assigned the prize. The name of the lucky Florentine is written in everlasting characters upon the boundless page of the continent, while that of the other is a strange sound to nine tenths of its inhabitants.

Indeed, Cabot's claim to the gratitude and admiration of posterity has never been allowed a fair hearing, till now. The laurels which he gathered have been transferred to the brows of others. We have seen Englishmen denying his claim to be their countryman. Gloom and mystery have hitherto hung over the whole of his life; ignorance and malice have united to cheat him of his fair fame; his own maps and discourses, which might have given their irresistible testimony in his favor, have perished. The strange misrepresentations about him and his discoveries, in the pages of those who have no excuse for their carelessness, will amaze any one who will take the trouble to examine the subject. The author of his life, in the only sentence where he indulges in any thing like petulance, justly remarks, that 'it is indeed a singular fact, that writers, who on most topics are dull, common-place, and safe,—who might be trusted, one would think, in poetry itself, without peril to their matter-of-fact character,—instantly become imaginative, on touching any part of Cabot's history.'

After his return from his second voyage, there is a period in his life of fourteen or fifteen years, during which we lose sight of him, and know nothing of his employments. His reputation was probably extending itself in the mean while all over Europe, and was, perhaps, greater in other countries than his own. In 1512, he was induced by the offers of Ferdinand, to enter the service of Spain. He was immediately admitted into confidence, and treated with such consideration as to awaken that paltry jealousy, which is too apt to visit merit of foreign growth, especially among that haughty and bigoted people. He was made a member of the Council of the Indies, and destined to be the commander of an expedition to discover the north-west passage, which was probably put an end to by the death of King Ferdinand, on the 23d of January, 1516. On the accession of Charles V., finding himself overlooked, and suffering perhaps from that opposition which was now un-

checked by the support of his patron, the former monarch, he returned to England.

There his active spirit immediately found employment. He set sail from England, in 1517, on an expedition, concerning the destination of which there are two accounts; one, that it was to the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, and the other, that it was to discover the north-west passage. The weight of evidence inclines to the latter presumption. This was frustrated by the mutiny of his sailors, and the cowardice of his second in command. It seems doubtful whether it was not on this voyage, rather than on his first one, in 1497, that he reached the latitude of 67°, and penetrated into Hudson's Bay. (Chap. XV.)

In 1518, we find him again in Spain, with the highly honorable office of Pilot Major. He attended the famous council held at Badajos in 1524, to settle the boundaries of the Spanish and Portuguese empires. This had been called, in consequence of an attempt by Spain to carry on a commerce with the Molucca islands, which the Portuguese claimed as falling within their limits. The decision was in favor of Spain, so far as these islands were concerned. A company was immediately formed at Seville to prosecute the trade, and Cabot was invited to take the command of the expedition, which he accepted. The news of this project excited the utmost alarm in Portugal, which had long enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in question, and every effort was made to obstruct its execution, but to no purpose. Cabot had originally requested that four ships, properly armed and equipped, should be furnished at the expense of the Treasury, but this was not granted. Three ships were provided by the Emperor, and a small barque by an individual. After repeated delays, they at length set sail in the beginning of April, 1526. Immediately upon his departure he was followed by Diego Garcia, a Portuguese, in a squadron of three vessels, whose sole purpose seems to have been to watch his movements; and who, if not avowedly employed by Portugal, was at least aided and encouraged by her.

The sailing of the fleet had been retarded, among other things, by disputes between Cabot and the agents appointed by the merchants, who had freighted the vessel. They had thwarted and controlled him in every possible respect, and left him no more room than they could not well avoid for the ex-

ercise of his own judgment. They had differed upon one important point, the choice of the Lieutenant General; Cabot wishing to appoint one of his personal friends, that he might be sure of something more than official regard, from his second in command. But the agents insisted upon choosing Martin Mendez, on account of their differences with Cabot, as Herrera states. From this we may infer that Mendez was no friend of Cabot, as the sequel indeed will show. One singular precaution was taken, which is highly characteristic of the nation, and shews their jealous suspicion of Cabot. The commander of every vessel was furnished with sealed orders, to be opened soon after leaving the port, and which were found to provide for the case of the death of Cabot; *eleven* persons being named, upon whom in succession the command was to devolve. At the head of the list were Mendez himself and two brothers by the name of Rojas, men of skill and reputation, one of them the commander of one of the ships, but zealous partisans of the Lieutenant General. One can hardly conceive of a plan more calculated to sow the seeds of mutiny, and hold out a premium to disaffection, than this. For let it be remembered, that Cabot and Mendez were so far from being on a friendly footing, that before they left the port, they entered into a written agreement, by which Cabot secured himself against any usurpation of his authority by his deputy.

The melancholy anticipations, with which we view the departure of a fleet so fraught with the elements of moral evil, are soon to be realized. On the coast of Brazil, the sparks of disaffection were kindled into an open blaze of mutiny, at the head of which, as might be expected, we find Mendez and the two brothers Rojas. The situation of Cabot seemed a desperate one, and there are few who would not have yielded without a struggle to such immense odds. Let it be remembered that he was a foreigner, with but two of his countrymen with him, in the midst of men remarkable for their national exclusiveness, and ready to view him with suspicion and dislike, from the mere fact that he was not one of them. He had also as yet performed no distinguished service for Spain. Mendez, on the other hand, and one of the two brothers, in addition to their being Spaniards, had been with Magellan in that famous expedition of his, which had redounded so much to the honor of their country, and they doubtless made use of their influence with the ships' companies, to prejudice them

against their commander. But Cabot was one of those characters, who can always summon up an amount of internal energy, proportioned to the urgency of the demand upon it. Seamen are remarkable for the promptness, energy and intrepidity with which they prepare to meet danger, and guard against it when it comes. The constant struggle with such terrible agents as winds and waves, and the use of the despotic authority which is of necessity entrusted to the commander of a vessel, seems to produce that *robur et æs triplex circa pectus*, which the Roman poet thinks must have belonged to him, who first launched his bark upon the deep. He instantly seized the ringleaders, and sent them on shore in an open boat, and left them; and by this resolute act, not only suppressed the mutiny, but created such an impression of his courage and energy, that in the five toilsome and perilous years, during which the expedition lasted, not a murmur of discontent was afterwards breathed. Southey, in his History of Brazil, (p. 52,) calls this proceeding an 'act of cruelty;' one would have thought, that an exertion of lawful authority and a necessary act of self-defence, might have been spared so harsh a designation. We have every reason to suppose, that the conduct of Cabot met with the approbation of the authorities at home: for though the mutineers were soon taken off by a Portuguese vessel and carried to Spain, where they made a most indignant statement of the treatment they had received, we do not hear that any censure was ever passed upon him. The Spanish historians would have taken good care to record it, if there had been.

The mutiny having deprived him of the assistance and co-operation of the three persons next in rank to himself, he did not feel himself at liberty to proceed on his original voyage, without further orders from Spain. Another reason for delay was, that he had lost one of his vessels by shipwreck. He accordingly entered the river La Plata, and proceeded as far as a small island, nearly opposite where Buenos Ayres now stands, to which he gave the name of Gabriel, which it yet bears. He afterwards went some leagues farther and erected a fort, about the precise situation of which there is some doubt, but the author supposes it to have been upon a small island, near the mouth of the Parana. Leaving here his ships and a small garrison, he proceeded to explore the Parana in boats. He built another fort on the south bank of the Parana, near a small river named Terceiro, where he also left a garrison. This fort

was first called Sanctus Spiritus, and afterwards Fort Cabot. The details of his progress up the river are unknown to us; in the translation of Ramusio contained in Richard Eden's Decades, he is represented as 'fyndinge it every where verye fayre and inhabited with infinite people, which with admyration came runnynge dayly to our shyppes.' On reaching the point where the Parana joins with the Paraguay, he left it and proceeded thirty-four leagues up the latter river. Here, three of his men incautiously strayed from the main body to gather the fruit of the palm-tree, and were seized by the natives. A sanguinary battle immediately took place, in which twenty-five of Cabot's party and three hundred of the natives were killed. He seems to have kept his position, and to have remained thereabouts some time, collecting information about the region from which the precious metals, which he saw, had been brought. Soon after, he was joined by that Diego Garcia, who, as the reader will recollect, sailed from Spain immediately after him, and who had traced his steps over so many leagues of ocean and river, to this remote point. They returned together to Sanctus Spiritus.

Cabot immediately transmitted to the Emperor an account of his discoveries, as well as a narrative of the whole voyage, and the motives which induced him to change his original destination. Among these communications, there is reason to think, was a plan for the conquest of Peru, from which country the natives of the extreme region he had visited derived their gold and silver. The Emperor resolved to fit out a great expedition, but was prevented by pecuniary embarrassment, till Pizarro offered to conquer the country at his own expense, to whom permission was accordingly given. It seems childish to wish to unravel and weave anew the web of the past; but one cannot help lamenting that the conquest of Peru had not fallen to the lot of Cabot, instead of the unlettered ruffian, who bathed its peaceful soil so deeply in innocent blood. We should have been spared the ghastly record of treachery and cruelty, written on one of the darkest pages, not only of history, but of human nature.

Cabot's residence on the La Plata continued some time longer, during which he diligently explored the country, and noted down every thing worthy of observation. The misconduct of some of the followers of Garcia led to a general attack upon him by the natives, of which we have no particulars. It

must have been eventually repelled, since he soon after put to sea with the requisite supplies for the voyage, and returned to Spain, where he arrived in 1531, after an absence of five years.

Cabot's residence in South America constitutes the most romantic and adventurous portion of his life, and that in which his great and heroic qualities were called into the most constant exercise. It is to be regretted, that we have such meagre and partial accounts of it, for he has had his usual hard fate of falling into the hands of careless and prejudiced historians. A manifest dislike to him is visible in the Spanish writers. They never seem to forget that he was a foreigner, and his putting three of their mutinous countrymen on shore, appears to have been resented by them as a national insult. His own records and memorials are lost; though the author thinks that much valuable matter might be found in the Spanish archives. But it is out of the quivers of his own countrymen, that the sharpest arrows come. We will mention two instances, partly by way of example, and partly on account of the popularity of the works, in which they are contained. In the history of maritime and inland discovery contained in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, vol. 2, page 89, it is stated,* that Cabot gave the name of Rio de la Plata, or River of Silver, that he might represent the country as abounding in precious metals, which is well known not to be the case. But will it be believed, that this charge is not brought against him by any of the Spanish writers, and that two of them, (Gomara, chap. 89, and Lopez Vaz, in Hakluyt, vol. 3, p. 788,) expressly state, that the name was conferred by Solis, who was Cabot's predecessor in the office of Pilot Major, and who lost his life upon its banks?

A far more atrocious calumny against him is contained in the History of Brazil, by Mr. Southey, (p. 52,) who not only brings the charge against the individual, but makes one of those sweeping reflections, that men of genius, who write histories, are so fond of, and which is as untrue as it is coarse and unsoldierlike (we had almost said, ungentlemanly), in its tone. 'Cabot,' he says, 'touched at an island on the coast called Ilha dos Patos, or Dutch Island, and there took in supplies; requiting the goodwill which the natives had manifested, with the *usual villany*

* The same thing is asserted in the Quarterly Review. Vol. IV. page 459.

of an old discoverer, by forcibly carrying away four of them.' We should require the most conclusive evidence, ere we gave our belief to a charge of such inhuman cruelty and unexampled baseness, so inconsistent not only with the uprightness of Cabot's public life, but with those affectionate and respectful terms, in which his personal friends delighted to speak of him. But this story rests entirely upon the report of that Diego Garcia, whom we have already mentioned; who stands convicted of a gross fraud upon the owners of the vessels in which he sailed after Cabot, and who appears to have been an unprincipled knave. It is in the highest degree improbable; and is contradicted by negative and indirect testimony, which our limits do not enable us to present, but which may be examined in chapters XVII. and XIX.

Cabot returned to Spain, with a character developed and a reputation increased, by the trying and chequered scenes he had passed through. He resumed his office of Pilot Major, resided many years there in great repute, and made several voyages. An interesting tribute is paid to his high reputation and amiable character, in a conversation reported in the first volume of Ramusio's Voyages,* in which one of the speakers (whose name is not given,) says, that being in Seville some years before, and wishing to learn something of the maritime discoveries of the Spaniards, the public voice directed him to Sebastian Cabot, 'as a very valiant man, who had charge of those things.' He accordingly went to see him, and gives a very pleasing account of his interview. He 'found him a most gentle and courteous person, who treated me with great kindness, and shewed me a great many things; among the rest, a great map of the world, on which the several voyages of the Portuguese and Spaniards were laid down.'

In 1548, he returned to England. We are not acquainted with the motives, which induced him to leave his lucrative and honorable situation in Spain. Probably, as he was now an old man, he felt the wish of the dying Patriarch stirring in his heart, and desired to lay his bones in his own land. We have a most convincing proof of the high consideration in which he was held in Spain; for soon after his return, a formal and

* The account of this conversation is incorrectly translated by Hakluyt, who has, by this means, been the progenitor of a long line of errors in the pages of succeeding writers, who have copied him without consulting the original work.

urgent demand was made by the Spanish Ambassador, that 'Sebastian Cabot, Grand Pilot of the Emperor's Indies, then in England, might be sent over to Spain, as a very necessary man for the Emperor, whose servant he was, and had a pension of him.' This demand was not complied with. He received from Edward VI. a pension of two hundred and fifty marks (166*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*). It is usually stated that he was created Grand Pilot of England, and knighted; but this the author seems to doubt. He was in reality, however, at the head of the maritime concerns of the country, whatever might have been his nominal dignity. He had the honor of explaining in public, to the king, the subject of the variation of the needle. That youthful monarch, so full of all the gifts becoming his high station, had given particular attention to naval affairs. 'Even when a child,' says Burnet, 'he knew all the harbors and ports, both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them.'

Cabot's long and honorable labors were fitly closed, by a service of the greatest importance to the commercial interests of Great Britain,—and for which to this day the people of that country owe him a debt of gratitude. It seems that this was a period of great commercial distress; and the London merchants applied to Cabot, as to the possibility of opening new vents for their commodities. His advice was, that an expedition should be sent to the north of Europe, in search of a market. This plan was adopted, and carried into immediate execution. Great care was taken to make the ships as staunch and strong as possible; and for the first time in England, the keels were sheathed with lead. Sir Hugh Willoughby, who had the recommendation of high birth and military reputation, was appointed commander. Next to him, and in command of one of the ships, was Richard Chancellor, a skilful seaman, who proved himself, in the sequel, to be a man of no ordinary intellect or character. They were furnished with copious instructions by Cabot, which may be found in the first volume of Hakluyt. They give directions, not only relating to their general conduct, but even to the minutest points of discipline and internal arrangement. They do great honor to his good sense and the moral elevation of his character, and make us regret, that so few of the products of his mind have come down to us. They are full of that penetrating wisdom, which

is the fruit of a long course of observation and reflection upon men and manners. They inculcate a strict attention to moral and religious duties, and direct that all disorderly conduct should be promptly checked.

On the 20th of May, the squadron, consisting of three ships, set sail. Hakluyt gives a very graphic account of the 'pomp and circumstance' that attended their departure. These, however, could not chase those melancholy feelings with which the crews looked forward to their perilous and untried voyage, and bade adieu to that pleasant land, which they might never see again. Our sympathies are strongly enlisted in favor of Chancellor, of whom Hakluyt says, with a touching simplicity and beauty, which make us inclined to forget half his mistakes: 'his natural and fatherly affection, also, somewhat troubled him; for he left behind him two little sonnes, which were in the case of orphans, if he spedde not well.'

The fate of this expedition may be told in a few words. The fleet was separated in a storm, and Sir Hugh Willoughby, with two of the ships, was obliged to pass the winter in Lapland, where, from the rigor of the climate, he and both the crews perished. Chancellor was more fortunate; he arrived at Archangel and journeyed over land to Moscow, where he was hospitably received, and effected the necessary arrangements for an advantageous and permanent commercial intercourse. A charter of incorporation was given to the company of merchants in London, and Cabot was named Governor for life.

Chancellor was destined never to behold again the 'two little sonnes,' the thoughts of whom had cast a shade over his heart at the time of his departure. On his return, he brought with him an ambassador from the emperor of Russia. His ship was wrecked upon the north of Scotland, and he, with a great part of the crew, was lost, from his neglect to provide for his own safety, in his anxiety for that of the ambassador, who escaped. The little that we know of him gives us a high opinion of his character, not only as an unrivalled seaman, but as a man of enlarged and cultivated intellect.

The final results of this expedition do great honor to Cabot's sagacity and comprehensive genius. Not only was a lucrative trade opened with Russia, but new life was infused into every department of industry, and a spirit of enterprise awakened, which to this day has never slept. The whale and Newfoundland fisheries may be said to owe their existence to this north-

ern voyage; and the language used by Campbell, in his Lives of the Admirals, in speaking of this eminent man, is but his just praise, when he says, 'so that, with strict justice, it may be said of Sebastian Cabot, that he was the author of our maritime strength, and opened the way to those improvements, which have rendered us so great, so eminent, so flourishing a people.'

In 1553, Edward VI., the patron and personal friend of Cabot, died, and his last years were made gloomy by the neglect of Mary, who held the English throne as a sort of trustee for Spain. His death took place about the year 1557, and his friend Richard Eden has recorded some particulars of his dying moments, which show the ruling passion keeping its throne to the last. He laments, that 'even in the article of death, he had not shaken off all worldlie vaine glorie;' for he talked flightily about a divine revelation to him, of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted 'to disclose to any mortal.' The spirit of the dying man was hovering, like a sea-bird, over that ocean, which had been the scene of his dangers, and the field from which he had reaped his harvest of glory; and the stirring music of its billows fell with vivid distinctness upon that inner ear, whose perception grew more acute, as the outward organ ceased by degrees to exercise its functions. Neither the place where he died, nor the spot in which he was buried, is known.

Sebastian Cabot seems to have belonged to a rare class of men, whose characters combine many seemingly inconsistent qualities, which are found united only in those commanding spirits, who stamp their own image deeply and broadly upon their age, and exert a lasting influence upon the destinies of mankind. He had the originating genius which shaped the largest plans of adventure, and the practical sagacity, which, in their execution, foresaw every possible danger, and omitted not the least precaution. He had the courage to undertake, and the perseverance to carry through, the most difficult enterprises. He had that enthusiasm of temperament, before which obstacles melted like wreaths of mist before the sun; but his judgment was never tainted by the ardor of his blood. It was cool, discriminating, and deliberate. He saw things afar off, as if they were near, but he made no miscalculation of the intermediate distance. Perhaps the most prominent trait in his character was that lion-like decision, which adopts its course

instantly, and speeds right onward to it like an arrow, as swiftly and as directly. But with an abundant share of the qualities which ensure respect from the evidence of power which they give, he was not without those which win affection, from the sympathy with humanity which they evince. He seems to have been of the most gentle, courteous, and confiding nature. His friends uniformly speak of him in terms of strong personal attachment, and the kind-hearted Richard Eden delights to call him the 'good old man.' Till the death of Edward VI., one can hardly conceive of a more happy old age than his. He was honored at home and abroad, and awakened that romantic interest, which his perils and enterprises must have called forth in those, whose own lives had been of an unbroken tenor. All the young and adventurous spirits sat at his feet, and he was as ready to communicate to others the treasures of his experience and wisdom, as they were to receive them. He was beloved and esteemed by his sovereign, and the object of enthusiastic attachment to his friends. 'The young men saw him, and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up; when the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him.'

Cabot's services to England, even taking the accounts of those who have been least favorable to him, were of the greatest value, and they ought to hold him in grateful and honoring remembrance. He is as much more deserving of a statue in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, than any of her naval heroes, as the extension of empire, by the right of discovery, and the opening of new markets by honorable enterprise, are more to be desired than provinces wrested from rival nations by the iron hand of war, and commercial privileges enforced at the point of the bayonet.

The volume contains, in addition to the life of Cabot, a review of the history of the efforts made at subsequent periods to follow up his discoveries, down to the time of Hudson, and in which it is shown that an attempt has been made to diminish his fame, by exaggerating the merits of subsequent navigators. In point of learning and ingenuity, it is fully equal to the memoir of Cabot, and completes a vindication of a great man, triumphantly successful with regard to him, and highly honorable to its author.

ART. V.—*Indian Biography.*

Collections of the Maine Historical Society. Vol. I. Portland. 1831.

We notice this book with no little pleasure, as a new illustration of the great benefits to be reasonably expected from the formation of societies, having for their object the collection and preservation of the materials of history. Without doubt much has already been lost, in this country as in all others, which such associations might have rescued in due time; but much, also, has been searched out, simplified, systematized and put on record, for the good and the gratification of other ages. It speaks well for the future, as well as the present works of the Maine Society, that its list of members comprises the names of a great number of the ablest and most distinguished citizens of the State, not a few of whom have heretofore done much for the interests of science. The history of Portland, occupying half this volume, has been drawn up by Mr. Willis of that place, with remarkable accuracy and clearness. The contributions which come from the manuscripts of the late Governor Lincoln, and which are chiefly upon various subjects of Indian literature, will be read, perhaps we should say studied, with peculiar interest. A mass of additional information, we are happy to perceive, is to be expected from the same source, upon the same subjects. The native tribes of Maine,—with the exception of the far-famed Tarratines, and the Narantsouacks or Norridgewocks, while connected with Father Rallé,—have as yet made little figure in history; but we have long been satisfied, from personal investigation, as well as general and analogous reasoning, that many interesting facts respecting them may be hereafter disclosed. The movements of the Maine Society, in this department, will be observed with more than ordinary solicitude.

Under the title placed at the head of this article, we have heretofore* enlarged upon the lives and characters of some of the most distinguished individuals, who have appeared among the North American natives. The present seems to us a favorable opportunity, for pursuing farther inquiries of the same nature. While the materials necessary to that end are quite as easy of access, and quite as satisfactory, in point of quantity

* See No. 73, N. A. Review.

and quality, as they are likely to be at any future period, a stronger interest than usual is felt in every thing which relates to the Indians. And there is reason for such an interest. A great crisis has arrived in the relations existing between the tribes of that remarkable race, and the civilized and Christian population, which presses upon their borders. The passions of the public mind are excited for and against them. Avarice and ambition look with an eager eye upon the fertile territories, where their last remnants yet linger about the haunts of their childhood and the graves of their fathers. Then philanthropy interferes; new and old plans of civilization and amalgamation are brought forward. Then pride is roused, and prejudice exasperated. But, meanwhile, the rights of the people, who occasion all this excitement, and the respect consequently due to them, must come to be discussed. In this discussion, their original constitution, moral and intellectual, and especially their collective and individual competency for civilized life, are involved; and here it is, that history and biography should be made to render their services. It is not speculation or theory that is needed,—but facts, plain facts.

It has often occurred to us, that the latter of the two departments of Indian literature just named, has been singularly overlooked. Journals, and travels, and narratives, and publications of almost every other name and nature, have been filled, year after year,—from the period of Father Hennepin's first journey among the Illinois, down to the last doleful, catch-penny sketch of the last captive among the 'barbarous and bloody heathen,'—with delineations of the Indian manners, customs and institutions. The ablest philologists of Europe and America have made their languages the study of years. Others have devoted themselves to investigations respecting their origin, their antiquities, their history; and in all these departments has philosophy been amply remunerated for its labors. Why is it, then, that Indian biography has been forgotten? Why have no lives been given, or attempted to be given, of the great men and the wise men of this singular race,—their orators and conquerors, patriots and prophets? Why is so little known, when so much might be known, of Pontiac and Uncas, of Piskaret, of Garangula and Logan? Had such men lived in civilized society, their achievements and their eloquence would have occupied volumes of eulogy. Why, under circumstances which only make them more remarkable and more admirable, should their

memories be given over utterly to oblivion? Alas! their armor was the tomahawk, and not the lance. They wore the blanket for the *toga*. They painted with vermilion instead of *rouge*.

The name of Tecumseh* is comparatively familiar to modern readers, for the same obvious reason, that *King Philip* was like a household word, a century and a half ago. But his character, we conceive, has been often misunderstood and misrepresented. The means are within our reach, of forming true and fair opinions; but the relations existing between the two races, and between individuals belonging to them, especially during his life-time, have had a tendency to create prepossessions, and to conceal facts. Such was the fortune of Philip himself; and though the change which has taken place since his time in the situation of the country, made Tecumseh a much less terrible, and therefore less obnoxious enemy, than the Sachem of Pokanoket,—this very circumstance, on the other hand, has probably had its effect in disparaging the reputation of the former. Philip lived at a period, and among a people, which gave him some prospect of *success*. But Tecumseh's exertions were hopeless. He was feared too little to be duly appreciated, as the other was feared too much. He was contemned, comparatively, as the other was hated.

As Tecumseh was by birth a member of the Kiskópoke tribe of the Shawanee† nation, a brief account of this somewhat celebrated community will not be considered irrelevant in this connexion. Mr. Heckewelder, who knew the Shawanees personally, as well as by reputation, for many years, calls them a courageous, high-spirited, and manly people; 'and more careful in providing a supply of ammunition to keep in reserve for an emergency, than any other nation he ever heard of.' These remarks are decidedly confirmed by their history. As their

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* The Indian pronunciation of this word is Tecumthé. It has been sometimes written Tecumtha, and sometimes Tecumsah; but the orthography adopted in the text is the most common.

† This ill-fated word has been subject to even more than the ordinary liberties, exercised upon Indian terms. The vernacular plural, we suppose, is Shawanock or Shawaneûk; but almost every foreign writer has invented his own combination. Heckewelder has it Shawanos, and Sawanos; the latter being the name generally given them by other tribes. Others use Shawanoes, Shawannoes, Shawanese; and still more, Shawonoese. All these are derived from the Delaware word Shawaneu, meaning *South*, and referring to the origin of the nation, as described above.

name indicates, they came originally from the south; and the oldest individuals of the Mohican tribe, their *elder brother*, told Mr. Heckewelder, that they dwelt in the neighborhood of Savannah in Georgia, and in the Floridas. 'They were a restless people,' we are further informed, 'delighting in wars;' and in these they were so constantly engaged, that their neighbors,—the Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Yamassees, and other powerful tribes,—finally formed a league, offensive and defensive, for the express purpose of expelling them from the country. But the Shawanees were too wise to contend with such an enemy, and they adopted the more prudent policy of asking permission to leave their territories peaceably, and migrate northward. This favor being granted them, their main body settled upon the Ohio; some of them as far up as where the French afterwards built Fort Duquesne,—now Pittsburg,—others, about the forks of the Delaware, and a few even upon the site of what is now Philadelphia. It is worth observing, how soon their belligerent disposition manifested itself among their new acquaintances. Those who remained on the Ohio becoming numerous and powerful, it was not long before they crossed the Alleghany mountains, and fell upon a settlement of the Delawares, on the Juniata,—of which very people, their *grandfather*,* they had solicited peace and protection, through the interposition of the Mohicans, on their first arrival in the country. Murders were committed, plunder was carried off, and a war ensued. As soon as this was fairly off their hands, they engaged in the French war, which broke out in 1755, against the English. That being terminated in 1763, and the tribe being elated by its increased numbers, and by the strong confederacy now established between themselves and the Delawares, they commenced hostilities against the Cherokees. In the course of this war, the latter occasionally pursued the aggressors into the Delaware territories, and thus that nation was aroused again. The union of forces which ensued, added to the already existing hostility of the Five Nations, proved too much for the Cherokees, and in 1768, they solicited and ob-

* A title given to this ancient people, by about forty other tribes. The *Mohicans* were called the *Elder Brother*, because their separation from the parent stock was one of the most ancient, of which the tradition was distinctly preserved. Following the same principle, the Delawares themselves have uniformly given the title of *Uncle* to the Wyandots; thus acknowledging *their* seniority over all other tribes.

tained a peace. Owing chiefly to the influence of the Delawares, the Shawanees were now kept quiet for the unusually long term of six years, when they were involved in a war with the people of Virginia,—then comprising Kentucky,—occasioned by the noted murders committed upon Logan's relations and others, by white people. The burning of some of their villages had scarcely driven them to a sort of truce with this new enemy, when the war of the Revolution commenced, in which they allied themselves with the English, and continued openly hostile, notwithstanding the peace of 1783, until the famous victory and treaty of General Wayne, in 1795.

It seems to be universally understood, that their reputation, as warriors, suffered nothing during all this long series of hostile operations. The first settlers of Kentucky were molested and harassed by them, more than by any other tribe. Boone, who was taken captive by them, in 1778, saw four hundred and fifty of their warriors mustered at one place,—still called Chilicothe,—ready for a foray among the white settlements, which soon after ensued. Marshall, in his History of Kentucky, gives the particulars of an expedition against them, the season after this, in which 'many of the best men in the country were privates;' the invaders were defeated and driven off, and nearly two hundred of them pursued, with considerable loss, by about thirty of the Shawanees. 'Of all the Indians who had been marauding in the country,' the same writer observes elsewhere, 'the Shawanees had been the most mischievous, as they were the most active.' Loskiel, who wrote the History of the Mission of United Brethren among the North American natives, represents the tribe in question as 'the most *savage* of the Indian nations.'

An incident, showing the disposition which they manifested, even at this period, (1773) towards their American neighbors, may throw some light upon their character, and upon subsequent events. The celebrated missionary Zeisberger visited some of their settlements, during the year last named, in the hope of establishing a mission among them. At one of their villages, he met with the head chief of the tribe. The latter gave him his hand and addressed him; 'This day,' said he, 'the Great Spirit has ordered that we should see and speak with each other, face to face.' He then entered into a long detail of the practices of the white people, describing their manner of deceiving the Indians, and finally affirmed that they

were all alike,—all hypocrites and knaves. The missionary made some reply to these charges, but the chief was 'so exceedingly exasperated against the white people,' adds Loskiel, that brother Zeisberger's exhortation seemed to have little weight with him. He at length gave the preacher permission to visit the other Shawanese towns, taking care to suggest, as a parting word of comfort, that he must rely upon having his brains beat out very speedily. Thirty years previous to this, when Count Zinzendorff himself went among the Wyoming Shawanees to convert them, they rewarded that pious pilgrim for his labor of love, by conspiring to murder him; but by a fortunate accident, he escaped safe from their hands. On the whole, setting aside for the present the history of this nation for the last thirty years, during which we have suffered most from them, it would seem that a more warlike or more hostile people has scarcely existed upon the continent. Where, rather than here, should we look for the birth and education of the modern Philip, and when, rather than at the stormy period of the Revolution? Probably, at the very time when the troops of our Congress (in 1780,) were expelling them westward from the river Scioto, and burning their villages behind them, the young hero, who afterwards kindled the flame of war upon the entire frontier of the States, by the breath of his own single spirit, was learning his first lessons of vengeance amid the ruins of his native land, and in the blood of his countrymen.

His native land, we say, for it is tolerably well ascertained that he was born on the banks of the Scioto, near Chilicothe. His father, who was a noted Shawanee warrior, fell at the battle of Kenawa, while Tecumseh was yet a mere boy. His mother is said by some to have been a Shawanee, and by others a Creek; but he is understood himself to have told a gentleman at Vincennes, in 1810, that she was a Cherokee, who had been taken prisoner in a war between that nation and the Shawanees, and adopted, according to Indian custom, into a family of the latter nation, which resided near the Miami of the Lake.* This account is confirmed by the circumstance of this woman having migrated into the Cherokee territory in advanced age, and died there. The *totem* of her tribe is said to have been a turtle, and that of the father's a tiger.

* Note to Schoolcraft's Travels, page 138. Mr. S. has given some interesting information respecting Tecumseh, from authorities of which he was personally assured.

From all the information which can now be gathered respecting the early years of Tecumseh, it appears that he gave striking evidence in his boyhood of the singular spirit, which characterized him through life. He was distinguished for a steady adherence to principle, and generally to that of the best kind. He prided himself upon his temperance and his truth, maintaining an uncommon reputation for integrity, and, what is still rarer among his countrymen, never indulging in the excessive use of food or liquor. He would not marry until long after the customary period ; and then, as a matter of necessity, in consequence of the solicitations of friends, he seems to have connected himself with an old woman, who was perhaps not the handsomest or most agreeable lady in the world, but who nevertheless bore him one child, his only offspring. With this exception, he adopted in his matrimonial life certain *practices* of the sect of Shakers, whose *principles*, as is well known, were afterwards so strenuously promulgated by his brother, the Prophet, that a certain prime functionary in that denomination gave him the credit of being as good a disciple as himself.* Whether there was an express concert or actual co-operation between the two, at this early period, respecting this or any other project or policy in which they subsequently engaged together, does not appear to be positively ascertained.

It is not to be supposed, that any remarkable achievements of the young warrior in his first battles, should be preserved on record. The Shawanees relate, that he made his *debut* in an engagement with the Kentucky troops, which took place on the banks of Mad river. In the heat of the skirmish, he most ungallantly turned right-about-face, and made the best of his way from the field, with all possible diligence, and that too while one of his brothers stood his ground with the other Indians, and fought till he was wounded and carried off. It must be admitted, that this was not so creditable a proceeding as may be conceived ; but the extreme youth of the party goes some way to explain, as his subsequent conduct did to excuse it. But from this time, whatever might be his animal courage, he was never known to shrink. Indeed, previously to the treaty of Greenville, (in 1795) when he was probably about twenty-five years of age, he is said to have signalized himself so much, as to have been reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors. No

* See an authority cited at large in the following pages.

individual was more regularly engaged in those terrible incursions, by which the first settlers of Kentucky were so much harassed; and few could boast of having intercepted so many boats on the Ohio river, or plundered so many houses on the civilized shore. He was sometimes pursued, but never overtaken. If the enemy advanced into his own country, he retreated to the banks of the Wabash, until the storm had passed by; and then, just as they were laying aside the sword for the axe and ploughshare, swooped down upon them again in their own settlements. It goes to show the disinterested generosity always ascribed to him, that, although the booty collected in the course of these adventures must have been very considerable in quantity and value, he rarely retained any portion of it for his own use. His ruling passion was the love of glory, as that of his followers was the love of gain; and of course a compromise could always be effected between them, to the perfect satisfaction of both parties. He was a feudal baron among boors. It remained for subsequent occasions, then little dreamed of, to show that his temperament, like his talent, was even better adapted to the management of a large engagement, than to the *melée* of a small one.

We have now arrived at an epoch in his life, when it is no longer possible to give his own history to much advantage, but by connecting with it that of his celebrated brother, the prophet already mentioned. The name of this personage was Elskwátawa.* He and Tecumseh, and still another, Kumsháka, were the offspring of the same mother at the same birth. Probably there was an understanding between the three, at an early date, respecting the great plans which the prophet and the orator afterwards carried into execution; but as we hear little or nothing of the subsequent co-operation of Kumsháka, it may be presumed that he did not live,—employment would certainly have been found for him, if he had. It has been said, that it was about the year 1806, when his two brothers first conceived their design of uniting all the Western Indians in a war against the Americans. But it appears to us probable, that the main project was older than this, although the *minutiæ* of it never were or could be agreed upon at any one time.

* Meaning, says Mr. Schoolcraft, *a fire that is moved from place to place.* Elsewhere we find him called Olliwayshila, on good authority. A compromise may be effected, by suggesting that he assumed various names at various periods.

Whether it was Tecumseh's alone, or the Prophet's alone, in the first instance,—or the result of the joint deliberations of the two, cannot now be determined. The better opinion, perhaps, favors the first theory; with the qualification, however, that the Prophet was for many years the only and intimate confidant, and probably on many occasions the counsellor of his brother. He contented himself, at all events, with being a subordinate actor in the play, from first to last, though he was by no means an insignificant one.

It has been very generally understood, that either this man's brain was affected by some accident, or that he had the good fortune to be naturally possessed of a certain species of mind, or rather want of mind, which most of the Indians hold in peculiar esteem. This may have been true, but we think the probabilities of the case are in favor of a different supposition, —to wit,—that his frenzy was feigned; and that his brother instigated and instructed him to make an important use of it, in the promotion of the grand scheme, which was secretly exercising the ingenuity and fostering the ambition of both. It goes against the former theory, that those who are best acquainted with Elskwâtawa, and especially such as knew him personally, were the least suspicious of any deficiency in his intellect. Take the evidence of General Harrison, for example, who had repeated opportunities of closely scrutinizing his conduct and conversation. The author of the Life of that gentleman, published at Cincinnati in 1828, in speaking of a visit of a fortnight from the Prophet, in August, 1808, observes, that 'the Governor discovered him to be possessed of considerable talents.' Again, 'his astonishment was excited, by the address and art with which he managed the Indians.' It could by no possible means be gathered from his language, whether he was or was not under British influence. That point, indeed, never was ascertained satisfactorily by any American; and so far was General Harrison in particular from gaining it, that his biographer frankly admits him to have been 'completely deceived' by 'this fellow's' profound subtilty, notwithstanding both the special prejudice he had previously formed against him, and the general knowledge he possessed of Indian cunning and duplicity.

All this, we say, with the entire mass of evidence of the same kind, which might be produced, goes strongly against

the theory of the Prophet's having been a man of inferior intellect. On the other hand, there are many circumstances to corroborate a different impression, one of the strongest of which is the very part which he acted *as* Prophet. So far as we can judge, that was precisely the course, of all others, calculated to advance most surely and most speedily, the common scheme of the two brothers for a belligerent union of the tribes. No principle in the Indian character has been more thoroughly or more universally ascertained, than their excessive superstition. Hence the great influence, which has always and every where been exercised over them by their most talented, though sometimes unprincipled men, under the various titles of powahs, jugglers, sorcerers, physicians, wizards, and prophets, by every conceivable method of imposture. 'The American impostors are not behindhand with any, in this point; and as by chance, (if we will not allow the devil any share in it,) they sometimes happen to divine or guess pretty right, they acquire by this a great reputation; they are reckoned *genii* of the first order.' Thus it was in Charlevoix's time. Heckewelder dwells more at length upon this weakness in the American native. 'It sinks him down,' is his language, 'this childish apprehension of an occult and unknown power, to the level of the most fearful and timid being.' Among other illustrations of this point, he gives the confession of a sorcerer to an intimate English acquaintance, respecting the secret of his management. Such was the credulity of this man's countrymen, according to his own testimony, that if he only picked a little wool from his blanket, and rolled it between his fingers into a small round ball, that was sufficient to establish his reputation. A general apprehension was excited among his spectators; and if at that moment, he happened to cast so much as a side-glance at any particular man, the victim was at once selected, convicted, and executed. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, he would sooner or later perish under the terror inflicted thus by his own credulity.

So much for the general feasibility of the Prophet's plan. The *minutiæ* of it furnish still better evidence of his shrewdness. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, to remark upon these so far, as to show them to have been such as were best adapted to effect the grand political objects, which we suppose to been masked under a show of religion. He inculcated, in the first place, that a radical reform was necessary in

the manners of the red people. This was proved, by enlarging upon the evils which had ensued from the neighborhood of the whites,—the imitation of their dress and manners, the introduction of ardent spirits, diseases, contentions, and wars; by the vast diminution of the means of subsistence, and the narrowed limits of territory to which they were now hemmed in, and by other considerations of the most irritating, as well as plausible kind, the force of which was not at all lessened by occasional comment on particular transactions, and glowing references to the long, peaceful and happy lives of their forefathers. This point being gained, and a favorable excitement produced, the next thing in order was his own commission from the Great Spirit. This was authenticated by the astonishing miracles he was able to perform, and still more, by the great benefits he was able to confer on his followers. The budget of reform was then brought forward. There was to be no more fighting between the tribes,—they were brethren. They were to abandon the use of ardent spirits, and to wear skins, as their ancestors had done, instead of blankets. Stealing, quarrelling, and other immoral modern habits were denounced. Injunctions of minor importance seem to have been enforced, merely with a view to test the pliability of savage superstition, to embarrass the jealous scrutiny of those who opposed or doubted, and to establish a superficial uniformity, whereby the true believers should be readily distinguished. The policy of the more prominent tenets cannot be mistaken. Just in proportion to their observance, they must inevitably promote the independence of the Indian nations, first, by diminishing their dependence upon the whites, and secondly, by increasing their intercourse and harmony with each other.

In addressing himself to such subjects, with such a system, Elskwátawa could hardly fail of success. For some years, indeed, his converts were few; for great as the influence is, which a man of his pretensions exercises over his ignorant countrymen, when his reputation is once fairly acquired, it is by no means so easy an undertaking, to acquire it in the outset. The extent and permanence of his success, in fact, are more conclusive as to his talent, than the mere conception and adoption of the policy. This was comparatively commonplace, and a common-place personage might undertake it. Mr. Tanner, who published, a year or two since, a very interesting narrative of his residence of thirty years among the In-

dians, has given incidental sketches of as many as three or four pretenders. Some of them were laughed at for their pains. Others obtained a temporary credence; but we hear nothing of them beyond a year or two. Elskwátawa was at this very period extending his reputation from tribe to tribe, over the whole West. Difficulties and discouragements were encountered by him; but he nevertheless persevered and prevailed. His first establishment consisted of about one hundred warriors of his own tribe, whom he had very artfully convinced, or at least conciliated, by preaching up the superiority of the Shawanees over every other people under Heaven. This doctrine, however, was not calculated for general use; and the prophet had scarcely collected his partisans around him at Greenville, when his efforts to add to their number from other tribes,—and upon other grounds, of course,—compelled him to modify his theory so much, that about half of his own countrymen deserted him. But their place was soon supplied by stragglers, who came in from various quarters. In June, 1807, the United States' agent at Fort Wayne wrote to General Harrison, then governor of Indiana Territory, that not fewer than fifteen hundred Indians had passed that station, on their way to hear the preaching of the Shawanese Prophet. In the course of this season, the effects of his exhortations became so palpable, as to excite some apprehension among the white settlements on the frontiers. Suspicious movements were visible among the Kickapoos, and among portions of the Potawatamies, Chippewas and Ottawas. In 1809, the Prophet removed from Greenville to Tippecanoe, on the upper part of the Wabash, and his disciples followed in his train. During the next year, rumors of war became prevalent, and though the preacher had a little before this been nearly deserted, he was now reported to have more than one thousand individuals under his entire control. The Wyandots, and many of the Winebagoes had joined him; and the warlike Sacs and Foxes followed soon afterwards. Meanwhile, murders and other outrages are said to have taken place in the vicinity of the Prophet's settlement. A general alarm existed among the whites, throughout Indiana and Illinois. Measures had already been taken, under the immediate charge of Governor Harrison, for the defence of the frontiers; and of Vincennes in particular, where the first onset of the enemy was expected. The attention of the General Government itself was by this time so much aroused, that a proposal

from the President to make prisoners of both Tecumseh and his brother was suspended, only that a last effort might be more advantageously made, for a compromise with the disaffected tribes. Early in 1811, the Indian force mustered at Tippecanoe was larger, than Governor Harrison himself could easily collect; and the body-guard of Tecumseh, on the visit which he paid the former at Vincennes, in July of this season, consisted of more than three hundred men.

This meeting took place ostensibly in consequence of a *speech*, which the Governor had sent to the brothers at their encampment on the Wabash, in June. He had taken that occasion to repeat his former complaints of the insults and injuries he supposed to have been offered to American citizens, by Indians under their influence; to inform them that he had heard of their recent attempts to hasten hostilities between the Union and various Indian tribes; and, finally, to remind them in strong terms, of the consequences of persisting in this conduct. 'Brothers!'—was one of the expressions in this speech,—'I am, myself, of the Long-knife fire. As soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers! take care of their stings.' Tecumseh promptly replied to this communication, by promising to visit the Governor in precisely eighteen days, for the purpose of 'washing away all these bad stories.' Some delay occurred; but upon Saturday, the 27th of July, he made his appearance at Vincennes, with his three hundred followers. As neither the Governor nor the inhabitants generally were desirous of prolonging his entertainment, it was proposed to commence the negotiations on Monday; but this he declined doing, and it was late on Tuesday before he made his appearance, at the arbor prepared for the occasion. Nor did he then come, without taking the precaution to ascertain previously, whether the Governor was to be attended by armed men at the council,—if so, he should adopt the same etiquette. Being left to his own option, and given to understand that his example would be imitated, he came with a guard of nearly two hundred men, some armed with bows and arrows, and others with knives, tomahawks, and war-clubs. The Governor, on the other hand, was attended by a full troop of dragoons, dismounted, and completely furnished with fire-arms; and he had taken care, on Tecumseh's first arrival, to secure the town, by sta-

tioning two foot companies and a detachment of cavalry in the outskirts. He placed himself in front of his dragoons; Tecumseh stood at the head of his tawny band, and the conference was commenced with a speech on the part of the Governor. This was briefly replied to; but a heavy rain coming on, matters remained in *statu quo*, until the next day, when Tecumseh made a long and ingenious harangue, both exposing and justifying his own schemes, much more openly than he had ever done before. Respecting the demand which the Governor had made, that two Potawatamie murderers should be given up to punishment, who were stated to be resident at Tippecanoe, he, in the first place, denied that they were there; and then went on very deliberately to show, that he could not deliver them up if they were there. 'It was not right,' he said, to 'punish those people. They ought to be forgiven, *as well as those who had recently murdered his people in the Illinois.* The whites should follow his own example of forgiveness; *he* had forgiven the Ottawas and the Osages. Finally, he desired that matters might remain in their present situation, and especially that no settlements should be attempted upon the lands recently purchased of certain tribes, until he should return from a visit among the Southern Indians. *Then*, he would go to Washington, and settle all difficulties with the President; and meanwhile, as the neighboring tribes were wholly under his direction, he would despatch messengers in every quarter to prevent further mischief.' He concluded with offering the Governor a quantity of wampum, as a full atonement for the murders before mentioned. The latter made an indignant rejoinder; the meeting was broken up, and Tecumseh, attended by a few followers, soon afterwards commenced his journey down the Wabash for the southward.

Such was the last appearance of Tecumseh, previously to the war. The popular excitement now became greater than ever. Meetings were held, and representations and resolutions forwarded to the Federal Executive. But before these documents could reach their destination, authority had been given to Governor Harrison, to commence offensive operations, *if necessary*, and forces, in addition to those under his territorial jurisdiction, were placed at his disposal. 'The banditti under the Prophet,' says the secretary,—Mr. Eustis,—in a communication of July 20th, 'are to be attacked and vanquished, provided such a measure shall be rendered absolutely neces-

sary.' It is not our purpose to detail the subsequent measures of Governor Harrison, which terminated in the celebrated battle of Tippecanoe; and much less, to agitate the question heretofore so inveterately contested, respecting the general propriety of the offensive operations he commenced, or his particular system or success in conducting them. The battle took place on the seventh of November, 1811; the Governor having previously sent Indian messengers to demand of the various tribes in the Prophet's encampment, that they should all return to their respective territories; that the stolen horses in their and his possession, should be given up; and that all murderers, then sheltered at Tippecanoe, should be delivered over to justice. The first messengers, about the last of September, had the effect of bringing out a friendly deputation from the Prophet, full of professions of peace. But fresh outrages were committed by his followers about the same time; and, when sundry headmen of the Delaware tribe undertook, in October, to go upon a second mission, they are said to have been abruptly met by a counter deputation from the Prophet, requiring a categorical answer to the question, 'whether they would or would not join *him* against the United States?' The Delawares, nevertheless, went on, and having visited the Prophet's camp, returned to Governor Harrison, now on his march, with the report of their having been ill-treated, insulted, and finally dismissed with contemptuous remarks upon themselves and the Governor. Twenty-four Miamies next volunteered to go upon this thankless business. They seem to have been better entertained, for the good reason, that they decided upon raising the tomahawk against their employer. At all events, these serviceable diplomatists spared themselves the pains of returning.

The particulars of the battle are well known. The Governor having entered into the heart of the territory occupied by the Prophet,—but claimed by the United States, as being purchased of those tribes who had the least disputed claim to it,—he encamped on the night of the 6th, in the vicinity of the Prophet's force; and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between the two parties, until a conference could take place on the ensuing day. Whether, as the Prophet affirmed on this occasion by his messengers, he had sent a pacific proposal to the Governor, which accidentally failed to reach him; or whether he was now actually 'desirous of avoiding hostilities if possible,' but felt himself compelled to commence them, need not be

discussed. His forces, supposed to number from five hundred to eight hundred warriors, made a violent attack on the American army, early in the morning of the 7th; and one of the most desperate struggles ensued, of which we have any record in the history of Indian warfare. The enemy was at length repulsed, leaving thirty-eight warriors dead on the field. The Americans lost about fifty killed, and about twice that number wounded. The Prophet's town was rifled, and the army commenced its return to Vincennes.

The sequel of the mere history of the two brothers, familiar as this portion of it is to all readers, may be soon told. Tecumseh, who was absent,—at the South, as is generally believed,—when the battle took place, returned soon afterwards, and without doubt was exceedingly surprised and mortified by the conduct of the Prophet. From this time, while the latter lost much of his influence, the former took a more independent and open part. Whether he had previously maintained a special understanding with the British, cannot be positively decided; but his subsequent course admits of little controversy. He proposed to Governor Harrison, to make the contemplated journey to Washington; but, as the Governor expressed a determination that he should not go in the capacity which he deemed suitable to his standing, the idea was abandoned. Thenceforth, whatever his intentions *had* been, he determined upon the necessity of fighting; and it naturally followed, whatever had been his disposition towards the British authorities,—theirs towards him admits of no question,—that he should no longer hesitate to avail himself of every fair opportunity of co-operation. In July, 1812, Captain Wells wrote to Governor Harrison, from Fort Wayne, that Tecumseh had called there recently, 'on his way to Malden, to receive from the British Government twelve horse-loads of ammunition, for the use of his people at Tippecanoe.' Immediately after this, he openly joined his new allies, became *Brigadier-General Tecumseh*, and unquestionably rendered the most essential services, especially in raising and retaining the Indian forces. During the first months of the war, his whole time was devoted to recruiting. He was present, however, at the siege of Fort Meigs; and upon the famous 5th of May, 1812, commanded the co-operating savage force, on the south-east side of the river. At the second assault on Fort Meigs, in July, he was also present. Again, while the siege of Sandusky was going

on, we find him at the head of two thousand warriors, reconnoitring the position of General Harrison. In the decisive battle of the Moravian Towns, he commanded the right wing of the allied army, and was himself posted in the only part of it, which was engaged with the American troops. Here was his last struggle. Disdaining to fly, when all were flying around him but his own nearest followers, he himself pressed eagerly into the very heart of the contest, encouraging the savages by his voice, and plying the tomahawk with tremendous energy. He appeared to be advancing, it is said, directly upon Colonel Johnson, who was pressing forward, on the other side, at the head of his mounted infantry. Suddenly, a wavering was perceived in the Indian ranks. There was no longer a voice of command among them. Tecumseh had fallen, and his bravest and best men, still remaining, were disheartened and defeated by the same blow which prostrated him. That they did their share of fighting in this engagement fully appears from the fact, that thirty-three of them were found dead on the battle-ground,—chiefly near Tecumseh,—and that many were slain in the pursuit, while the number of British killed was but twelve. It is much disputed, to whom belongs the honor of shooting Tecumseh; upon which,—as every body admits that he was shot,—we shall spend but few words. In the language of a writer upon this question, 'there is a possibility, that he fell by a pistol-shot from the hand of Colonel Johnson. He was certainly killed in that part of the line, where the Colonel was himself wounded;' and this is nearly all, we suppose, which can or need be said upon the subject. The British Government granted a pension to his widow and family, which probably continues to this day. The Prophet also was supplied in the same manner, from the close of the war until his death, which took place a few years since.

The reputation of this man, as we have heretofore intimated of his brother, has suffered from the complete ultimate failure of his plans. It has suffered the more,—particularly among his own countrymen,—from the very circumstances which mark him as an extraordinary man,—his career as a prophet. Tecumseh knew his own talents better, than to play a game like this: but he also knew, without doubt, that Elskwátawa was capable of doing more for the advancement of their common object, by acting this co-ordinate or subordinate part, than by adopting the same course with himself, even had he

possessed the same species of ability. Together, they were endowed with a complete system of qualities necessary to accomplish their design, but neither could act alone. Tecumseh was frank, warlike, persuasive in his oratory, popular in his manners, irreproachable in his habits of life. Elskwátawa had more cunning than courage; and a stronger disposition to talk, than to fight, or exert himself in any other way. But he was subtle, fluent, persevering and self-possessed, and this was enough. He suddenly became an inspired man, and Tecumseh was his first convert. Possibly some others of their tribe were intrusted with the secret. They had, at all events, a great respect for these men, and being both a proud and warlike people, they received with avidity the well-contrived doctrine of their superiority over other tribes, and entered upon a course of projects, likely to produce war,—though of war nothing might be yet seen or said,—with the fury of blood-hounds upon a track. Hence the murders and robberies which so much alarmed and irritated the frontier settlers, and which we have very little doubt were generally committed by individuals of the Prophet's 'banditti,' without his authority, and perhaps against his wishes. The young men, especially, who gathered about him, like the young men who brought on the war of King Philip, were wrought up till the master-spirit himself lost his control over them; and to make the matter worse, most of them were of such a character, in the first instance, that horse-stealing and house-breaking were as easy to them as breathing. Like the refugees of Romulus, they were outcasts, vagabonds and criminals, in a great degree brought together by the novelty of the preacher's reputation, by curiosity to hear his doctrines, by the fascination of extreme credulity, by restlessness, by resentment against the whites, and by poverty and unpopularity at home.

These things should be taken into consideration, when the success of the Prophet is estimated. His ingenuity was tasked to the utmost, in getting and keeping these people together in the first place. Then it was necessary to instruct them just so far, as to put them in the way of preparing themselves for what might happen, and to make them serviceable in collecting and convincing others, without committing the cause too unreservedly to noisy tongues, and to rash hands. Then, complaints were made by American authorities, and these must be pacified. Offers of assistance came in from other quarters, and

these must be kept secret. In a word, emergencies of every kind were occurring from day to day, which nothing, but the most ready invention and the shrewdest sagacity on the part of the two brothers, could have prevented from ruining the cause.

As an instance in point, we may mention the circumstance that the chiefs of many Indian tribes were their strongest opponents. They were jealous or suspicious of the new pretenders, ridiculed and reproached them, and thwarted their exertions in every possible way. What was to be done with these persons? Here was an opportunity for the peculiar genius of Elskwátawa to exert itself, and he was not long at a loss. He availed himself of a new department of that unfailing superstition, which had hitherto befriended him; and a charge of witchcraft was brought up. His satellites and scouts being engaged in all directions, in ascertaining who were, or were likely to be, his friends or his enemies, it was readily determined at head-quarters, who should be accused. Judge, jury and testimony were also provided with the same ease. He had already taken such means of gaining the implicit confidence of his votaries, that his own suggestions were considered the best possible evidence, and the most infallible decision; and the optics of his followers becoming every day more keen, upon his authority, there was no want of the most suitable convicts. When the excitement had grown to such a height as to ensure the success of his scheme, he went the length of declaring, that the Great Spirit had directly endowed him with the power of pointing out, not only those who were in full possession of the diabolical art, but those who were impregnated with the least tincture of the diabolical disposition,—let them be old or young, male or female. This convenient arrangement proving perfectly satisfactory, he had only to speak the word,—or, as Heckewelder expresses it, even to nod,—and the pile was prepared for whomsoever he thought proper to devote. The Indians universally have an extreme horror of a wizard or a witch, which no reputation, rank, age, or services, are sufficient to counteract; and of course, resistance or remonstrance on the part even of an accused chieftain, only went to exasperate, and to make more speedy, the sure destruction which awaited him.

Among the sufferers, were a great sachem of the Delawares, and three of his staunch friends. Another eminent victim was the Wyandot chief, known by the English name of *Leather-*

lips, whose Indian appellation, Shateyaronrah, appears among the signatures to Wayne's famous treaty of Greenville. He was sixty-three years of age, had sustained a most exemplary moral character, and was particularly attached to the American cause, as opposed to the English. The latter circumstance throws some light upon his fate. But whatever the accusation or the evidence was,—and probably the one constituted the other,—orders were given to an influential chief of the same nation with the convict, in the Prophet's service, who, with four other Indians, immediately started off in quest of him. He was found at home, and notified of the sentence which had been passed upon him. He entreated, reasoned and promised, but all in vain. The inexorable messengers of death set about digging his grave, by the side of his wigwam. He now dressed himself with his finest war-clothes, and having refreshed himself with a hasty meal of venison, knelt down on the brink of the grave. His executioner knelt with him, and offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit in his behalf. This was the last ceremony. The Indians withdrew a few paces, and seated themselves around him on the ground. 'The old chief,' says the original describer of this horrid scene,* 'inclined forward, resting his face upon his hand, his hand upon his knees; while thus seated, one of the young Indians came up, and struck him twice with the tomahawk. For some time, he lay senseless on the ground; the only remaining evidence of life being a faint respiration. The Indians all stood around in solemn silence. Finding him to breathe longer than they expected, they called upon the whites [one or two of whom were spectators], to take notice how hard he died; pronounced him a wizard,—no good,—then struck him again, and terminated his existence. The office of burial was soon performed.' We have given these particulars, disagreeable as they are, to illustrate more clearly the astonishing influence of the Prophet, as well as the means by which he obtained it. The executioners in this case were apparently sincere and conscientious men; and one of the party was *a brother* of the victim.

The proceeding just described, bears on the face of it such manifest marks of the Prophet's style of doing business, as to have been attributed to his instigation, by general consent. That the charge does no great injustice to his real character, appears

* A correspondent cited in the *History of the Indian Nations.*

from many other well-authenticated transactions of a similar kind. Undoubtedly he was not, in all cases, without the advice of his brother; but it appears probable, that the latter was in favor of milder measures; and accordingly we find that, about the time when most of the Kickapoos joined the Indian Confederation, one of their leading men, a chieftain, opposed to the new-fangled doctrine and policy of the brothers, was quietly disabled by being reduced to a private capacity. The same course was taken with the Winebagoes, one of the most warlike and high-spirited tribes on the continent, and the most serviceable allies of the English in the late war. An Indian scout, sent to the Prophet's encampment by an American authority in 1810, to gain information of his designs, reported, that an old chief of that nation had told him, 'with tears in his eyes,' that all the village chiefs had been *divested of their power*, and that every thing was managed by the warriors. This, we apprehend, may have been an amendment suggested by Tecumseh, upon an original scheme of the Prophet, of which the credit belongs wholly to himself; and of which the authority just referred to was informed by a friendly Indian of high standing, but a month or two before this. It was a proposal to the young men of many of the tribes, to murder *all* their principal chiefs, at one heat. The pretext was,—and it might have appeared a sufficient and righteous one in the mind of the Prophet,—that these were the men, who bartered their lands away to the Americans for a song, and traitorously connived at the inroads and trespasses of the settlers. But whatever was the professed object of the plan, and whatever the real motive, both the audacity and the ingenuity which it indicates, are none the less worthy of notice.

At other times, the banditti were reduced to an extreme scarcity of provisions, as might be expected from the numbers collected together, and the kind of life which they led. At first, they were given to understand that corn and pumpkins would be raised for them supernaturally; but the Prophet thought it might be easier to produce these essential articles by other means; and here was another reason, for maintaining a good understanding with his American neighbors. In the spring of 1808, such numbers of half-famished savages crowded about Fort Wayne, 'that it was considered necessary by the Governor, [Harrison,] to supply them with provisions, *lest hun-*

ger might drive them to extremities' *—a matter well understood by the Prophet. Soon afterwards, the latter gave out, that he proposed visiting the Governor at Vincennes, with the view of begging provisions,—'for the white people had always encouraged him to preach the word of God to the Indians.' This purpose was carried into execution; and it was upon this occasion, that the Governor was 'completely deceived,' as we have seen, by the Prophet's appearance and language. So lately as 1811, a quantity of salt was sent up the Wabash for the Prophet's use, together with another quantity, intended for the Kickapoos and other Indians. He seems to have balanced some time between necessity and policy, on this occasion; but he finally adopted the middle course of seizing upon the whole cargo, and sending a very civil apology to the Governor in payment.

It might have been expected, that a man of his pretensions, with so many rivals and enemies, would be exposed to the hazard of assassination. But here again he was on his guard; for it was always one of his strong positions, that the least violence offered to him or his followers, would be punished by the immediate interposition of the Great Spirit. The religious character, indeed, was sustained to the last. The Delaware messengers already mentioned found his forces at Tippecanoe in the highest state of excitement, owing to his magical rites, his harangues, and the war-dance which he performed with them day and night. Hence the unexampled bravery, manifested in the attack upon the American army. They rushed on the very bayonets of our troops; and in some instances, pressing aside the soldier's musket, they brained him with the war-club. The Prophet, meanwhile, is said to have been comfortably seated on an adjacent eminence, singing a war-song. He had assured his followers, that the American bullets would do them no harm; and that while *they* should have light, their enemies should be involved in thick darkness.† Soon after the battle commenced, he was told that the Indians were falling. 'Fight on! fight on!' cried he, never at a loss, 'it will soon be as I predicted;' and he howled his war-song louder than ever. Undoubtedly he lost a good deal of his influence, by the event of the

* Dawson's Narrative, pp. 105—107.

† He was not so much out of the way in this prediction, as in some others. McAfee observes, that the *camp-fires*, so long as they remained burning, were 'more serviceable to the Indians than our men.'

battle; but much of it was finally restored, and the misfortune in this case was sagely attributed, by the multitude, to the important circumstance of his wife having touched some of his sacred utensils. Nothing but a series of triumphs on the part of the American forces, the death of his brother, and the loss of all his best friends of his own tribe, (for the Kishópokes were reduced to about twenty warriors during the war,) finally destroyed his character as a prophet. When this was effected, it was human nature to degrade him below the level of a man.

The death of his brother we have told; and we come now to remark briefly upon a few prominent points, in the career and character of that distinguished chieftain. We have described Elskwátawa as ingenious and insinuating, with more assurance than energy, and more ambition than principle. Tecumseh, on the other hand, while he equalled the Prophet in the quickness of his faculties, far surpassed him in the intrepidity and dignity so essential among any people, savage or civilized, to a stable and legitimate influence. Elskwátawa managed well the business which was given him; but he was content to do it in secret, and glad to do it in safety,—much as he overlooked from his mountain-seat the battle of Tippecanoe. Tecumseh, meanwhile, was ranging the continent from North to South, from East to West; threatening, flattering, rousing resentment, alarming superstition, provoking curiosity;—thus extending the limits of his grand Confederation, year by year, from tribe to tribe; but slowly, calmly and in silence. No labor fatigued, no difficulty or disappointment disheartened, no danger alarmed, no emergency surprised him. It was by his means chiefly, that the extravagant stories of his brother's supernatural power were propagated, so soon and so simultaneously as they were, among a hundred different tribes, sometimes by himself, and sometimes by his agents.* Hence, so early as 1807, General

* 'The most absurd stories were told and believed by the Indians, of his power to perform miracles; and no fatigue or suffering were thought too great to be endured, to get a sight of him.'—*McAfee.* This writer observes, elsewhere, that Tecumseh visited all the tribes west of the Mississippi, and on lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan, 'repeatedly,' before the year 1811. Soon after his return from the South, Tecumseh visited Fort Wayne. He still appeared haughty and obstinate in the opinions he had hitherto maintained, and even had the effrontery to demand ammunition of the commandant, which was refused him. He then said, that he would go to his British father, who would not refuse him,—appeared thoughtful and sullen for a while,—then turned on his

Harrison 'discovered, that *the Shawanese tribe in particular* were devoted to the British interest.'* Hence the strange movements, perceivable at the same period, among the various tribes of Indians around the lakes. They were assembling in council, day and night, and belts of wampum and pipes were sent in all directions. Hence, a desertion or disaffection no sooner happened in the Prophet's settlement, than new forces were mustered. For four years, it has been truly said, Tecumseh was in constant motion; to-day visible on the Wabash; then heard of on the shores of Erie or Michigan, now among the Indians of the Mississippi. Finally, when every thing was effected in the North and West which *he* could effect there, he commenced a laborious and hazardous journey of months, among the remote tribes of the South. The train was laid everywhere but here; and the subsequent trouble given by the Creeks,—justly attributed to his influence,—indicates sufficiently what might have been accomplished in time, had his confederates been as prudent as himself.

The battle of Tippecanoe was a premature explosion, and a most unfortunate one for his interests. It intercepted the negotiations for new allies, diminished the moral power of the Prophet, and frightened and forced many, who were or would have been his adherents, into neutrality in some cases, and open hostility in others. The vast scheme of Tecumseh, the object so long of all his solicitude and his labor was thrown into confusion, on the very brink of success. He was exasperated, humiliated, afflicted. He could have wept as Philip did, when *his* projects, so similar to Tecumseh's, were thwarted in mid career by the rashness of his warriors. But here was the trial of his noblest qualities. He came forward and made every proposition, looking like compromise, which he deemed consistent with his dignity,—perhaps necessary to it,—but in vain. He saw then, plainly, that the battle must be fought, and his soul grew strong. The wrongs and woes of his race, and the power and pride of the white men, passed before him. The mortification of failure and exposure on his own part, the dishonor brought upon his brother's name, the ignominy of submission, the censure and scorn of his savage rivals, the triumph

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heel, raised the war-whoop, and went off.—*McAfee.* We are obliged in this case to quote from memory, but feel quite confident of our substantial correctness.

* Dawson's Narrative.

of his civilized enemy, all were daggers in his bosom. Then boiled within him the frenzy of despair. Then fear and hope struggled for the mastery. Pride, revenge, ambition, were roused. Let them come, then, thought he, I hear them and see them, in the South and in the East, like the summer leaves rolling and rustling in the breeze. It is well. Shall Tecumseh tremble? Shall they say that he hated the white man, and feared him? No! The mountains and the plains which the Great Spirit gave, are behind and around me. I too have *my* warriors, and here,—where we were born and where we will die,—on the Scioto, on the Wabash, on the broad waters of the North, *my* voice shall be heard.

Those who know any thing of the history of the last war, need not be informed, that Tecumseh was substantially, as well as nominally, the head and life of the Anglo-Indian Department, and that greater forces were collected by his influence, and embodied under his command, than in any other instance from the first settlement of the country. He brought in six hundred Wabash recruits in one body, early in 1813. In the attack made upon Fort Stephenson, in the summer of the same year, the enemy numbered but five hundred British regulars, for eight hundred Indians, (under Dickson) while Tecumseh was at the same time stationed on the road to Fort Meigs with a body of two thousand more, for the purpose of cutting off the American reinforcements on that route.

It should be observed, that only eighteen months before this, the disastrous defeat of the savages at Tippecanoe had restored 'the most profound tranquillity' upon the whole line of the frontiers, where, previously, 'scarcely a fortnight passed without some depredation having been committed;' and that all the information received by Governor Harrison,—who had better opportunities of receiving it than any other man,—agreed in the utter despondency of the Prophet's party.'* So, as lately as July, 1812, we gather from the letter of Captain Wells to the Governor, already cited, that the Indians, who were under the British influence before that date, 'had all, *with the exception of Tecumseh and about one hundred*, abandoned their alliance,'—owing in a considerable degree, we suppose, to the apprehensions excited by the expedition of General Hull. On the very day when this letter was written, the brother of Tecumseh, our

* Dawson's Narrative, pp. 254, 257.

far-famed Prophet, left Fort Wayne, (the station of Captain Wells) for his old settlement at Tippecanoe. 'He will remain at his village,' adds the writer, '*until he knows the intentions of the Western Indians.* If they will not join him, he will then go and endeavor to save himself by pretensions of peace to the commissioners at Piqua.' At this period, then, the intention of the Indians was not ascertained. They might or might not join the Americans, but as yet they had only abandoned the British. And yet, in a twelvemonth afterwards, Tecumseh was himself commanding a body of two thousand of them, and co-operating with eight hundred more under General Proctor!

So much for his energy and his influence. The *minutiæ* of his system of recruiting and retaining, we cannot be expected to furnish. That he exerted himself personally, we have already seen:—that he plied also the industry of the Prophet, and that the latter personage was quite pliable, as well as in sane mind, appears from the following passages of the authentic and amusing communication, last referred to.

'On the 12th inst. July, 1812, the Prophet arrived here, (Fort Wayne) with nearly one hundred Winebagoes and Kickapoos, who have ever since been amusing the Indian agent at this place with professions of friendship. It is now evident, that he has completely duped the agent, who had suffered him to take the lead in all his councils with the Indians, giving him ammunition, &c. to support his followers, until they can receive a supply from Tecumseh.

'On the 19th inst. an express arrived in the Prophet's camp, from Tecumseh. In order that it should make the better speed, the express stole a horse from some of the inhabitants of the river Raisin, and rode night and day. The horse gave out within twenty miles from this place. The express was directed by Tecumseh to tell the Prophet to unite the Indians immediately, and send their women and children towards the Mississippi, while the warriors should strike a heavy blow at the inhabitants of Vincennes; that he, Tecumseh, if he lived, would join him in the country of the Winebagoes.

'The Prophet found no difficulty in keeping this information to himself and one or two of his confidential followers, and forming a story to suit the palate of the agent here; and on the 20th inst. despatched two confidential Kickapoos to effect the objects Tecumseh had in view. In order that these two might make the better speed, they stole my two riding-horses, and have gone

to the westward at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, at least.

'To keep the agent blind to his movements, the Prophet went early in the morning, yesterday, and told the agent that two of his *bad* young men were missing, and that he feared they had stolen some horses; the agent found no difficulty in swallowing the bait offered him, and applauded the Prophet for his honesty.

'To keep up appearances, the latter has this morning (the 22d) despatched two men *on foot*, as he tells the agent, to bring back my horses, &c., and that he and his party will certainly attend the meeting of the commissioners at Piqua. This he will do, if he finds he cannot raise the Western Indians. If he finds they will join him, he will strike a heavy blow, as Tecumseh calls it, against the whites in that quarter. You may rely on the correctness of this statement, as I received information relative to the views of Tecumseh, last night, from a quarter that cannot be doubted. The conduct of the agent towards the Prophet, I have been an eye-witness to.'

It will be recollected, that Tecumseh had passed Fort Wayne about a week previous to the date of this letter, on his way to Malden. He then declared, that his object was to obtain ammunition from the British Government for the Indians at Tippecanoe; and it was understood accordingly, a few days afterwards, that while his brother was playing tricks upon the agent, he had openly connected himself with that Government, against the Americans. The whole transaction is characteristic of the two individuals, who were the chief actors in it. The Prophet resorted, without hesitation, to all the wiles of Indian cunning and stratagem, for effecting his own purposes, and for thwarting those of his opponents. The course of Tecumseh was as manly and dignified, as it was prompt. It had been so, indeed, from the first; for although he was certainly under no obligation to disclose his schemes, he appears never to have taken much pains to conceal them. We know that he was *subsequently* suspected and accused, of having been actively engaged in inducing general hostility, as well as instigating particular outrages among the frontier tribes, for several years before much was actually known of him. This may have been the case, and it may not; the evidence, so far as we have seen, amounts to nothing, and the suspicion and accusation alluded to, like the offences themselves, are very easily accounted for upon other and obvious grounds. Of course, there is no necessity of going at length into the history

of the Western country for the last half century, to point out the real grounds of complaint and the real provocations to hostility, which Tecumseh, or his brother, or any other Indian of information and reflection *might* have alleged on the part of the tribes, against the American Government or the American people. This would be justifying what we do not admit. It is sufficient to observe that quite enough had occurred, to furnish plausible pretexts for all that the chieftain is known to have done or attempted to do. Governor Harrison stated in his annual message, for 1809, to the Indiana Legislature, that owing to defects in the Federal law, 'every person has been allowed to trade with the Indians that pleases; *which proves a source of numberless abuses*, of mischievous effects, both to them and ourselves.' Two years before, we find an opinion advanced by the same excellent authority on a similar occasion, that 'the utmost efforts to induce them (the Indians) to take up arms would be unavailing, *if one only, of the many persons who have committed murders on their people, could be brought to punishment.*' To illustrate the truth of this remark, we may mention the murder of a Creek Indian at Vincennes, early in 1810, and of course subsequently to the particular transactions alluded to in the message. He was shot by a white man, an Italian trader, upon the pretext that the Indian, who was intoxicated, had shown a disposition to do him some injury. The Governor discharged *his* duty by causing the Italian to be arrested and tried; but, in the language of our informant, 'as in too many other cases, acquittal was the consequence.'* We are farther told, that about the same time, two Indians were wounded by a white man, at a few miles' distance from Vincennes. The occurrence of circumstances of this nature, is said to have been a source of great embarrassment and vexation to Governor Harrison; but in this case, he could only send out,—not a constable for the aggressor, for that course had been sufficiently tried,—but a surgeon for the wounded men, who both finally recovered. It cannot be doubted, that the character of these proceedings was well understood, and indignantly resented by all the tribes which obtained knowledge of them,—as most of them did in the course of their own experience. The house of a white man in Ohio was robbed, during this same summer, by a mem-

* Dawson's Narrative, page 179.

ber of the Delaware tribe, so famous for its faithful, and more than faithful adherence to the American cause. According to the stipulations of Wayne's treaty, expressly provided for giving up criminals to the parties respectively injured,—and scrupulously observed up to this date, we should add, on the part of the Indians,—the robber in the present instance was demanded of the Delawares. The answer was, that the nation never would give up another man, until some of the white people were punished, who had murdered members of their tribe; they would, however, punish him themselves. And they did accordingly put him to death.

But all these were trifling causes of irritation, compared with those which had occurred at various periods, in the treaties and other negotiations, public and private, whereby immense quantities of territory had been obtained of the Indians. It is not intended to insinuate, that the Government was in fault upon any of these occasions. But in the transaction of affairs of this nature, to such an extent, at such a distance, by the instrumentality of agents,—as likely as any other men to be sometimes ignorant, insolent, and avaricious,—offences must needs come. On the other hand, in cases wherein the Government was not even nominally concerned, (whatever the understanding of the vendors might be upon that point) the most flagitious deception had been practised. In still other instances, where the conduct of the purchasers was unobjectionable, there were conflicting claims to territory, which one or more tribes, or portions of tribes, or perhaps individual chiefs, nevertheless undertook to convey. Owing to these and similar causes, the tribes had very generally become extremely suspicious of proposals for the purchase of land. They perceived, too, independently of any unfair dealing upon either side, that the white settlements were advancing upon them with the most formidable rapidity. Something must be done, then, in self-defence. Setting aside past impositions, it was absolutely necessary to prevent them for the future; and setting aside all imposition, it was necessary to raise some universal and effectual barrier against inroads of any kind, upon any quarter. It is recorded, accordingly, by a historian already cited, that the agitation among the Indians at this time was accounted for by some of them, by saying, that they were endeavoring to effect what had frequently been recommended to them by the United States, viz., *a more effective and cordial union*

among the various tribes. The writer considers this an 'attempt at deception;' but his facts appear, in this instance, to outweigh his opinion. War might or might not be anticipated as an ultimate resort, in offence or defence; and 'British agitators' might or might not be actually engaged, as certainly they were interested, in producing that result, and preparing the tribes for it. But it seems to us that there can be no reasonable doubt, that an effective and cordial union of the tribes, for the purposes just mentioned, was actually the precise object in view. It certainly was the leading principle in the schemes of Tecumseh.

This principle he never disavowed. He declared it in the most open manner, on every suitable occasion; and with it the cogent reasoning, upon which in his mind it was founded. In July, 1810, he conversed very fully upon the subject, with a person sent to his brother by the Governor of Indiana, to dissuade him from war and to gain information of his views. He said that the Great Spirit had given this great island,—meaning the American continent,—to his red children; but the whites, who were placed on the other side of the big water, not content with their share, had crossed over,—seized upon the coast,—driven the Indians from the sea to the lakes,—undertaken to say that this tract belongs to one tribe, this to another, and so on,—when *the Great Spirit had made it the common property of them all.* They had retreated far enough,—they would go no farther. He at the same time disclaimed having intended to make war, but expressed his opinion that it would not be possible to preserve peace, unless the Indian principle of common property should be recognised, and the progress of the white settlements discontinued. He then proposed going to Vincennes, for the purpose of convincing the Governor that matters had been mis-represented to him. The visit accordingly took place in August; and he then stated most distinctly,—Mr. Dawson's phrase is, in the broadest manner,—that his policy had been to establish and extend the principle of common property as a means of necessary self-defence; that the tribes were afraid of being pushed back into the lakes, and were therefore determined to make a stand where they now were. At the formal interview which ensued, Tecumseh, who was attended by a body of followers, manifested so much irritation, that the Governor apprehended an attack upon the spot; the citizens were alarmed; troops were called in; and a scene of great

confusion ensued. But although the proud chieftain apologized for this demonstration of spirit at the next conference, and then appeared perfectly cool, he still persisted in the statements made in the outset. When asked by the Governor, whether it was his intention to prevent the surveying of a certain territory, recently purchased, he answered, 'that himself and those who were joined with him were determined, that the old boundary should continue.' The Governor afterwards visited him at his camp, for the purpose of sounding him privately. Being asked if his intentions were really what he had openly avowed, he replied that they were. He had no complaint to make against the United States, but their purchasing the Indian land as they did; and he should very much regret the necessity of making war for this single cause. On the contrary, he was anxious to be upon good terms with them. If the President would give up the late purchase, and agree to make no more in the same manner, he would even become their ally, and would fight with them against the English. If these terms could not be complied with, he should be obliged to fight with the English against *them*. The Governor assured him that the President should be informed of his views, but also expressed his opinion, that there was no prospect of their being acceded to. 'Well!' answered the warrior, 'as the Great Chief is to determine the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put sense enough in his head, to induce him to give up the land. True he is so far off, that the war will not injure him. He may sit still in his town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out.' At the last conference, which took place previously to the battle of Tippecanoe, it is stated that his designs were more completely developed, than ever before.* And this, it should be observed, was his own voluntary and deliberate disclosure. 'The States had set the example,' 'he said, of forming a union among all the fires,—why should they censure the Indians for following it?' He had now succeeded in combining the Northern tribes, and he was about visiting the South, for the purpose of completing the scheme. But war, if it ensued, would be no fault of his. He hoped that the Governor would prevent settlements from being made on the new purchase, till he returned from his journey in the Spring. He would then visit the President himself at his leisure, and the matter should be settled with *him*. This speech has been called 'an

* Dawson's Narrative, p. 183.

artful evasion, easily seen through.' It appears to us, on the contrary, to be a model of manly frankness. The orator did not expressly state, indeed, that the combination alluded to anticipated the possibility or probability of war. But this was unnecessary. It was the natural inference in any reasonable mind. It had been frequently so stated and so understood. Repetition could only exasperate. On the whole, Tecumseh seems to have manifested a noble dignity in the avowal and discussion of his policy, equalled only by the profound sagacity in which it originated, and the intelligent energy which conducted it, through every opposition and obstacle, so nearly to its completion. He might be wrong, but it is evident enough that he was sincere.

As for British instigation, we need not suggest the distinction between a disposition upon their part, and a counter disposition upon his; or between himself and the motley multitude of fanatical and ferocious vagabonds, who, unfortunately, formed a large part of the Prophet's first congregation, and some of whom were as troublesome to each other and to him, as they were to the white settlers. Outrages were committed, as we have seen, on both sides, and criminals refused to be given over to justice by both,—the Indians copying in this respect, the example of the American authorities. But we need not pursue this subject. The best existing evidence with regard to Tecumseh's particular interest in it, seems to be his own, which has been given. Nor can it be doubted, that he perfectly *understood* the policy of the English. He told Governor Harrison, when he declared the necessity which might arise of an alliance with them, that he knew they were always urging the Indians to war for their own advantage, and not to benefit his countrymen. 'And here,' we are informed,* ' *he clapped his hands, and imitated a person hallooing at a dog*, to set him fighting with another, thereby insinuating, that the British thus endeavored to set the Indians on the Americans.' The truth is, he was too proud for a subordinate part. His confederates might do as they chose, but for himself, he would maintain the dignity of a free and brave man, and a warrior. He abandoned his plan of visiting the President, because he could not be received as the head of the deputation. It is said, that, in the last conference at Vincennes, he found himself, at the end of a long and animated speech, unprovided with a

* Dawson's Narrative. p. 159.

seat. Observing the neglect, Governor Harrison directed a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to accept it. 'Your Father,' said the interpreter, 'requests you to take a chair.' 'My Father!' replied the chief, 'the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom.' And he adjusted himself on the ground in the Indian manner.

A qualified remark has been made upon his courage; but the manner in which he conducted himself during the war, is sufficient to establish this point beyond controversy. The same may be said of the fearlessness shown in his visits to Vincennes; and especially, in his exposure of himself on that occasion, though he must have perceived that he was feared, suspected, and even guarded by large bodies of troops, drawn out for that express purpose. It is very illustrative of the apparent diversity in the character of Elskwátawa and his own in this respect, that when the Delawares sent a deputation of chiefs to break up the Prophet's settlement at Tippecanoe, the latter would not *deign*, as Mr. Dawson expresses it, to give them an interview; *but despatched his brother to them*, 'whose threats or persuasions were sufficient to drive back the chiefs, with strong indications of apprehension and terror.' When General Proctor began to prepare for retreating from Malden, Tecumseh, having learned his intention, demanded an interview, and, in the name of all the Indians, delivered an animated speech. If the spirit, which it manifests, could have had its intended effect in inducing the General to fight before he retreated, the result must at least have been more glorious, if not more favorable to his cause.

'Father!' he began, 'Listen to your children! You have them now all before you.* The war before this, our British Father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war, our Father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our Father took them by the hand without our knowledge. We are afraid he will do so again this time.

'Listen! When war [the last war] was declared, our Father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans,—that he wanted our assistance,—that he would certainly get us our land back, which the Americans had taken from us.

*The phraseology generally adopted by Indian deputations, to express their representative character.

'Listen! When we were last at the Rapids, it is true, we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs. [Alluding to the American fortifications.]

'Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out. We know they have fought. We have heard the great guns;—[Perry's victory,]—but we know not what has become of our Father with one arm, [Commodore Barclay.] Our ships have gone one way, and we are astonished to see our Father tying up every thing, and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know of his intentions. You always told us, you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to that of a fat dog, that carries its tail upon its back; but when frightened, drops it between its legs and runs off.

'Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land,—we are not sure that they have by water;—we wish, therefore, to remain here and fight. If they defeat us, we will *then* retreat with our Father.

'Father! You have got the arms and ammunition, which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit,—we are determined to defend our lands,—and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.'

This celebrated speech is probably as good a specimen as any on record, of the *eloquence* of Tecumseh. It was a natural eloquence, characteristic, as all natural eloquence must be, of the qualities of the man. As Charlevoix says of the Canadian savages, it was 'such as the Greeks admired in the barbarians,'—strong, stern, sententious, pointed, perfectly undisguised. It abounded with figures and with graphic touches, imprinted by a single effort of memory or imagination, but answering all the purposes of detailed description, without its tediousness or weakness. The President was 'drinking his wine in his town,' while Tecumseh and Harrison were fighting it out over the mountains. The Indians were hallooed upon the Americans, like a pack of starved hounds. The British nation was our great Father, and our great Father was laid flat on his back. So the policy of the United States, in extending their settlements, was a *mighty water*, and the scheme of common property in the tribes, was a *dam* to resist it.* Tecumseh

* McAfee's History, p. 17.

belonged to a nation, noted, as Heckewelder describes them, 'for much talk;' and he was himself never at a loss for words. He was a countryman of Logan, too, and he reasoned and felt like him. His whole time and talents were devoted to the cause of Indian independence; and when he spoke upon this theme, as he generally did in public, his fine countenance lighted up; his firm and erect frame swelled with a deep emotion, which scarcely his own stern dignity could suppress; every posture and gesture had its meaning; and language flowed burning and swift from the passion-fountains of the soul.

We have drawn the portrait of this eminent chieftain hitherto, only so far as to sketch some of those strongly marked lineaments, by which he was best known to his contemporaries, and by which he will be longest remembered. But there was something more in his character, than strong savage talent and savage feeling. Injured and irritated as he often was, and constantly as he kept himself excited by an interest in the fate of his countrymen, and by the agitation of his own schemes, there is no evidence either of coarseness in his manners, or of cruelty in his conduct. For reasons easily to be imagined, he regarded Governor Harrison with less partiality, than most other individual Americans; and hence, the British General is said to have stipulated early in the war, that the Governor, if taken prisoner, should be *his* captive. But he is understood to have always treated that gentleman with such courtesy, that we apprehend, had this *casus fœderis* unfortunately occurred, he would have gloried only in conveying him off the battle-field in the manner of the Black Prince, and in setting before him, with the royal munificence of Massasoit, all the dry pease in his wigwam. When the Governor proposed to him, on his first visit to Vincennes in 1810, that, in the event of a war, he would as far as possible put a stop to the cruelties which the Indians were accustomed to inflict upon women and children, and others, no longer in a situation to resist,—he readily gave his assent to the proposition, and voluntarily pledged himself to adhere to it. There is reason to believe, that he remembered this promise; and that, amidst temptations and provocations,—and, many would be inclined to add, *examples*, from an authority he might have been supposed to respect,—of an extraordinary nature. In one of the sorties from Fort Meigs, a hundred or more of the American garrison were taken prisoners, aud put into Fort Miami. Here, McAfee and others relate

that the British Indians garnished the surrounding rampart, and amused themselves by loading and firing at the crowd within, or at particular individuals. This proceeding is said to have continued nearly two hours, during which time twenty of the unfortunate prisoners were massacred. The *Chiefs* were, at the same time, holding a council, to determine the fate of the residue. A bloodthirsty mob of cut-throat Potawatamies were warmly in favor of despatching them all, on the spot, while the Wyandots and Miamies opposed that course. The former prevailed; and had already systematically commenced the work of destruction, when Tecumseh, descrying them from the batteries, came down among them, reprimanded the ring-leaders for their dastardly barbarity in murdering defenceless captives in cold blood, and thus saved the lives of a considerable number. That all this was done by express permission of the English commander, and in presence of the English army, as is farther stated, it does not belong to us, in the pursuit of our present subject, either to assert or prove. If there be any truth in the charge, or in a tithe of those of the same character which have been brought against the same party, the sooner the veil of oblivion is dropped over them, the better.

On the whole, the character of Tecumseh, in whatever light it may be viewed, must be regarded as remarkable in the highest degree. That he proved himself worthy of his rank as a general officer in the army of his Britannic Majesty, or even of his reputation as a great warrior among all the Indians of the North and West, is, indeed, a small title to distinction. Bravery is a savage virtue; and the Shawanees are a brave people; too many of the American nation have ascertained this fact by experience. His oratory speaks more for his genius. It was the utterance of a great mind, roused by the strongest motives of which human nature is susceptible, and developing a power and a labor of reason, which commanded the admiration of the civilized, as justly as the confidence and pride of the savage. But other orators, too, have appeared among his countrymen, as eloquent and as eminent as Tecumseh, wherever the same moving causes and occasions could give birth and scope to the same emulous effort. And the mere oratory, in all these cases, was not so much an absolute vindication, as a naked and meagre index of the mighty intellect and the noble spirit within. Happily for the fame of Tecumseh, other evidences exist in his favor,—such as were felt as well as heard in his own

day,—such as will live on the pages of civilized history, long after barbarous tradition has forgotten them. He will be named with Philip and Pontiac, the 'agitators' of the two centuries which preceded his own. The schemes of these men were,—fortunately for the interest which they lived and labored to resist,—alike unsuccessful in their issue; but none the less credit should, for that reason, be allowed to their motives or their efforts. They were still statesmen, though the communities over which their influence was exerted, were composed of red men instead of white. They were still patriots, though they fought only for wild lands and for wild liberty. Indeed, it is these very circumstances that make these very efforts,—and especially the extraordinary degree of success which attended them,—the more honorable and the more signal; while they clearly show the necessity of their ultimate failure, which existed in the nature of things. They are the best proofs, at once, of genius and of principle.

ART. VI.—*Sparks's Life of Gouverneur Morris.*

The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers; detailing Events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States. By JARED SPARKS. In three volumes. Boston. Gray & Bowen. 1832.

There is no sin which more easily besets the biographer of public men, than a reluctance to admit the fact, that they ever had any private life; yet we know not that the dignity of a statesman would be impaired by such an admission, or that the parlor and the fire-side are much less interesting, than the cabinet or the legislative hall. Sir James Mackintosh assures us, that the biographer should introduce historical detail no farther, than the clearness and accuracy of his narrative require; and that the historian, on the other hand, should be careful to avoid all private particulars, which cannot be regarded as essential. The rule is certainly a judicious one; and it has been faithfully applied in his own biography of one of the greatest and best men in England's annals. But it is hard to bring the conviction of its justice home to others; the

brilliant ornaments of the green-house attract us more, than the unobtrusive garden flowers; and the consequence is, that the life of a great man might be sometimes more properly styled a dissertation on the rise and fall of nations, between the period of his birth and the close of his career.

Mr. Sparks has done much to avoid this error, in the work before us. We are glad that he has thus avoided it; for much was naturally expected from his talent and research, and it would have been a subject of regret, if those expectations had not been realized; more especially, as he has now adventured in a department of literature, in which, though much has been already done, far more remains to be performed. The tombs of several of the prophets have been builded by the pious hands of their surviving relatives; but there are many of 'the buried warlike and the wise,' over whom no such memorial has been erected, and whose actions live only in the perishing record of tradition, or the memory of those who are fast going down to the grave. They are men, who sat by the cradle of our liberty in its disastrous hours, and watched its progress to maturity; in the high enthusiasm of their self-devotion, counted toil and sacrifice as nothing, so long as their country had any thing for them to do or suffer; and when their course was finished, and their warfare accomplished, fell asleep amidst the triumph of the greatest of all moral victories. Such characters belong to the number of the great and fortunate; the historical painter should rejoice to fix their likeness in his most enduring colors on the canvass; the philosopher and the moralist should point to their example, and hold them up to the admiration of posterity. There is nothing strange or affected about them; but they are nevertheless original and peculiar. They came forth, not from the halls of philosophy, nor the saloons of luxury; not illuminated by the light of recorded experience, nor provided with those means and appliances, which invigorate the spirit, and fortify the arm, in seasons of extremity and peril; but they came from the plough, the work-shop, and the bar; armed only with that irresistible enthusiasm, which aids experience, where it is, and supplies the place of knowledge, where knowledge may not be; going forth, in the strength of a high and manly purpose, to the protection of high and momentous interests. It was this lofty disdain of low and sordid things, this appeal to all that is elevated and generous in human feeling, which enabled them to

meet the shock of disciplined hosts; and sustained them in the more perilous trial of organizing a Government, which is now the guide and model of the nations, when the file afforded them no precedent, and their sole reliance was upon their own strong sense and virtue. The soul of Ames would have poured itself out in tones of still more burning eloquence over the ashes of his friend, could it have been revealed to him, that a generation should pass away, and the beautiful memorial which his own affection reared, should still be almost the only one, which bears the name of Hamilton.

These are suggestions, which have doubtless presented themselves to all, who are familiar with our history; and we have alluded to them here, only that we might the more fully express our obligations to Mr. Sparks, for his efforts to remove what we cannot but regard as a national reproach. The narrative which he has given, relates to the life and character of one, who, if not foremost among the glorious company of which we have spoken, was certainly not undistinguished among the eminent men of our country. He has brought to his task so much of intelligent research, so much historical anecdote and rich and various illustration, that his work is of real, as it will be of lasting value. The general considerations connected with the subject of our revolutionary and constitutional history, have been so often dwelt upon, that we are under no temptation to enlarge upon them here; and we think that our readers will be grateful to us, for confining our observations to a sketch of the life of the eminent person, whom he has selected as his subject. We shall of course borrow this from Mr. Sparks's own narrative, combining it, as we proceed, with such extracts as our limits will allow.

Gouverneur Morris was born at Morrisania in New York,—a manor, which had been for more than a century in the possession of his family,—on the 31st of January, 1752. He was the youngest son of Lewis Morris, a man of some distinction in his day, by a second marriage. His father died before he had reached the age of twelve years; and as this second marriage had given serious offence to the rest of the family, who naturally conceived him bound to follow their inclinations in preference to his own, his widow was left, in a state of estrangement from his connexions, to devote herself to the management of the considerable estate which he bequeathed to her, and to the education of her son. It is impossible now to ascertain,

what the promise of his infancy may have been; for the only fact relating to it, which the industry of his biographer has enabled him to discover, is, that he was early instructed in the French language, which he afterwards wrote and spoke with as much facility as his native tongue. At the college in the city of New York, which he entered so young, that he graduated at the age of sixteen, he was more distinguished by his application to the severer studies, than by an inclination for general literature; though he was not wholly free from the ordinary youthful indiscretion, of laboring to excel in poetry. The oration which he delivered when he left the college, on the subject of *Wit* and *Beauty*, is still preserved, and exhibits rather more than the usual merit of these productions, accompanied with some extravagance of sentiment and style. On the occasion of taking his master's degree, three years afterwards, he again displayed his talent in an address on *Love;* 'a very good theme,' as his biographer somewhat drily remarks, 'for an ode, or a sonnet, or a few stanzas, from a despairing swain, but an odd one for an oration before a grave and learned audience, assembled to witness a literary exhibition in a university.' We are strongly inclined to doubt, whether it were his purpose to address himself exclusively to the grave and learned portion of his auditory; the subject, at any rate, formed no unapt conclusion to that of his former exhibition; and both are said to have given a very favorable impression of his eloquence.

As soon as his college studies were completed, Mr. Morris applied himself to the study of the law in the office of William Smith, afterwards chief-justice of the Province of New York, and better known as the writer of its history. This was undoubtedly the profession, in which the qualities of his mind and temperament rendered him most likely to excel. His intellect was vigorous and penetrating; and his elocution, if not always strictly regulated by the most refined taste, was animated and persuasive. He was accustomed to remark, that he never knew the sensations of embarrassment, or fear, or inferiority, in his intercourse with any person. This unhesitating reliance upon one's own powers, though it would be ridiculous in a feeble mind, undoubtedly gives additional strength and efficiency to the influence of a commanding one. At the time when Mr. Morris began his career, it was not only a valuable quality, but, when united with an understanding like

his, one of the most essential. No man could at that period devote himself to civil pursuits, without entering largely into the political controversies of the day. At the age of seventeen, before his legal studies were finished, Mr. Morris presented himself to the public in the capacity of a writer upon the subject of finance, to which very much of his attention was subsequently given. A project had been agitated in the Assembly of New York, for raising money by issuing bills of credit; the amount arising from which was to be loaned, and the interest applied to the payment of the provincial debt, and various other public exigencies. This was one of the absurd schemes, of which our country has already seen so many; the favorite resort of those, who are fond of applying maxims to public affairs, which would be obviously fatal in the case of an individual. Mr. Morris wrote in opposition to this plan with much intelligence and comprehension of the subject, but whether successfully or not, does not appear. About the same time, he was licensed to practise as an attorney; and by some of his earliest forensic efforts, added much to the reputation which he had previously acquired. The relations of the colonies with the mother country were now assuming a critical aspect; and the attractions of political advancement soon drew him from his professional labors, to act in a more important and extended sphere. His early prepossessions were in favor of conciliation with the mother country; but when the crisis came, he was found in the foremost rank of the patriots.

The old Colonial Assembly of New York sat for the last time, in the winter of 1774; but the attempt to induce this body to send delegates to the Continental Congress proving vain, the people took the government into their own hands by electing members of a Provincial Convention, which assembled in New York in the spring of 1775, and was dissolved after accomplishing the purpose of the meeting, which was nothing more than the appointment of the delegation of the Province in Congress. Mr. Morris was not a member of this body; but he was immediately afterwards elected a delegate to the new Provincial Congress, called together on the following month, in consequence of the actual commencement of hostilities. One of the most important subjects which occupied the attention of this assembly, was that of raising money to defray the expense of military preparations for separate government and defence. A committee, of which Mr. Morris

was one, was instructed to prepare a plan for this purpose. Their report, which was understood to be suggested by him, and which he supported in the Congress with uncommon eloquence and power, was adopted without alteration, and afterwards made the basis of the arrangement agreed upon by the Continental Congress. It is impossible for us to enter at large upon the history of the various bodies, by which the powers of Government were exercised in New York, before a permanent system was established. Mr. Sparks has given us much new and interesting information upon this subject; but we have room only for a cursory account of those proceedings, in which Mr. Morris took a prominent share. In 1776, he was elected a member of another Provincial Congress, upon which devolved a task of a very delicate nature; it having become necessary to assume the independence of the Province, and, in conformity with the recommendation of the Continental Congress, to organize a new system of government. There were several circumstances, which rendered these operations more difficult in New York, than they had proved to be elsewhere. In many parts of the Province, the people were almost unanimous in their hostility to the patriotic cause; the hope of reconciliation was still cherished by many; and in the city of New York, a strong apprehension for the safety of their lives and property, rendered a large portion of the citizens extremely averse to any course, that might terminate in war. But as the situation of affairs grew more critical, the general sentiment underwent a rapid change; Gouverneur Morris, Jay, and other leading patriots, urged it on by their just and eloquent appeals; and five days after the declaration of our national Independence, the Congress of New York unanimously declared their resolution to support that Independence, at the hazard of their lives and fortunes; a determination, the full merit of which can only be estimated, when we remember that it must have been taken with a full consciousness that their own soil must be, as it shortly after was, the principal theatre of the war. Before this was done, however, the members of this Congress, being in some degree doubtful of their powers to act decisively on the great questions submitted to them, had applied for new instructions to the people, who not only complied with the request, but made such changes in the composition of the body, as the public exigency required; so that the alteration in the public sentiment was immediately felt in the Congress, who, on the

very day on which the declaration just alluded to was made, assumed the style of the Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York. Owing to the distracted state of affairs, the Convention were able to do nothing towards establishing a system of government, until August, when Mr. Jay, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Livingston, were appointed a Committee, to prepare a plan for this purpose. In order to give the people time for deliberate reflection upon the subject, the constitution they had framed was not reported to the Convention until March of the following year, when it was adopted with little alteration. It should be mentioned to the honor of Mr. Morris, that he labored in co-operation with his friend Mr. Jay, though unfortunately without success, to introduce into it an article for the prohibition of domestic slavery, similar to that which was adopted a few years since, when the present constitution of that great and enlightened State was formed. It was necessary, however, to provide for the organization of the new Government, and to appoint a committee to exercise its powers, until the Constitutional Legislature could be convened; and Mr. Morris was one of the individuals selected by the Convention for both these purposes. Their opinion of his merit was also manifested, by appointing him one of the delegates to represent the State in the Continental Congress; but he was prevented from attending, by the critical situation of the affairs of his own State. The evacuation of Ticonderoga, by St. Clair, had removed the great barrier to the descent of the enemy upon New York; and his labors, as a leading member of the Council of Safety,—the title of the Committee, to whom the temporary exercise of the powers of Government had been confided,—occupied his whole time and attention.

In October, 1777, he was again elected a member of the Continental Congress, in the mode provided by the new Constitution; and in the following January, for the first time took his seat. He had now been more than three years engaged in public business, and had acquired during this period a reputation for general ability, activity, and maturity of judgment, which has seldom been established at an age so early as his. But he was now to be exposed to a severer trial; to take his place by the side of men of tried experience, and of unsurpassed energy and power, in accomplishing a task, from which ordinary talent and patriotism would have shrunk in despair. The

army, undisciplined, broken, and almost disbanded, were about retiring into their wretched quarters at Valley-Forge. In the language of Washington, the sick were naked, the well were naked, and their brethren in captivity were naked also. Hardly by the most violent measures, could the urgent wants of each successive day be supplied. Dark conspiracies were incessantly maturing against the commander-in-chief; and the officers, for whom no permanent provision had yet been made, were rapidly deserting a service, in which they found nothing but privation and unrewarded toil. The time was evidently come, when the Congress must interpose with unusual energy, or the fruit of all preceding labors would be wholly lost. The spirit of that Assembly rose with the exigency. Under circumstances which might almost have appalled a Roman Senate, they set themselves to the work without hesitation or dismay. A deputation was instantly sent to investigate the condition of the army, and to devise proper measures for its relief. It is no light proof of the estimation in which Mr. Morris was thus early held, that though hardly personally known, he was made a member of this delegation, on whose fidelity and judgment the destinies of the nation hung. In concert with Washington, with whom he here contracted an intimacy which was never afterwards interrupted, Mr. Morris and his associates prepared a plan, extending to the whole economy and organization of the army, which Congress approved and adopted, and the beneficial results of which were immediately visible. On his return from the camp, where he had been detained three months, many other important commissions were entrusted to him, which were discharged with his usual diligence and zeal.

So great were the jealousies prevailing at this eventful period, that not even the most assiduous and devoted fidelity was able to protect him from injurious suspicions. In the year 1775, a letter addressed to him by a friend in London, a loyalist in principle, but containing nothing which indicated any sympathy of sentiment on his part with the writer, was detained on its arrival in New York, as bearing the superscription of a rebel. It was sent thence to Halifax, from which place it was again returned to New York, in a vessel which was thrown on the coast of New Jersey. The mail drifted to the shore, and the unfortunate letter was carried to Trenton, where it appears to have given rise to some unfavorable surmises; but it was not until three years after its date, that it was forwarded

to Mr. Morris by the President of Pennsylvania, who had also become prejudiced against him by its perusal. During the whole period of the war, his mother resided within the lines of the enemy. Her inclinations, as well as those of some of his oldest and most valued friends, were in favor of the royal cause; and these circumstances only, which certainly are but a slender basis, produced the impression to which we have alluded. Mr. Jay, in a friendly letter, observed to him, that his enemies talked much of his tory connexions; entreating him at the same time, not to expose himself to unnecessary calumny, and perhaps indignity. The reply of Mr. Morris was characteristic. 'I will have,' said he, 'my revenge. By laboring in the public service, so as to gain the applause of those whose applause is worth gaining, I will punish them severely;' and he kept his word. At one time, when the illness of his only surviving parent rendered him extremely anxious to visit her, he felt himself compelled not only to lay aside a plan which he had formed for that purpose, but to publish a statement of these facts, and a refutation of the calumnies, which the disinterestedness of his patriotic efforts was not able wholly to subdue.

During the session of Congress of which we have already spoken, Mr. Morris prepared, for the use of that body, a statement of the situation of public affairs; in which the condition of the military department and the more intricate subject of the finances, were treated with uncommon ability. He also opened a correspondence with Washington and Greene, and seconded with all his power, their efforts to place the various departments of public business on a more eligible footing. The British Commissioners arrived this year, with the conciliatory bills and propositions of the British ministry; the conclusion of treaties with France was not yet known in this country,—and some apprehensions were entertained, that the English plan of conciliation might win its way to the favor of the people. The task of giving a proper direction to the popular sentiment upon this subject, was confided to Mr. Morris; and he had hardly done this, in an able report, which was unanimously accepted by the Congress, before he was again called upon to prepare an address to the people of America, on the occasion of the ratification of the long expected treaty with France. The effect of this address, which was very great, is the best evidence of its merit. To these labors, was added that of drawing up a statement of the unsuccessful attempt of the British to

effect a reconciliation. This was published, under the title of Observations on the American Revolution, and attracted much attention in this country and abroad. He was again called upon to prepare the first instructions given by the United States to any diplomatic agent,—those which were sent to Dr. Franklin, as Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Versailles; and in connexion with them, he wrote Observations on the Finances of America, which Dr. Franklin was directed, by the President of Congress, to lay before the French ministry. Early in the next year, he was placed at the head of a committee, who were directed to consider certain important despatches from the American Commissioners abroad, and communications from the French minister in this country. The report of this committee is considered by his biographer, both as respected its character and consequences, as the most important that was brought forward during the war. It became the basis of the peace which was ultimately concluded, and comprehended all the points, at that time deemed essential to an accommodation of our differences with England. In the protracted debates to which this report gave rise, Mr. Morris took an active and leading share; and the results of the discussions were embodied by him into instructions to the ministers appointed to negotiate a peace, which were accepted by Congress without any alteration.

Mr. Morris had been twice elected a member of Congress by the Legislature of New York; and the rapid sketch which we have just given, is sufficient to convey a tolerably correct impression of the extent and variety of his labors in that office. At the expiration of his second term, another person was elected in his place. The reasons which induced the Legislature to adopt this course, cannot now be ascertained; but if tradition is to be relied upon, the only offence of which he was accused, was a disposition to attend too exclusively to the affairs of the nation, and too little to those of his own State; a charge which, fairly interpreted, undoubtedly implies any thing rather than a just reproach. It serves to show, that he understood the nature of his official duty, and pursued it with untiring industry and zeal; giving his hand and heart to those great interests, on which the welfare of the nation was suspended; not loving his own State less,—for there is no reason to believe that he neglected any portion of his duty,—but his whole country more. However this may have been, he immediately returned

to his old profession after his retirement from office, and established himself in 1780, in Philadelphia, in the practice of the law. But it was impossible for a mind like his, to divest itself at once of its accustomed interest in public concerns. The credit of the country was at this time completely prostrated; all the wretched expedients of paper money and forced certificates had been tried, and found wanting; every eye was now open to the full extent of the evil, but the boldest shrunk from the attempt to suggest any practicable remedy; in one word, the fountains of public credit were broken up, and the waters out, and no man dared to arrest their course, hardly even to measure the extent of the devastation. The voice of Mr. Morris was again heard with its usual energy and power. The tone of his writings, which were widely circulated and eagerly read, was open, bold, and manly; but the remedy which he proposed, the funding of the debt, and a resort to direct taxation for its payment, though the only one, perhaps, that could be considered commensurate with the evil, was beyond the limited power of the Congress, and the exhausted means and spirit of the people; though his exertions undoubtedly did much to produce the fortunate change, which was shortly after made. But his labors were interrupted by an accident, which occurred almost at the beginning of his new professional career. His horses took fright, as he was driving in the streets of Philadelphia, and he was thrown from his carriage on the pavement with such violence, as to fracture the bones of his leg, and to render amputation necessary. He sustained this operation with great composure, and supplied the loss by what his biographer says was scarcely more than a 'rough stick' fitted to the limb. This he was never afterwards induced to relinquish for any of the more ornamental substitutes, by which modern ingenuity has nearly removed the inconveniences of the privation.

In 1781, Congress became sensible of the necessity of erecting several departments, similar to those which now exist, in order to give greater vigor and efficiency to their executive authority. Robert Morris, a man who has hardly yet received his just deserts of praise, was placed at the head of that of finance. The wisdom of the choice was amply justified by the result; for it is very doubtful, whether any other individual in the country combined so comprehensive a knowledge of the subject, with that firmness and decision, which at

once attract the public confidence. In accepting the office, he made it a condition, that he should be invested with the power of appointing and removing at his pleasure, all officers, who were in any way connected with his department; and it is a striking evidence of the respect in which his personal qualities were held, that these terms were readily complied with. Provision had been made for the appointment of an assistant financier; this office he immediately offered to Gouverneur Morris, with whom he had long been connected by private intimacy, though not, as has been frequently supposed, by any nearer tie. No one requires to be informed of the effect of their united efforts, in restoring the public credit and universal confidence. We are warranted in saying, that no persons could have accomplished more than they did; the only real cause of wonder is, that with means so limited, we had almost said, without any means at all, they could have done so much. The detail of their operations belongs to the province of history.

Mr. Morris continued to perform the duties of this office for the space of three years, but resigned it at the restoration of peace, and resumed the practice of the law in Philadelphia. Certain charges, relating to his conduct at this period, have been recently brought against him on the high authority of Mr. Justice Johnson, in his Biography of General Greene. Some of these accusations are of a very serious nature. That gentleman has thought proper to infer, from his correspondence with General Greene, that Mr. Morris was the writer of the celebrated Newburgh Letters; but this inference is satisfactorily refuted by General Armstrong's avowal of the authorship, since the publication of Mr. Johnson's work. It is next asserted, that Mr. Morris was desirous of employing the army, for the purpose of establishing an absolute monarchy in this country. No other refutation of this is necessary, as Mr. Sparks very justly observes, than the evidence afforded by his writings and his actions; and we are bound to say, that so far as our knowledge of either extends, they are far from giving the slightest color to such an accusation. These charges, serious enough in themselves, and of a kind which ought certainly never to be hazarded when unsupported by the strongest testimony, are accompanied with an insinuation, which will admit of no other construction, than that Mr. Morris was deeply engaged in speculations with the public creditors; and

this insinuation is presented, as if it bore reference to a well authenticated fact. In the absence of all positive evidence on this subject, Mr. Sparks has resorted to that of a negative character, furnished by the circumstance, that he has found nothing in any records of Mr. Morris's public or private transactions, which gives the least probability to such a suspicion. He was, however, under no necessity of doing this; the want of positive testimony is sufficient to destroy the imputation.

At the death of his mother, in 1786, the paternal estate of Morrisania descended to the brother of Mr. Morris, who was a general officer in the British service. His own portion of his father's property was very small; but with the aid of his friends, he purchased the estate of his brother, and retained the possession of it during the remainder of his life. Before this time, he had entered into extensive commercial speculations in connexion with Robert Morris, and had begun to realize a considerable accession to his fortune. Having now been a resident of Pennsylvania for several years, he was elected a delegate of that State in the Convention which met in 1787, for the purpose of forming the Constitution of the United States. The nature of his engagements was such, that he kept no memoranda of the proceedings of that body; so that the part which he took in its deliberations can be determined only by tradition, and the recollection of those members who survive. It has been generally believed, that he was entitled to the credit of drafting the Constitution, aided only by the mass of materials, which the record of the resolutions and general proceedings of the Convention afforded him. A story had been long in circulation, that he was absent for several days during its session, and on returning, found his friends desponding and disheartened, in consequence of the differences and animosities, which threatened to produce an entire dissolution of the assembly; and that, on the following day, he urged the necessity of harmony and partial sacrifices of local interest and feeling, in order to restore it, with so much eloquence, that he attained his object, and the work went prosperously on. With the view of ascertaining the credit due to these stories, Mr. Sparks addressed a letter to Mr. Madison upon the subject. That gentleman stated in his reply, that the last anecdote, though correct in some of its particulars, had no substantial foundation. Mr. Morris did, in fact, return to the Convention at a critical period,

after a short absence; it was while the constitution of the Senate was the subject of debate; the principle of equal representation being warmly supported by the smaller States, and opposed with equal earnestness by the larger; but Mr. Morris was not an advocate of the compromise which was finally effected; and though he urged the necessity of union with his wonted ability, yet the topic had been already so much exhausted, and some of his ideas were so little relished, that his exertions could not have had much influence in producing the final result. In relation to the other subject of inquiry, Mr. Madison remarks, that 'the *finish* given to the style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belongs to the pen of Mr. Morris; the task having probably been handed over to him by the chairman of the committee, himself a highly respectable member, and with the ready concurrence of the others. A better choice could not have been made, as the performance of the task proved. It is true, that the state of the materials, consisting of a reported draft in detail, and subsequent resolutions accurately penned, was a good preparation for the symmetry and phraseology of the instrument; but there was sufficient room for the talent and taste, stamped by the author on the face of it. The alterations made by the committee are not recollected. They were not such, as to impair the merit of the composition.' It thus appears, by the liberal testimony of the venerable individual, to whom, perhaps, more than to any other man, we owe the blessings which the adoption of this great instrument has brought upon us, that the honor due to Gouverneur Morris, as the writer of our Constitution, is hardly inferior to that which belongs to Mr. Jefferson, as the author of the Declaration of our Independence. The task of both was rendered lighter, by the previous discussion of the subject, and the principles which others had defended and laid down; but after making all allowances, no ordinary share of honor still remains; and if it be the glory of the one, that he embodied in the most splendid and imposing form the principles which led our country on in the course of prosperity and triumph, it is equally the praise of the other, that he imparted symmetry and beauty to the structure reared by the united labors of many illustrious minds, which stands, like some majestic monument of ancient art, the example and wonder of the nations.

There is another circumstance, most honorable to the fra-

mers of our Constitution, which ought never to pass from the remembrance of Americans. It is well known, that the plan of government projected and proposed by Hamilton, differed essentially from that which was adopted. Every other member of the Convention had probably some favorite views of his own, which he found it necessary to surrender; in fact, the whole system was eventually established on the basis of compromise, and a liberal sacrifice of personal feelings and local interests to the universal good. Mr. Morris, for example, was desirous that the Senate should be composed of men of large property, who should hold their seats for life; and in order the more effectually to secure the object of rendering them in a measure independent on the popular will, that all vacancies in the body should be filled by the Executive. His purpose seems to have been,—to use an expression which he afterwards applied to the case of France,—to make Government, not a weathercock to show the direction of the hurricane, but a tower to resist its force. The expression is too strong to form a precise illustration of his views; but such in general was his theory; and it is not surprising, that where there was no experience to direct or modify their speculations, many patriots should have entertained sentiments at variance with those prevailing at the present day. But their love of country was stronger than their love of theory. No sooner was the Constitution framed, than they devoted all the resources of their ability and influence, to procure its adoption by the people. All former differences of sentiment were at once forgotten; the costliest of sacrifices, that of the pride of long cherished and deliberate opinion, was laid at once upon the altar. For some unexplained reason, which is supposed by his biographer to have been the multiplicity of his private occupations, Mr. Morris declined the invitation of Hamilton, to become one of the writers of the Federalist; but his exertions in support of the Constitution were very vigorous and effective. There is something manly in the way in which he speaks of it, in a letter addressed to a gentleman in France. 'I have many reasons to believe,' says he, 'that it was the work of plain honest men; and such, I think, it will appear. Faulty it must be, for what is perfect?' 'Should it take effect, the affairs of this country will put on a much better aspect than they have yet worn, and America will soon be as much respected abroad, as she has for some time past been disregarded.'

In 1788, Mr. Morris gratified his early inclination to visit Europe, and sailed for France. After a tedious passage, he reached his destination, and arrived in Paris at the time, when the series of events which terminated in the Revolution was in threatening and rapid progress. We may here mention, that during his long residence abroad, it was his custom to keep a full and minute diary of occurrences, from which his biographer has given so many interesting extracts, as to induce us to regret, that he could not favor us with more. Nothing could be more interesting, than the remarks of so keen and intelligent an observer, on the thousand objects of curiosity that met his eye; at a period, when, though all as yet was sunshine, the whole constitution of society in France was undergoing a most thorough and perplexing change. Mr. Morris was inclined, either from a prophetic anticipation of consequences, or from the associations which he formed immediately after his arrival, to look upon the gloomy side of the picture. His feelings were early enlisted in opposition to the revolutionary principle, and he regarded the plans of the moderate reformers as too revolutionary in their tendency; so that in the political and literary circles, into which his talent and reputation gave him immediate admission, he entered with the most ardent interest and zeal, into the schemes which were formed to counteract them. Owing to this, there was little cordiality between him and Lafayette, though they regarded each other with mutual respect, and there was no interruption of their intercourse. He appears to have interfered with as little scruple in the affairs of France at that time, as the European powers have since; and it is curious to remark, to what extent he was not unfrequently involved in them. The following extracts from his diary require no comment, and are interesting, as exhibiting his observation and judgment in regard to individuals, as well as political affairs.

'*March 27th*, 1789. At three, the Maréchal de Castries calls, and takes me to dine with Monsieur and Madame Necker. In the *salon* we found Madame. She seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat of the masculine in her character. A little before dinner, Monsieur enters. He has the look and manner of the counting-house, and being dressed in embroidered velvet, he contrasts strongly with his habiliments. His bow, his address, say, "I am the man." Our company is one half academicians. The Duchess of Biron, formerly Lauzun, is one. I observe that

M. Necker seems occupied by ideas, which rather distress him. He cannot, I think, stay in office half an hour, after the nation insists on keeping him there. He is now much harassed, and Madame receives continually *memoires* from different people; so that she seems as much occupied as he is. If he is really a very great man, I am deceived: and yet this is a rash judgment. If he is not a laborious man, I am also deceived.

'*April 20th.* If the Court should attempt now to recede, it is impossible to conjecture the event. The chiefs of the patriotic party have gone so far, that they cannot retreat with safety. If there be any real vigor in the nation, the prevailing party in the States-General may, if they please, overturn the monarchy itself, should the king commit his authority to a contest with them. The Court is extremely feeble, and the manners are so extremely corrupt, that they cannot succeed, if there be any consistent opposition, unless the whole nation be equally depraved. The probability, I think, is, that an attempt to retreat, at this late period of the business, would bring the Court into absolute contempt.

'*June 6th.* Dine with Mr. Jefferson. He has just received some news from America, where all is going on well. Sit pretty long at table and stay to tea. At ten go to sup with Madame de Flahaut, who is ill, but eats supper, and is of course much worse after having eaten. The States-General seem to approach a little more towards accommodation. The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) who is one of our company, and an intimate friend of Madame Flahaut, appears to me a sly, cool, cunning, ambitious, and malicious man. I know not why conclusions so disadvantageous to him are formed in my mind; but so it is, and I cannot help it.

June 23d. Go to Versailles and call on Monsieur de la Luzerne, but both he and his lady are out of town. Thence to Madame de Tessé's, who gives me a cordial reception, complaining, however, of my politics. The King has this day, in his *Séance royale*, pleased the nobility, and very much displeased the *Tiers*. I find it difficult to learn exactly what has passed, but it seems to me, that the nobility have less cause for exultation than they imagine. At dinner I sit next to Monsieur de Lafayette, who tells me that I injure the cause, for that my sentiments are continually quoted against the good party. I seize the opportunity to tell him, that I am opposed to the democracy from regard to liberty. That I see they are going headlong to destruction, and would fain stop them if I could. That their views respecting this nation are totally inconsistent with the materials of which it is composed; and that the worst thing which could happen, would be to grant their wishes. He tells me, that

he is sensible his party are mad, and tells them so, but is not the less determined to die with them. I tell him that it would be quite as well to bring them to their senses, and live with them.

'*Sept. 26th.* After dinner, Madame de Tessé having told her, [Madame de Staël] that I am *un homme d'esprit*, she singles me out and makes *a talk*. Asks if I have not written a book on the American Constitution,—"*Non, Madame, j'ai fait mon devoir en assistant á la formation de cette Constitution.*"—"*Mais, Monsieur, votre conversation doit être très intéressante, car je vous entends cité de toute part.*"—"*Ah, Madame, je ne suis pas digne de cet éloge.*"—How I lost my leg? It was unfortunately not in the military service of my country. "*Monsieur, vous avez l'air très imposant,*" and this is accompanied with that look, which, without being what Sir John Falstaff calls the "leer of invitation," amounts to the same thing.

'*November 3d.* This morning, at half past eight, the Bishop of Autun calls on me, and we breakfast. He tells me, that M. de Poix is to visit M. de Lafayette this morning, in order to make terms for Mirabeau. We talk a little about M. de Lafayette, his worth, and what he is worth. At nine, go to visit him.

'Lafayette asks the Bishop, what he thinks of a new ministry. He says, that nobody but M. Necker can sustain the famine and bankruptcy, which appear unavoidable. Lafayette asks, if he does not think it would be right to prepare a ministry for some months hence. The Bishop thinks it would. They discuss characters a little, and, as if *par hazard*, Lafayette asks, whether Mirabeau's influence in the assembly is great, to which the Bishop replies, that it is not enormous. The Bishop says, that he cannot think of a new ministry, unless it be entire. Lafayette agrees to this, and says, that in this moment the friends of liberty ought to unite, and to understand each other. At coming away, the Bishop observes, that Lafayette has no fixed plan, which is true.'

In January, 1790, Mr. Morris received credentials from General Washington as a private agent, for the transaction of important business with the British ministry. The situation of affairs in France was at this time, by no means favorable to the monarchy. The torrent of the Revolution was rolling so impetuously on, that no man might venture to arrest its progress. It was with almost expiring hope, that he addressed a note to the Queen before his departure, advising that the King should by no means place himself at the head of the Revolution, but suffer things to take their course; or in other words, should lash the helm, and trust to the mercy of the winds and current. He arrived at London in the following month. Some of the

stipulations of the treaty of peace had not yet been executed by England; particularly those, in which she engaged to make compensation for the negroes taken from the Southern States, and to surrender the fortified posts on the Western frontier. Mr. Morris was instructed to ascertain the intentions of the British Government on these points; and to inquire, whether they were disposed to enter into a commercial treaty with the United States, or intended to send a minister to America. No sooner had he arrived in London, than he communicated the objects of his mission in confidence, to the French minister at that court, M. de la Luzerne, in order that Congress might appear to take no steps relating to the treaty of peace, without the knowledge of their old ally; apparently overlooking the fact, that he had no authority to take any decisive measures, but merely to ascertain whether any could be taken. At all events, the communication did more credit to his frankness than his prudence; for M. de la Luzerne, thinking the secret far too valuable to be kept, contrived to persuade the British ministry, that the whole business originated with the court of France; and in this way it was made public in the United States, where, as will be seen presently, this openness of Mr. Morris operated greatly to his disadvantage. It is apparent, from various circumstances, that his ready penetration and knowledge of human nature, were not combined with that spirit of finesse, which distinguished the diplomacy of Europe at the time. As it happened, the mission was altogether fruitless. The British cabinet were yet uncertain whether they should be involved in war, and were willing to postpone any demonstrations of friendship towards this country, until our friendship should be of greater value to them. Shortly afterwards, when war with France came on, they entered on a course of amicable relations with the utmost alacrity.

After an absence of several months, Mr. Morris abandoned his ineffectual mission and returned to Paris. He there found the King seated upon a tottering throne, nearly at the mercy of the popular leaders; and he entered again with as much interest and zeal into the political divisions of the hour, as if he had had no other business to do. It is a curious indication of the activity of his mind, that he found time and inclination to attend to them, amidst the pressure of private occupations, growing out of a series of most extensive and perplexing commercial speculations, which were of themselves sufficient to engross all

the leisure and faculties of an ordinary man. A few extracts from his diary will exhibit the manner, in which he made the affairs of France his own.

'*Jan.* 25*th*, 1790. At three o'clock, go to dine with Madame de Staël, who is not yet come in. The Abbé Syèyes is here, and descants with much self-sufficiency on Government, despising all that has been said or sung on that subject before him; and Madame says, that his writings and opinions will form in politics a new era, as those of Newton in physics.

'*May* 1*st*. After dinner, I have a long conversation with M. de Montmorin, in the course of which I show him a note I have made on their situation. He begs me to let him have it, and I give it, but with the injunction, that none but their majesties shall know from whence it comes. I inform him of what has been done with the chiefs of the Jacobins. He tells me how the ministers stand in that respect. He assures me, that they can do nothing with the King, but through him.

'*May* 20*th*. Montmorin tells me, that he considers the assembly as finished, and this gives me a poor opinion of his sagacity. A few days ago, he was in trepidation, but now in a kind of security, both unfounded. He fears, however, yet, for the person of the King. He says that different people are urging him to do different things, but that he sees nothing to be done. I tell him to remain quiet, for the assembly are now doing every thing they can for the King, with the intention of doing every thing they can against him.

'*Oct.* 1*st*. Ask M. de Montmorin for my discourse, [prepared for the King to deliver on taking the oath to support the Constitution]. He promises on his honor to give it me. I desire him to give the King my letter about subsistence. That I care nothing for the event, but it is his duty to lay the matter before his majesty. I ask him, who made the King's speech, which is excellent. He assures me, that the ground-work is by the King himself. I desire him to make the King observe the difference of effect between this and the long stories, which they made him tell heretofore. He says that he has already done so.

'*Dec.* 14*th*. Inform the Minister of Marine,—M. de Molleville,—that I have prepared some notes on a Constitution to show him. He says he has sounded the King on the subject, who has commanded him to attend to it.

'*Dec.* 21*st*. The Bishop of Autun observes to me, that the Jacobins have not been able to raise a riot about their address. I tell him, that since the frolic at the *Champ de Mars*, there is little danger of riots, because the people are not very fond of them, when they find that death is a game which two can play at. He

says that the King is in wondrous high spirits, since his *vetos* have gone off easily, and that he will apply them every now and then. Poor King!

Jan. 22*d*, 1791. This morning prepare for my departure. Vic d'Azyr, the Queen's physician, comes in, and tells me that he has been to my lodgings at the request of her majesty, to desire, if I learn any thing in England interesting to them, that I would communicate it.'

The journey here alluded to, was on the occasion of a visit to London; where he had been but a few days, before he received intelligence of his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the court of France. This office was undoubtedly one, on which his wishes had long been fixed; but it was not obtained without serious opposition. His communication with the French Minister in London, which has been already mentioned; the ill-success attending his attempt at negotiation there; and, more than all, his hostility to the revolutionary principle, were urged against him with so much zeal, that his nomination was confirmed by the Senate only by a majority of five. General Washington thought it necessary, in a private letter, to intimate to him the propriety of greater circumspection; and his advice was not lost upon Mr. Morris. It is needless to say, that the charges brought against him, so far as they were well founded, involved no imputation upon his character; they only proved, that he occasionally overstepped the limits of prudence, while following the suggestions of his warm and independent feelings. From this time, he seems to have resolved to interfere no farther in French affairs, than his official duty might require; but he considered it as a part of that duty to secure the personal safety of the King, who was now divested even of the shadow of authority. A scheme was concerted between him and several others, for the removal of the royal family from Paris, and arrangements were made, which promised to ensure the success of the enterprise; but, on the morning fixed for their departure, the unfortunate monarch, no less irresolute in adversity than he had been feeble in his prosperous fortunes, renounced the project, and it was of necessity abandoned. He afterwards sent, however, his thanks to Mr. Morris for his counsels, expressing at the same time his deep regret that he had not followed them. But the fatal 10th of August came, when all farther aid was unavailing; indeed the personal situation of Mr. Morris was such, as completely to engross his

time and thoughts. The Girondists were sinking beneath the furious attacks of the Jacobins, though not yet wholly subject to their influence; but it cannot be supposed, that even the Girondists regarded the American Minister with a favorable eye. Mr. Short, his predecessor, had been instructed to negotiate loans to discharge a portion of our debt to France, and large sums were lying in the hands of the bankers of the United States in Holland, which might be devoted to that purpose. When Mr. Morris was accredited as Minister, the former gentleman considered his agency in this business at an end; but no instructions relating to the subject had been communicated to Mr. Morris. It was, however, agreed between them, that a payment should be made. Before this could be done, the King was suspended, and the old government destroyed. By the advice of Mr. Morris, Mr. Short, notwithstanding his doubts of the propriety of such a measure, was induced to complete the payment of the amount in question, to the French Executive Council; but the transaction was so far from meeting with the approbation of our Government, that they ordered all further payments to be at once suspended. The Executive Council were anxious to induce our Government to pay an additional portion of this debt in the United States, to be expended in purchasing provisions for the inhabitants of St. Domingo; a part of it having been already paid in this manner. This was objected to by Mr. Morris, on the ground of his want of authority, an objection, which was treated by the Council as idle and evasive; and their tone at length became so violent and insulting, that he was induced to demand his passports, with the view of leaving the country. Finding their menaces ineffectual, they at length wrote him a letter, which was designed as an apology, and his intention was relinquished. But violence and insult were reduced to system, by the French Government of that eventful period. Depredations were continually made upon our commerce, of which the Minister was compelled to complain and demand reparation, without success. In addition to this neglect of the Government of France, he was harassed with the murmurs of our own citizens, to whom he was unable to afford any effectual aid. The Republic at length solicited his recall, by way of indemnity for that of Citizen Genet, which the extravagances of that original diplomatist had compelled our own Government to demand. The request was, from motives of policy, complied with by Washing-

ton. Mr. Sparks is of opinion, that Mr. Morris was not particularly gratified with this proceeding, as no complaint of any description had been previously urged against him, and he had certainly conducted himself with great firmness and dignity under very difficult circumstances; but the portions of his diary and correspondence, which are given in these volumes, express no other feeling than that of satisfaction, at being relieved from a harassing and thankless office.

It was his first intention to return to the United States; but he altered this determination, and passed the seven following years in Europe, fixing his residence for the most part at Altona, but travelling often to visit the most interesting courts and countries. We are not at liberty to follow him in all his various journeys, and must confine ourselves to a few brief extracts from his diary, to give some impression of the manner in which he spent this portion of his life. There are one or two circumstances, however, which present his character in a light so favorable, that we cannot suffer them to pass unnoticed. Lafayette, as every one knows, when the Constitutional party in France had been borne down by the violence of the Jacobins, attempted to find refuge in flight, and was thrown into the prison of Olmutz. This happened before Mr. Morris was recalled; and it need hardly be said, that he forgot all former differences of sentiment, in his anxiety for the welfare of his old and valued friend, and used all the exertions in his power to procure his release. He prepared a letter to be addressed by Madame de Lafayette to the King of Prussia, in which he vainly appealed to those sentiments of magnanimity and honor, which this monarch might, by courtesy, be supposed to possess; directed the banker of the United States to forward to the distinguished prisoner the sum of ten thousand florins, for the payment of which he made himself responsible; and loaned to Madame de Lafayette one hundred thousand livres, from his private fortune. When this lady was brought to Paris and imprisoned, he interested himself warmly in her behalf. He was, however, just retiring from his office, and his efforts were ineffectual to procure her release, though they seem to have partially relieved the horrors of her captivity, and were rewarded by her warm and lasting gratitude. Afterwards, during his visit to Vienna, he endeavored, through Lord Grenville, to interest the British Government in favor of the liberation of Lafayette himself, but in vain. He had received satisfactory assurances, that their intercession would not prove unavailing.

Early in the Revolution, Mr. Morris had been intimately acquainted with the family of Orleans, who were afterwards involved in poverty and distress. He was in Hamburg, when the intelligence of the destitute situation of the Duke, the present King of the French, was communicated to him by a mutual friend. He immediately sent him money to defray the expenses of his journey to that place; and finding him desirous of visiting the United States, offered him every assistance his resources would allow. The Duke, however, altered his intention, and wandered for some time in Europe, until his funds were completely exhausted. Mr. Morris then relieved him, by placing to his credit the sum of fifteen hundred pounds in London; and, on learning that he had resolved to visit this country, gave him an unlimited credit on his bankers, during the whole period of his residence here. This liberal and active friendship was deeply felt and acknowledged. In a letter addressed to him in 1795, Louis Philippe says, 'It is impossible to feel more than I do, the lively concern which you are so kind as to take in my fate; and I pray you to receive my assurances of the very ardent and sincere affection, with which you inspire me.'

On the occasion of a visit to London, he says in his diary:

'*July* 15, 1795. This morning at ten, I visit Mr. Pitt. I tell him that, as I presume Lord Grenville has given him the purport of our conversation, it will be best that he should ask me questions. He does so, and I reply to them. Our interview is long, and he is much satisfied with it. I recommend earnestly sending some man with the Count D'Artois, to prevent him from doing foolish things. Ask the parole of Piquet's sons, which he promises, and to pay them £50 a-piece. He asks me my ideas respecting a future Constitution of France, which I avoid giving as much as possible. Some points, however, are examined.'

'*November* 25. Dress and go to Lord Grenville's office; thence to Court. Lord Grenville arrives late. Am presented to the King, who takes me at first for an Englishman; and not recollecting me, says, "You have been a good while in the country." We set him right, and Lord Grenville tells his Majesty, that I was not liked by the ruling powers of France. "I suppose Mr. Morris is too much attached to regular government." "Yes, Sir; and if your Majesty would send thither your discontented subjects, it would do them much good." "Well, if you'll contrive it for me, I give my hearty consent." Lord Grenville adds, "There are enough of them, Sir." "Oh, aye, quite enough." "I can give your Majesty good news

from the Continent," says Lord Grenville, "General Clairfait is still following the French." "And I, Sir, can give you a piece of intelligence, which I am sure will be agreeable. I am informed from unquestionable authority, that all the lower orders of people in Holland are strongly attached to the Stadtholder." "Ah! that's good" (with surprise). "Sir, they have always been so." "Then it is only the aristocratic party which is against him?" "Just so, Sir." "Pray, Mr. Morris, what part of America are you from?" "I am from near New York, Sir; I have a brother, who has the honor to be a Lieutenant-General in your Majesty's service." "Ah! what, you're a brother of General Morris? Yes, I think I see a likeness. But you're much younger?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, and how does your brother do? He's at Plymouth, is n't he?" I afterwards see a petition presented to the King upon his throne, from the University at Oxford.'

Mr. Morris thus relates his interview with the King of Prussia, at Berlin.

'*February* 17, 1797. I go to Court. The Queen points out to me a young Mademoiselle Reidesel, who was born in America, and christened America. She is a fine girl, and when she comes down the dance, I tell her in presence of her Majesty, that I reclaim my countrywoman. After some time, the King speaks to me, and, when on the subject of America, I tell him, that if the French persist in their present conduct, and drive us to extremities, Spain will not retain an inch of ground in the new world. That his Majesty has a direct interest in such events, and a considerable one. But a ball-room is not a fitting place to discuss such subjects. On the finances of Great Britain, I repeated (as having already mentioned it to his ministers,) that the resources of that country are immense. Upon which he observes, that they were so much the more to blame for having attempted to tax us; and this it was, which led to what I have already noted. After some trifling things, I tell him that I have just seen his best friend. He asks who? and, to his great surprise, I reply, the Emperor. He speaks of him well, personally; and I observe that he is a very honest young man; to which his Majesty replies by asking, '*Mais, que pensez vous de Thugut?*" "*Quant a cela, c'est une autre affaire, Sire.*" I had stated the interest, which makes him and the Emperor good friends, to be their mutual apprehensions from Russia. "But suppose we all three unite?" "*Ce sera un diable de fricasée, Sire, si vous vous mettez tous les trois à casser les œufs.*" On the subject of Austria, I tell him they would do very well, if he would lend them a few of his generals. *Mais nous en avons besoin pour nous memes.*" "*Pas à present, Sire, vous êtes en paix.*" He finds that, if this conversation continues, he may commit himself, and so pauses.'

We must pass more rapidly over the events of Mr. Morris's later years. He returned to his native country in the winter of 1798, and fixed his residence at his beautiful domain of Morrisania; having formed the resolution, which has been formed and broken by thousands before him, never again to embark on the tempestuous ocean of politics. Here he employed himself in embellishing his grounds, and erecting a new and elegant mansion, until he was elected by the Legislature of New York to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States, when his previous determination was at once abandoned. Before he took his seat, he exhibited his forensic skill in a celebrated cause in Albany, in opposition to Hamilton, and came off with credit from the encounter; though the ardor of the conflict occasioned a temporary suspension of their friendly intercourse. He arrived in Washington, while the contest for the Presidency between Mr. Jefferson and Burr was going on. His political prepossessions were in unison with those of the federal party; but in this instance he differed from them, on the ground, that the public sentiment was evidently favorable to the election of Mr. Jefferson. On the subject of the Louisiana treaty, also, his views were opposed to those of his political friends; but in general, he took an active and very decided part against the measures of the administration; and much of his traditional reputation rests upon his eloquent and powerful speeches against the repeal of the Judiciary Act of 1799. His term of office expired in 1803. From this time, it may be said of his political opinions, that they did not differ very essentially from those of Mr. Ames. He looked upon the course of our national affairs as full of peril; but his temperament was not, like that of our eminent fellow-citizen, inclined to gloom; and amidst all his anticipations of evil, there prevailed a tone of encouragement and hope. He was married in 1816, to Miss Randolph, of Virginia. It was impossible, however, for a mind like his to remain inactive, though withdrawn from any share in the management of political affairs. For the last six years of his life, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the task of establishing the communication between the river Hudson and lake Erie, the execution of which he was not fortunate enough to see. Many have believed, that he was the first suggester of this great enterprise; so says his biographer, and brings many interesting facts to justify the assertion. They certainly prove, that he is

entitled to share the honors of that distinguished man, to whom the completion of this magnificent work is commonly attributed. He was thus engaged in the most useful public labors, enjoying at the same time the exercise of liberal hospitality, and the means of comfort which an ample fortune could afford him, until a sudden illness, on the 6th of November, 1816, put a period to his long and valuable life.

The person of Mr. Morris is described by his biographer as well-proportioned and commanding. His features were regular and expressive; and his manners dignified and easy. The traits of his intellectual character may perhaps be most properly inferred, from a contemplation of the sphere in which he acted. It would obviously have been allowed to no inferior mind, at a period when the powers are hardly ripened into maturity, to stand in the foremost rank of that remarkable assemblage of powerful understandings and manly hearts, who guided our country's destinies in its darkest hours. No man could have been the intimate and familiar friend of Washington, and Hamilton, and Jay, and Jefferson, throughout that long period of difficulty and danger, in whose ability as well as moral qualities, their fullest confidence could not be properly reposed. But this is not the only basis, on which his reputation for talent is to rest. Our imperfect delineation of his public labors has sufficiently shown, and the narrative of Mr. Sparks shows still more clearly, that his mind was of a superior order. Its grasp was vigorous, keen, and comprehensive; its decisions were rapid and unhesitating. If there were any infirmity about it, it was that of too much quickness in forming its conclusions, and of too confident reliance upon its own real power. But this confidence was generally justified by the result; and the only wonder is, that with his vivid imagination, and almost enthusiastic feeling, it did not betray him more frequently into error. He plunged at once into the mysterious labyrinth of our disordered finances, when many of the boldest spirits were disheartened by the intricacies of the way, and when the subject was not familiar, as it is now. It required talent to trace its perplexities, and independence to bring them to the light. The complicated relations of our country with other nations were comprehended by none more clearly, than by him; his speculations upon the motives and policy of the cabinets of Europe were always intelligent, and generally just; and he possessed that knowledge of human character, and that sagacity

to penetrate the secret thought through the disguised countenance, which, had they been unaccompanied by abruptness of manner, and indifference to others, would have left him without many rivals as a diplomatist and statesman. It was not so with his literary taste. His writings on political subjects were full of sententiousness and vigor; but that portion of them which may be regarded as purely literary,—among which, his oration on the Restoration of the Bourbons is most generally known,—were not unfrequently disfigured by false ornament, and an ambitious brilliancy of style, which he appears to have borrowed from the French writers. It was the senate and the bar, to which his eloquence was best adapted; there, he forgot the propensity to be elegant in the importance of his subject. There were not many orators of his time, who surpassed him in the proper qualities of legislative argument and forensic controversy.

We are indebted to Mr. Sparks, for the following apparently impartial delineation of his moral qualities.

'His acute powers of mind, a thorough consciousness of his own strength, and his quick sense of the ridiculous, joined to a lofty independence of thought, often betrayed him into a forwardness of manner, a license of expression, and an indulgence of his humor, little suited to soothe the pride, or flatter the vanity, or foster the self-love, or win the esteem of those about him. He might dazzle by his genius, surprise by his novel flights of fancy, amuse by his wit, and confound by his arguments, and thus extort the tribute of admiration, but fail in gaining the willing applause of love. No man was better acquainted with the forms and etiquette of society, none had moved more widely in the circles of fashion and rank, or examined with a keener scrutiny the deep fountains of the human passions, or knew better how to touch the springs of men's motives, yet this rare intuition, this more rare experience, and this great knowledge, did little towards modifying the tendencies of his nature, or diverting the first bent of his mind. He was sometimes overbearing in conversation. At any rate, when he spoke, he expected to be heard. There is an anecdote illustrative of this point. At a breakfast table, he was in close conversation with a gentleman, to whose harangue he had listened patiently, till it was his turn to reply. He began accordingly, but the gentleman was inattentive, and a bad listener. "Sir," said Mr. Morris, "if you will not attend to my argument, I will address myself to the tea-pot," and went on with much animation of tone and gesture, till he had finished his replication.

'But this defect, after all, was only a spot on the surface. It did not penetrate the substance, nor taint any interior feeling. It was in fact no more than the excess of some of the higher qualities, not duly balanced by others, which are little valued or esteemed. It was independence, frankness, self-respect, without the usual mixture of cautious reserve, forbearance, and timidity. It was boldness without hypocrisy, confidence without fear, and dignity without dissimulation. It did not touch the heart. The noble and generous virtues bloomed luxuriantly, and bore rich and abundant fruit. It marred no principle. Justice, truth, charity, integrity, honor, held an uncontrolled empire in his soul, and never lost their influence or authority.

We have already expressed our opinion of the manner, in which Mr. Sparks has executed his task; but we are bound in justice to go farther, and to say, that our limits have prevented us from giving a very accurate idea of the interest attached to his narrative. Some very interesting topics of inquiry, which he has illustrated with much fulness of curious detail, are wholly unnoticed here. In fact, our observations have been confined exclusively to the first volume, which contains the biography of Mr. Morris. The two others are devoted to selections from his correspondence, together with some of his other writings; among which are three of his speeches in the Senate of the United States, an address to the Assembly of Pennsylvania on the abolition of the Bank of North America, and his Notes on the form of a Constitution for France. We could wish to set before our readers some specimens of the correspondence, because, though almost wholly of a political character, it is full of interest, and displays very clearly some of the most striking characteristics of the author's mind. But we must refer our readers to the work itself: assuring them, that they will derive both profit and pleasure from the perusal. Our object has only been, without adverting to any topics of controversy, or attempting any critical investigations, to give them some particulars of the life of a distinguished man, who has never before received the measure of attention, which may justly be considered as his due.

ART. VII.—*Barber on Elocution.*

A Grammar of Elocution, containing the Principles of the Arts of Speaking and Reading; illustrated by appropriate Exercises and Examples. By JONATHAN BARBER. New-Haven. 1830.

For some years past, there appears to have been a growing conviction of the importance of discovering and exhibiting the principles of impressive delivery, in order to its more general attainment. This conviction has led to several publications in this country and England. Steele, Sheridan, Walker, and some others, have done much in aid of the object; not indeed by an actual development of the principles of a just, graceful and forcible elocution; but by useful hints, and by leading succeeding writers to perceive what deficiencies must be supplied, what redundancies curtailed, and what crude and misty conceptions elucidated. In these respects, Dr. Porter's 'Analysis of Rhetorical Delivery' is an improvement upon all the efforts of his predecessors. It has, however, these defects, to mention no others;—it does not analyze speech into its elements; and where its instructions are in the main correct, it is not sufficiently precise and definite, to satisfy him who seeks the exact limits of his author's meaning.

The most successful attempt to exhibit the true elements of speech, and to impart well defined and precise ideas on the subject, is the one made by Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1827, in a work, entitled 'The Philosophy of the Human Voice.' The work named at the head of this article, modestly professes to be 'fruit gathered from this vine.' Dr. Rush has observed and recorded facts in relation to voice and speech, in a profound and original manner. Other writers have analyzed sentences into members and words; but he has analyzed speech itself; and has shown, not the integral elements of sentences, but the vocal elements of syllables, and even of letters. Preceding writers appear to have supposed, that the musical staff was useful only to measure the intervals in the voice of song; Dr. Rush has shown it to be also capable of measuring those in the voice of speech.

Dr. Rush's work, however, does not fill the vacancy, which was most obvious among the works on this subject; though, perhaps, but for that production, the vacancy, referred to would

not now have been filled. His work is, as it professes to be, on the philosophy of the human voice. It was not designed to be a manual, for the practical purposes of elementary instruction in the art of speaking; but it supplied the basis and principal materials for such a manual, which Dr. Barber has since published.

Dr. Barber has endeavored, as his preface informs us, to adapt the whole of his work to the purposes of teaching. From the work itself, indeed, we should judge that it was primarily intended as a manual, for the use of such persons as might come under the author's own personal instruction. It has, however, received so large a measure of his effort to render it, in its details, lucid to others, as to be highly valuable to the laborious and philosophical solitary student.

On the importance, and at the same time, the extreme rarity of a truly distinct articulation, Dr. Barber makes some just and discriminating observations. He exhibits the elements of articulation; which he divides into two classes,—vowel and consonant elements. Persevering practice upon these, till the organs, which produce them, effect the necessary changes of position with rapidity, precision, and energy, is considered by this author as indispensable. By 'elements' of articulation, he means, not vowels and consonants, of which syllables are formed; but vocal elements, audible sounds,—two or three of which are often found in a single syllable, of as many letters.

The importance which Dr. Barber attaches to a complete conquest over the difficulties of articulation, may be best learned by a short quotation from his work; and it derives additional weight from the fact, that he is himself a highly accomplished and popular lecturer on Elocution.

'Reading books on elocution, and receiving directions in lectures, have been already tried long enough; and tried in vain. Practice; practice upon a series of elementary tables of the primitive sounds of speech, and their varied combinations, is the only remedy. We therefore advise, that no pupil be ever permitted to proceed to reading or declamation, until distinctness of utterance is ensured by repeated exercises on elementary sounds.' p. 16.

To facilitate the practice on which Dr. Barber so strenuously insists, he has given two tables of elementary sounds;—one of vowel sounds, containing seventeen; the other of the sounds of consonants, containing twenty-nine. On these forty-

six elements alone, in their perfect utterance, depends that very important part of just and elegant elocution,—distinct and faultless articulation.

The vowel elements are considered in the following particulars; 'their particular structure,' 'their explosive power,' and 'their capability of prolongation.' What Dr. Barber terms the 'explosive power of the vowel elements,' is a subject which, *á priori*, we should have been likely to pronounce necessarily unintelligible upon paper, or without an oral illustration. But we take pleasure in acknowledging, that such a sentence would have been premature. It is unquestionably difficult to present on paper, such a view of a subject which is appreciable, in its full extent, only by the ear, as shall be intelligible to the mind, and to give such instructions for the generation of sounds, as shall enable him who reads to produce them; and Dr. Barber is entitled to the praise of having performed this difficult task. He has thus shown himself to be possessed of analytical and descriptive talents, which, being directed to the improvement of the work before us, will greatly enhance its value, when it shall pass to a second edition.

The recitation on consonant elements contains several useful tables; the most remarkable and valuable of which is one, which presents these elements in their various combinations; and opposite to each, in the same line, a word, in which the combination of elements, as exhibited, is found. It could scarcely be expected, that such a table should be absolutely perfect in its details. This in truth is not so: but careful observation will enable the author to bring it near perfection; and the next edition will probably exhibit it in a more complete state. This recitation terminates with a collection of sentences, for the purpose of exercise in articulation, in which most of the combinations in the table are found. These sentences may be styled the gymnasium of articulation.—The general considerations presented in the fourth recitation, which treats of voice, in its properties of quality, abruptness, force, time, and pitch, constitute definitions of these several properties, to which there is frequent necessity for recurrence, in the subsequent parts of the volume. Such a study, therefore, of this recitation, as will ensure perfect familiarity with the subject, is indispensable to him who would reap all the advantage attainable by its perusal. It would occupy more of our space than can be thus appropriated, if we should transcribe these

general considerations, which would be injured by an attempt to abridge them. We therefore refer the reader to the volume itself, with a single remark on 'quality of voice.' By 'quality of voice,' is meant that peculiarity by which individuals are recognised and distinguished, when we hear without seeing them; for each has not only his own degree of the several properties of voice, viz. depth, fulness, smoothness, sweetness, and strength, or their opposites, but his own peculiar modification of that degree; so that no two persons can naturally exhibit the same 'quality of voice.'

In his recitation on the slide of the voice, Dr. Barber has presented us with a practical demonstration of Dr. Rush's theory, that the slides of the voice in speech are as measurable by the musical staff, as in song. He does, we think, demonstrate to every attentive reader who will make the experiments he describes, that these slides are those of a tone, a third, a fifth, and an octave; and also, in what cases these several movements, or slides, are properly and expressively employed, whether ascending or descending.

Scarcely any of the uses of voice is more important to solemn and dignified delivery, than power over the quantity of vocal elements. Without such a power, indeed, it is impossible that a speaker should so deliver himself, whatever may be his subject, as to leave an impression of its solemnity and dignity on the minds of his hearers. There are, in the human voice, as its Creator has constituted it, certain symbols of the emotions of mind. If, therefore, solemnity, arising from the nature of the subject he is discussing, pervade the speaker's mind, the Author of our being has furnished the voice with the means of propagating through his audience the same solemnity. To produce this effect, however, these very means must be employed, and not others instead of them. Now one of the most important of these means, is lengthened quantity in vocal elements. If, therefore, in the words which these elements constitute, extended quantity be not employed, the speaker, however eloquent, would fail in producing the emotion which he desires to propagate.

The immortal German bard, Handel, well understood the power of quantity in vocal elements. An examination of his works will prove, that wherever the sentiment he desired to harmonize is solemn, he has employed words to convey it, the elements of which are capable of extended quantity; and

where the syllables possess this capacity, he has concurred with nature, by setting them to long, rather than short notes. One example may suffice to prove the truth of this remark. The sentiment of the song of the heavenly choir in 'To the Cherubim,' is singularly solemn, and the words are admirably adapted to convey the sentiment. A majority of the syllables admit of long drawn time; and the composer has availed himself of this natural capacity of the syllables, and has adapted them to notes of lengthened duration. Many of the syllables are, in the voice of song, capable of indefinite extension; and he has accordingly adapted them to notes or strains of considerable length. The movement of the song is rather slow, and in this slow movement, he never adapts a long syllable or element to a short note; and sometimes extends such a syllable through two, three, and even five measures on a single element. And this is not accident, but the result of design, for he never dwells on a short syllable, throughout the song. There is doubtless as wide a difference between the laws, as between the voices of speech and song; but this feature is common to both;—that dignity and solemnity are expressed by grave movements, and these are made by extended duration on the individual syllables or notes which constitute them. It was a delicate instinct or rather inspiration of nature, which taught the composer to lengthen the notes to which long syllables were adapted, when he designed to express solemnity of sentiment; and the same inspiration will teach the reader or speaker, under similar circumstances, to give long quantity to similar syllables. How destitute of solemnity must have been the character of the strain, had the words 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' been set in a rapid movement to semiquavers! Yet not more so, than if, in reading them, the same words were uttered in that short quantity which is heard in the utterance of the imaginary sentence, 'Rapid inundation,' 'Holy, Holy, Holy.' Now what is it, which has deprived these words of all their solemnity? It is simply divesting them of that symbol of this quality, with which our Creator has enabled us to clothe them, and dressing them in a garb adapted to the expression of another and an opposite sentiment. Short quantity and rapid enunciation, associated with such words, are obviously out of their proper place.

Yet let it not be supposed, that in order to grave and dignified delivery, all the open vowels are to be indefinitely

lengthened. This would be intolerable affectation, and would infallibly create disgust. We say there can be no impressive delivery, without power over quantity in open vowels; but to lengthen indefinitely all such vowels, would be such an abuse of the power as nature does not prompt, and therefore the ear would not endure. In this as in other things, 'wisdom is profitable to direct;' and here the value of Dr. Barber's work is perceived. It contains the precepts of this wisdom; it leads the speaker or reader to perceive the importance of acquiring this power over quantity, the means of acquiring it, the proper places for employing it, and the various kinds of sentiment, to the expression of which the several modifications of quantity are adapted; and may thus be no inconsiderable auxiliary in the formation and improvement of style. On this part of his subject, as on others, Dr. Barber has made successful efforts to produce a practical work. We have said, that the inspirations of nature will lead the reader or speaker to the proper use of quantity; but these inspirations are imparted only to distinguished genius. Must good speaking then be confined to such? The book before us is an answer to this question. In it, the connexion between the right use of extended quantity and just and impressive delivery is intelligibly exhibited, not merely to the favored child of genius, but to any man of sound common sense; such a man is shown where and how to employ it. With this book in his hand, and with patient and persevering effort and diligent study, unless prevented by absolute organic defects, he will attain a high degree of perfection in delivery.

The recitation on the 'measure of speech' is highly interesting and important. It is interesting, as it developes physiological facts relative to the structure of the organs of speech, which demonstrate the wisdom and goodness of the Author of our being; and it is important, inasmuch as by a knowledge of these facts, the art of public speaking may be practised to a great extent, through a long series of years and with great energy, not only without prejudice to health, but with an evident tendency to its preservation. No abridgement of this recitation can do justice to its author. We shall therefore not attempt one; but content ourselves with simply recommending to every speaker, who is concerned for the preservation of his health and the continuance of his usefulness, to give it more than one careful perusal. If this recommendation be received,

and public speakers will regard those physiological laws to which delivery is subject, we shall less frequently be pained by hearing, that men, on whose lips delighted multitudes hung, are withdrawn from their labors, or find an early tomb.

The recitation on emphasis comprises that portion of the work before us, which exhibits the combination of the several elements of just and elegant elocution, or the use of the orator's working tools. 'Nothing,' observes this writer, 'will demonstrate more clearly the importance of elementary investigation, than the fact, that all those powers of the voice which it has enabled us to record, are employed in emphasis, sometimes singly, but oftener in combination.' This recitation is accordingly devoted to an exhibition of the several kinds of emphasis, or, which is the same thing, to a collection of passages from writers of prose and poetry, in the reading or delivery of which, the recorded powers of voice are severally put in requisition.

This author commends himself to our esteem, by the good sense and candor, which are discoverable in the recitation on the analysis of written language. He does not pretend, that even a perfect acquaintance with all the rules he has given, can render every person who may become familiar with them a good reader or speaker; but insists, indirectly indeed, but with sufficient plainness, on the necessity of intellect in the pupil who would succeed. Elocution is the art of delineating by the voice the special relations of thought, which existed in the mind of an author; but no one can delineate, who cannot discover them. The discovery of these relations constitutes the intellectual portion of the art; and a thorough discovery of them, especially in writing of a superior order, requires very nice and rigid analysis. Dr. Barber gives no rules for this, because his own reflection, and his examination of the efforts made by others in this department, have shown him the uselessness of such labor. He rouses the energy of the student by assuring him, that analysis is necessary. He shows by a few examples how it may be effected, and leaves him to acquire for himself the art of analysis, by time and practice. 'This,' he observes, 'is all that is necessary for the intelligent, and the dull would be more troubled by multifarious rules and exceptions, than by the difficulties which they seek to avert. Let the elements of an art be fairly unfolded, and a few conspicuous instances of their practical application afforded, and moderate ingenuity will effect the

rest. The right use of elements in other instances is only a proper exercise of individual ability, and comes by a little practice.'

The recitation on 'improvement of the voice' demands most seriously the attention of public speakers. From inattention to this particular, many, whose intellectual stores furnish ample materials for delighting and instructing large assemblies, accomplish little more than to mortify and grieve them by the unsuccessful effort to be heard. The beginnings of their sentences are found to give unequivocal evidence, that 'thoughts that breathe' exist in the speaker's mind, but in the closing members of those periods, the symbols of those thoughts,—their words,—pervade not half the area they are designed to fill; and the wearied and impatient hearer abandons in despair the effort to catch them. This evil calls loudly for a remedy, and the recitation we are noticing affords it. We recommend to public speakers its perusal, and the adoption of the discipline which it prescribes.

The fifteenth recitation is on 'the application of vocal elements, in expressing emotion.' This, and the following one on 'the defects of delivery,' are valuable portions of the work; but they are such as call for little observation. They cannot be read without the conviction that they contain valuable information, and that the latter describes graphically the characteristic defects of nearly all the faulty speakers, within the circle of our acquaintance.

In the seventeenth and last recitation is found a series of questions, designed to aid in criticising a public speaker, which may be said to embody a synopsis of the work before us, or rather of the *beau ideal* of elocution. Every excellence and defect in delivery is brought under review in them; and he who stands approved after passing the ordeal of such an investigation, must be a very accomplished speaker.

In taking our leave of this work, we may be permitted to congratulate its author on the satisfactory manner in which he has performed a service hitherto unattempted, and by many persons deemed impossible,—that of presenting to the world a work on the important science of delivery, which is philosophical in its character, and intelligible and lucid in its details. For the philosophical character of the present work, the author acknowledges himself indebted to Dr. Rush; but the praise of having made a practical application of Dr. Rush's

theory to the art of elocution, is certainly his own. His work, however, as we have before intimated, is not a faultless production. We have mentioned some particulars in which it is susceptible of improvement, and we will venture to suggest another. It would be greatly improved, if it were less concise in the few last recitations. These recitations contain a sketch indeed of his meaning, and one which he can himself fill up to advantage in the lecture-room; but solitary students are not satisfied with a sketch. The picture should be at least filled up, if it be left without that warmth and life, with which the coloring of his pencil is capable of investing it; or, to change the figure, while we acknowledge the fitness of the several parts of the skeleton to each other, and admire the wisdom displayed in their combination and arrangement, we must contend, that a more attractive object of contemplation would have been presented, had it been clothed with flesh, even if it had wanted that breath of life, with which, if he chose, the author could inspire it.

ART. VIII.—*Bryant's Poems.*

Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New-York. Elam Bliss. 1832.

Though Mr. Bryant's poems have been admired, quoted, and circulated in the newspapers from Maine to Florida, for at least ten years, he has never collected them until now. A complete edition of them has long been expected and wished for. The productions of his pen have been always sought with avidity. Yet with modesty equal to his merit, he has distrusted the breath of popular applause, and has declined the place which properly belongs to him in the literature of the country. We are gratified to find, that he has at last complied with the demand, which the public had a right to make.

Bryant is not a first-rate poet; but he has great power, and is original in his way. In saying this, we do not mean to be understood, that he has struck out an entirely new path. Others before him have sung the beauties of creation, and the greatness of God; but no one ever observed external things more closely, or transferred his impressions to paper in more

vivid colors. A violet becomes, in his hands, a gem fit to be placed in an imperial diadem; a mountain leads his eyes to the canopy above it. The woods, the hills, the flowers,—whatever, in short, is his subject, is brought before our eyes with a fidelity of delineation, and a brightness of coloring, which the actual pencil cannot rival. The picture is always finished to the minutest particular. Take, for an example of his accuracy in description, the following lines from 'The Rivulet,' which, it is but just to say, are not even a fair specimen of his powers.

> 'Years change thee not. Upon yon hill,
> The tall old maples, verdant still,
> Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
> How swift the years have passed away,
> Since first, a child, and half afraid,
> I wandered in the forest shade.
> Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
> Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
> And sporting with the sands that pave
> The windings of thy silver wave,
> And dancing to thy own wild chime,
> Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
> The same sweet sounds are in my ear,
> My early childhood loved to hear;
> As pure thy limpid waters run,
> As bright they sparkle in the sun;
> As fresh and thick the bending ranks
> Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
> The violet there, in soft May-dew,
> Comes up, as modest and as blue;
> As green, amid thy current's stress,
> Floats the scarce rooted water-cress;
> And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
> Still chirps as merrily as then.'

We have selected this passage, not for its particular merit, for in truth, it is inferior to the greater part of the book, but to shew what a true poet can make of an insignificant subject. For greater ones, Mr. Bryant has a nobler language. He has communed with Nature in all her 'visible forms,' and understands her, whether she whispers in the breeze, or speaks in the storm. There is a very beautiful description of a forest in winter after a rain; but it has been so often noticed, that we need not copy it. 'Summer Wind,' 'Autumn Woods,' and

the lines written 'After a Tempest,' are among the best of many excellent pieces of this kind. We give the following extract from 'Monument Mountain,' as a specimen of our author's best manner.

'There is a precipice,
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement;
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs;
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning from that huge grey wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thy ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side,
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.'

The scene thus beautifully described is in the valley of the Housatonic, in the township of Great Barrington, in Massachusetts. An Indian woman leaped from the precipice, to cure herself of the tender passion. There is a cliff somewhere on the Mississippi, which has been made memorable by a similar occurrence.

To equal, if not excel Thomson, in his own department of literature, would be distinction enough for any one man; but his excellence in descriptive poetry is not Mr. Bryant's chief merit. The bent of his mind is essentially contemplative. He

loves to muse in solitude, in the depths of the forest, and on the high places of the hills. Whatever is great, whatever is fair, is felt by him as soon as seen. His thoughts go beyond external appearances, to dwell upon things not visible to common mortals. To him, the streams are subjects for meditation; the fruits of the soil teach him a lesson of gratitude to their Giver; the great things of the earth suggest to him the immensity of the whole, of which they are parts; the starry heavens tell him of the power and magnificence of their Creator. His thoughts are natural and simple, seldom commonplace, and often sublime; yet his great conceptions are never abrupt and startling. He owes little to books, and hence his ideas are not marked by the technicality of any of the schools of poetry. His course, like the course of nature, whose poet he emphatically is, is even and steady. There is nothing dazzling, no concentrated fire, no 'word that burns,' in his writings. His verse never makes the cheek glow, and the veins tingle. He is never carried out of sight of common sense by his imagination. His strength is never impetuous, his boldness never extravagant. He is pensive, but not sad, or even melancholy. He is too much of a philosopher to entertain visions of gloom. The evil experience of the past leads him to hope and expect better for the future. When the good and wise take their final departure, the thought that they leave the heirs of their wisdom and virtue behind them, consoles him. Death is, in his eyes, a deliverer, sent by God to relieve the wretched and to strike down the arm of the oppressor. The 'Hymn to Death' is one of the noblest sermons that were ever written. There is as much poetry in 'The Old Man's Funeral,' as in any poem of equal length, which we remember to have read, and a great deal more practical wisdom.

There have been greater poets than Mr. Bryant. He cannot crowd so many brilliant thoughts into the same compass, as Shakespeare could. He cannot harrow up the soul or appeal to the darker feelings like Byron. He cannot change from grave to gay. He has no versatility of talent; but he knows the exact extent of his powers, and never attempts any thing for which he is not qualified. He never strains after effect, like some we could mention, or fails as they do. The fact is highly honorable to him. 'Know thyself,' is a lesson too hard for most minds. Mr. Bryant has learned it.

The first of Bryant's productions,—excepting some juvenile attempts,—which fixed the attention of the public, was 'The Ages,' a poem of thirty-five Spenserian stanzas. It was delivered in 1821, before the *Phi Beta Kappa* Society, and was soon after published, with several others, in the form of a pamphlet. The design of the poem was to show, from a retrospective view of the history of the world, that mankind are gradually improving in wisdom and virtue. The subject was not remarkably well adapted to the occasion, but was treated with success. 'The Ages' proved, that Mr. Bryant was capable of a sustained effort; the true test of ability. Some passages remind us of the vigorous style of Childe Harold.

'Look now around,—another race has filled
These populous borders,—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvest and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

'Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

'Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampyre train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near,—but is not yet.

'But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children, thy maternal care,

Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all,—
These are thy fetters,—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell.'

'Thanatopsis' is the most generally known and esteemed of Bryant's Poems, and perhaps deserves its reputation. It is sublime throughout. We do indeed recognise old acquaintances in some lines, the ideas of which are derived from the book of Job. Bryant has improved upon them, and thereby made them his own. He cannot be charged with plagiarism, for it is impossible to think that he intended to make any part of a work so well known as Job, pass for his. It would be doing 'Thanatopsis' injustice to mutilate it, and it is too long to be quoted entire. We must refer those who have not read it, —and they have missed a great pleasure thus far,—to the book itself.

There is much cheerful philosophy in a little poem, called 'The Lapse of Time.' The lines 'To the Evening Wind,' are of a different character. With one or two trifling exceptions, the versification is perfect. It is in Bryant's best manner, and moreover, of a proper length to be quoted.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

'Spirit, that breathest through my lattice, thou,
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

'Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing, breathed upon the fainting earth!

'Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass,

'The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep;
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

'Go, but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more,
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.'

If there be any thing within the whole compass of literature more delicate, more pure, more exquisitely sweet than this, it has not yet fallen under our observation. And this is not a solitary emanation of the spirit that produced it. The book abounds with verses of the same character.

The relations of men and things to their Maker, never fail to call forth Bryant's utmost strength. Those of his pieces which are of this cast, are his very best. We would particularly notice one too long to be quoted here, 'The Forest Hymn.' A part of this,—not the proem,—is remarkable for dignity and depth of thought. One metaphor in it alone ought to give Mr. Bryant a high place among our poets, if he had never written any thing else. The poet finds in the great miracle of ever renewing existence, animal and vegetable, a type of the eternity of God. The trees wave as proudly over the dust of their ancestors, as their ancestors ever did before them.

'Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death,—yea,—seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe,
Makes his own nourishment.'

We quote the 'Hymn to the North Star,' and the 'Song of the Stars,' at full length.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

'The sad and solemn night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious hosts of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

'Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they;
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

'And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

'There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

'Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze,—the smoke of battle blots the sun,—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

'On thy unaltering blaze,
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

'And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold,
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.'

The reader, on whom the solemnity and majesty of this hymn make no impression, has no poetry in his soul. The 'Song of the Stars' is not inferior in dignity or beauty.

SONG OF THE STARS.

'When the radiant morn of Creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss in myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.

'Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that around him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

'For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
Lo! yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

'Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!

How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

'And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

'Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

'Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years,
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.'

There is a vein of tenderness and feeling in some of Bryant's pieces, which proves that he might have been a master of the softer passions, had he made them his study. The 'Song of Pitcairn's Island,' and the 'Indian Girl's Lament,' are the language of unsophisticated, not unadorned nature. In 'Rizpah,' we fancy we hear the wailings of a bereaved mother. The 'Song of the Greek Amazon' is melancholy, spirited, and impassioned. As much may be said of the 'Indian at the Burial Place of his Fathers,' though the sentiments are rather such as Mr. Bryant might feel in that situation, than those of an expatriated Narraghanset or Mohegan.

We find in this volume several translations, which we never saw before, most of them from the Castilian. Some of them are very fine, particularly the 'Life of the Blessed,' and 'Mary Magdalene.' We should, however, prefer, that Mr. Bryant should employ his leisure in adding to the stock of English poetry. There are enough among us, who are capable of the every-day labor of translation. Nevertheless, he has a right to follow his own taste; and if he choose to translate, he cannot have a better field than the Spanish language, which is

absolutely *terra incognita*, to the great body of American readers. While we are on this subject, it may not be amiss to correct one trifling errror. The baptismal name of Ponce de Leon, was Luis, and not Juan, as the text has it.

There are some other articles which we never saw before, and which we are sorry to see now. We could not have affirmed, that Mr. Bryant would not succeed in humor, but we should not have expected him to attempt it. No one would recognise the hand of the author of 'Thanatopsis' in things so much beneath mediocrity, or even believe them to be his, were it not for his somewhat amusing repeated escapes from such poor conceits, into a train of thoughts more worthy of him. On the whole, we may pronounce the book before us, the best volume of American poetry that has yet appeared.

The publication of such a volume is an important event in our literature. We have been too much in the habit of looking abroad for examples and models; and our poets, generally, have had the usual fortune of imitators,—their copies have fallen short of the originals. In many, perhaps the majority of instances, the originals themselves have been ill selected. We have had no standard of excellence of our own. It seems to be universally admitted, that while we have cultivated the arts of life and the fine arts with success, we have no reason to boast of our progress in the art of poetry. We are so sensible of our deficiency in this respect, that we hardly dare to judge favorably of an American work, till it has received the approbation of the British critics. We always resent their censure, it is true; but we confirm it, by suffering its objects to sink into oblivion. While this is the case, it is of no avail to flatter ourselves that it is undeserved. Mr. Bryant has taken the only proper way to answer the sneers of foreigners. Such works as his say more in favor of our country, than all the appeals that were ever uttered by wounded national pride.

We could almost wish, that no such brilliant anomalies in the order of nature, as Burns, had ever appeared. We do not add Shakspeare and Walter Scott, because it is by no means clear that Shakspeare did not study; and if Scott be the most rapid of writers, no author ever gave more time to preparation. Burns, and some others, have made the opinion common, that genius can atone for all defects. Hence the carelessness of the authors of the present day; hence the flood of mediocrity, with which the reading world is overwhelmed. First thoughts

are indeed commonly the most vigorous; and occasional pieces have been thrown off, at a heat, which art could not improve. But such things are accidents, not examples for imitation. Fame is, in general, not to be attained without effort.

This pernicious error has had the most injurious effect on American authors. The materials of poetry lie scattered about us in boundless profusion. The Alleghanies and the White Mountains ought to suggest as many ideas, to say the least, to an American, as Benan and Benvenue can to an Englishman. The Mississippi and Missouri are as much superior to Cam and Isis, as Erie and Ontario are to the meres of Cumberland. An Indian is as poetical a personage, as a Turk or a Highlander. But we put these materials together in a hurry. We cultivate our literature as we do our soil, with the greatest possible economy of labor. A poem is made, like a shoe, to answer the present demand. Sooth to say, our poets do not meet with much encouragement. The hope of distinction may be a sufficient stimulus to those who, like Byron, are born to fortunes; but there are few, if any, American poets, who can afford to write for fame. Those who write for money are so paid, that starvation would be their reward, for any extraordinary care bestowed on their productions.

Bryant is an exception to the general rule. He has set up a high standard, and reached it. He has kept his pieces nine years. We do not believe that he will ever be the favorite of the multitude. His spirit delights not in broils and bloodshed. His lines are never mysterious or horrible. He is an honest man, and will have nothing to say to corsairs or moss-troopers. He has not blazed upon the literary atmosphere, like a comet; every man cannot be a Shakspeare or a Byron. He has brought forward no hero or heroine, with whom the reader may sympathize or identify himself. He cannot lay claim to fertility of invention. He tells no story; he lays no plot, which may sustain his thoughts, as the wooden skeleton does the sculptor's clay model. The reader will find in his verses, no jingling of spurs or splintering of lances; on the other hand, he has taste and feeling; but these, we fear, are not the qualities, in which the vulgar take most pleasure. The mighty, but placid stream does not strike the imagination like the roaring cataract. Marco Bozzaris, the ballad of Chevy Chase, and the like, will delight all men, because they appeal to feelings, which nature has implanted in all men's bosoms; but we contemplate the immensity

of the universe, and the attributes of the spiritual world, with effort. Bryant does not address the feelings or sympathies of common readers. He communes not with others, but himself. His poetry is entirely spiritual. Hence it will not be esteemed by the unthinking; but it will charm those for whom it was written,—men of sound judgment and cultivated taste.

Art. IX.—*North-Eastern Boundary.*

1. *The Decision of the King of the Netherlands considered, in reference to the Rights of the United States and of the State of Maine.* Portland. 1831.
2. *Report of the Committee of Public Lands, on the Subject of the North-Eastern Boundary.* Boston. 1832.
3. *Report of the Joint Select Committee of the Legislature of Maine, on so much of the Governor's Message, as relates to the North-Eastern Boundary.* Augusta. 1832.

It is said of Sir Orlando Bridgman, who was advanced to the seals on the dismission of Clarendon, that being 'afraid of deciding wrong, he labored to please both sides, and always gave something to each of the contending parties, that came into his court.' Upon this it is added by Dr. Lingard, on the strength of old Roger North, that 'he lost his reputation.' This is a casualty, which we should be sorry to see occur in the case of the illustrious head of the house of Orange Nassau, who has struggled manfully to maintain his solemn rights to his petty territory, and has preserved a title to the respect at least of Europe, in the strenuous and energetic hour of his adversity. *Maintiendrai*, indeed, was the motto of his regal arms; and he has manifested a most invincible and exemplary repugnance to the reduction of his agreed and established limits. A well considered article in Blackwood's Magazine for October last, eulogizing the wisdom of the Congress of Vienna, in creating the kingdom of the Netherlands, as a master-piece of Anti-Gallician policy, pronounces its disseverance to be the greatest crime in the conduct of Europe, since the partition of Poland. That is a matter, however, with which we do not concern ourselves. We respect the principle of the King's opposition, so far as it is

founded on the plighted faith of public stipulations, and we cannot avoid being struck with the singular *rapprochement*, as it was expressed in the Court Journal of the Hague, between the relations of the king of the Netherlands and the Government of Great Britain, by which the latter was so soon called upon, reciprocally, to interpose on the subject of boundaries. From the cold shoulder shown toward him in the last speech from the British throne, it may be inferred, that the merit of his amicable proposal for the composition of the dispute between that country and this, is in the way of being as indifferently requited on one side, as it is of being acknowledged upon the other. The British Government, we understand, have signified their acceptance of his award; but he has not yet signified his acceptance of theirs. He appeals with earnestness to the public faith of Europe, and the positive obligations of treaties.

The topic of controversy, which has passed under the consideration of the King of the Netherlands, is one which we wish to deal with tenderly, and at the same time, truly and faithfully. We are sensible of the propensity of an umpire, as pointed out by Mr. Gallatin, to 'split the difference;' and can easily suppose, without imputing any obliquity of intention to a proceeding, which may be accounted for on very obvious principles, that the arbiter might have conceived he was verily fulfilling the final purpose of the parties, in having recourse to his opinion, as a pacific expedient for cutting the knot, which resisted any more learned mode of solution. We might choose to adopt the more charitable supposition, rather than countenance any miserable apology of political expediency, to varnish over the weakness of compromising those commanding principles of sovereign law, which maintain their equal ascendancy over thrones and globes.

Some prescription might possibly seem to exist, for treating this as a difficult and doubtful affair, from the long pendency of the ancient quarrel concerning the limits of Acadia, under the treaty of Utrecht. That controversy was brought no nearer to a close, by the commission established after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle; and, as is well known, never came to any determination. The English undertook to extend the limits of Acadia up to the Penobscot, in order to extinguish the French pretension to the country; while the French, by an artificial construction of the article in question, undertook to confine the cession to a part of the present peninsula of Nova

Scotia. The remark of Barbé Marbois, in relation to the comparison of French and English titles on this continent, applies here,—that they throw very little light upon the subject. The dispute in this quarter existed not so much on the St. Lawrence, as the Atlantic; and after reconnoitring the field of controversy attentively, we believe it was found to contain little or nothing to the purpose of the present question, and that the idea of any advantage from referring to it was abandoned. We may treat this topic now as somewhat familiar to our readers, and take it up without much preface; meaning to pursue a general line of remark upon it, in support of those views of the right, which have heretofore been taken in this journal. Any further consideration of this somewhat dry subject is so far from being precluded by the opinion delivered by the King of the Netherlands, that it only seems to furnish occasion for directing attention more strongly and distinctly toward the prominent points of debate, and ascertaining whether they have been sufficiently regarded. The long deliberation which has been exercised by the Government of the United States, upon the propriety or expediency of accepting the result of that equivocal arbitration, affords another opportunity of expressing our apprehension, that the principal facts in relation to this question have either been grossly overlooked, or greatly misunderstood. We refer mainly to the evidence of the existence of the *northern boundary* of what was Massachusetts, now Maine, in the first place; and the determination, thence resulting, of the *point* co-incident with the north-west angle of Nova Scotia. It is, indeed, aptly remarked by the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, that 'the objection to the proceedings of the King of the Netherlands has no connexion with the merits of the case as between the two parties.' He has not pronounced upon them. The Governor of Massachusetts justly observes, that 'the reference of the boundary question to the King of the Netherlands has been wholly ineffectual to its just decision. He has palpably departed from the plain terms of the submission, and substituted a proposition to a compromise of difficulties, for an award upon the matter directly in issue between the parties. As an arbiter, his office strictly was, *to apply a descriptive line of boundary to corresponding appearances on the face of nature.* Rejecting these, he has attempted to establish a new course of division, denoted by monuments totally dissimilar, and through a tract

of country distant and widely different. By no rule of municipal or international law, can such decision be made of binding obligation. There is no occasion to inquire into the extraordinary influences, which may be supposed to have produced it.'

We consider the historical existence of this part of the treaty boundary in dispute, as dating in truth from the termination of the controversy concerning the limits of Acadia, and the execution of the arrangements devised by the British crown, consequent upon the peace of 1763. That was the era of a totally new system of foreign relations in regard to this country,—all that formerly belonged to France on this side of the Mississippi being surrendered. It was distinctly marked, also, by the entrance of Great Britain upon a new plan of colonial policy, in regard to the limits of her old possessions upon this continent. This was adopted, for the purpose of curtailing the dimensions of these provinces in the rear, and at the same time of securing to the crown the great tracts of unsettled territory, the adverse title to which was now extinguished. The colonial charters, comprehended principally between positive parallels of latitude, were considered as extending illimitably toward the Pacific, so long as it was convenient to oppose them to the pretensions of France, and while the actual progress of the colonies in that direction was thwarted by the movement of the French power across from Canada to Louisiana. The conquest of Canada was followed by a *coup d'état* of the British Government, which may bear a limited comparison, for the sake of illustration, to that which ensued in France, upon the capitulation of Algiers. Like that, it evinced the instinct of arbitrary authority, alarmed for its absolute ascendancy, to strengthen itself on the occurrence of some new political advantage,—and sought to keep down principles of innate power, that are not capable of being subdued by rescripts or edicts. Little did England, any more than France, indeed, contemplate the prodigious career of consequences opening from the issue of their last conflict at arms, affording a free play to the active principles that had planted this continent from the pressure of a foreign hostile force upon the frontier. But it is no part of our present purpose, to travel out into that immense region of moral and political results, flowing from the causes which conduced to the emancipation of America,—consequences, which neither this age nor another is destined to see exhausted. The leading act, to which we have referred

as fixing the earliest proper date to the present matter of dispute, is the well-known proclamation of 1763. This state paper was far better known in a former age; but its importance has been revived by the circumstance of its having given a *geographical definition of boundary*, which was incorporated afterwards into an act of the British Parliament, and eventually into the treaty of peace between Great Britain and this country.

That this proclamation had a bearing upon the subject of this boundary, there could hardly seem to have been room for question. It was the first public document, emanating from the crown, describing an extent of *highlands, dividing rivers emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea.* This description begins indefinitely, after leaving the forty-fifth parallel of latitude east of Lake Champlain, and terminates toward the Bay of Chaleurs. But this description was not the mere manufacture of that proclamation. We know it may seem to be a piece of supererogation to a great portion of our readers, who take an intelligent interest in public topics, to be at pains to produce proof in regard to the truth of facts, as familiar as any in the history and geography of the country. *Utitur testibus non necessariis in re non dubiâ* is a reproof of which we should be very cautious, if we had not before our eyes the most pregnant and extraordinary evidence, not merely that these facts have been called in question, and the force of them denied by those who have been extremely earnest to avoid them, but that they are somehow disposed of in the report of the arbiter, either as irrelevant or not properly established;—his opinion having the effect, moreover, either of disaffirming their existence or divesting them of their character. The more highly we are disposed to deem of the moral and intellectual qualities of that distinguished person, who was selected among the sovereigns of Europe to pronounce his judgment upon the subject, the more we are inclined to ask, whether it presented itself in its proper relief to his mind. We pass without observation, the idea of finding the boundary in the bed of a river; and we are led to reflect with more consideration on the proofs afforded by historical and geographical circumstances, by public acts of the highest solemnity, and a long course of policy on the part of Great Britain, in regard to *the fixed character of the north-eastern boundary.*

This question, as we have observed, did not arise between France and England. We mentioned, however, in a former article, that the commissions of some of the governors of Canada, while it was in possession of France, extended ten leagues on the south side of the St. Lawrence. Such seem to have been the commissions of the *Sieur de Lauson*, and the *Vicomte d'Argenson*, in the seventeenth century. We find also, in 1684, a petition from French inhabitants to the King, describing themselves as living on the coast of the south side of the river St. Lawrence down towards *les Monts Notre Dame;* and, in a memoir addressed to the King, by M. de Meules, Intendant of New France, also in 1684, upon the extent of the territory of Canada, it is stated, that the lands in Canada, from the entrance of the river St. Lawrence to ten or twelve leagues about Quebec, are scarcely any of them fit to raise wheat, on account of the chains of mountains which render these places inaccessible. *Si l'on considère les terres du Canada depuis le Cap Breton, qui est l'entrée du fleuve Saint Laurent jusques à* 10 *à* 12 *lieues autour de Quebec, on y trouvera peu de terres propres à semer du bled froment, à cause des chaines de montagnes, qui rendent ces lieux inaccessibles.*

But, without going back to an earlier period than that which we have before mentioned, as being the proper epoch of this question, we may refer to the map prefixed to the volume of memorials published in London by the British Commissioners upon the limits of Acadia, in order to support a set of facts, which it has suited the fancy of a later day to represent as fabulous. It may be remarked that this map, together with the volume, was published in 1755, when both parties joined in an appeal to the public opinion of Europe in the same form. The British Ministers, also, communicated their justificatory memoir the same year*; and the war had actually broken out in America,—that war in which our Washington first became conspicuous. Coeval with this map was likewise published that which is called Mitchell's, under the patronage of the Board of Trade and Plantations. We put the two maps together, because they belong to the same period and come in apposition with the circumstances of the time, and because they both agree in giving a geographical representation of the

* The British memoir was written by the historian Gibbon.

natural features of the country, corresponding in the main, though manifestly not copied from each other, with the general description we have had of them from that time almost, we may say, if not quite, to the present. In both maps, New England is bounded by the Atlantic on one side and the St. Lawrence on the other; in both, the boundary from the Atlantic runs north, intersects ridges of highlands lying between the rivers St. Lawrence and St. John, although in Jeffery's map, (published by the Commissioners,) it was drawn from the Penobscot, and in Mitchell's from the Maguadavie, which he denominated the St. Croix. On the Commissioners' map, there are two St. Croix laid down between the Penobscot and St. John, one being the Passamaquoddy and the other the Maguadavie, and a due north line from either would strike the range of highlands laid down on that map. On the Commissioners' map, the highlands are delineated as extending in continuous ranges along the whole length of the river St. Lawrence from the Connecticut and Chaudière, to the extremity of the cape or projection of Gaspe. On this map, they rise in elevation toward the east and assume the appellation of Albany or Notre Dame mountains. On Mitchell's map, these are called *Lady* mountains. The latter map differs from the other, in giving to the ranges of highlands further up the river St. Lawrence, as well as in the quarter below, a more rolling and diversified direction,—in some parts obliquing or inclining more to a parallel with the various sources of the different rivers, instead of marking them off by a uniform dividing course. In neither of the maps, are there any traces of highlands south or west of the river St. John, to the north of either of the rivers St. Croix; nor any where indeed above those rivers, east of the Penobscot. On the Commissioners' map, it may be mentioned, that the St. John is also called the *Clyde*, to keep up in some mannner, it is probable, the mere distinction between New England and *Nova Scotia*, which was of less compass than *Acadia*, unless the Penobscot was to be considered the St. Croix. The western limit of Nova Scotia, by the original grants, was the St. Croix, to whatever river that name was to be affixed.

There is no species of evidence that addresses itself more sensibly and satisfactorily to the mind, on a subject like this, than that which is found in the language of maps and charts. There is a more lively communication of knowledge on some

points to the eye, than the ear. Language of that kind is more universal, than that of books and manuscripts. Every son and daughter of Adam is said to be interested in geography. These delineations of the observable parts of the globe, are drawn from all the living sources of information. They expose themselves to perpetual observation and correction, and no gross error can go long uncorrected. The aspect of the country elevated above the shore is one that would present itself to the navigator, while its profile might remain comparatively obscure and unperceived upon the interior. These elevations approached, on one side, the St. Lawrence, and on the other the Bay of Chaleurs, where there were fishing stations. It can hardly be conceived, that all these appearances, which figure so frequently in the geographical documents of the day, can be resolved into optical illusions. At any rate, if such were the faith of the age, it serves to establish the understanding of any act in relation to the subject. For the state of opinion and feeling prevailing at that period, we may refer to the American History of Douglas, which was under revision from 1746 to 1760. At this last period, it will be noted, the conquest of Canada was not completed.

An edition of Douglas's Historical and Political Summary of the British Settlements in North America, was published in London, in 1760. In the peace of Utrecht, he maintains that it was omitted to settle a line between the English colonies and those of France, from north to south; and that it would be desirable to attend to this, in the proposed negotiation for peace. Referring to natural boundaries as the most advantageous, he represents the river St. Lawrence, the lakes Ontario and Erie, and the Apalachian mountains, as an eligible French and English boundary. The river St. Lawrence, it will be recollected, was considered and treated by Great Britain, as the southern boundary of Canada. The eastern part of New-England extended in its full breadth to the bank of that river; and it was not contemplated, at that moment, that the French were to be dislodged entirely from the St. Lawrence. He then takes 'a cursory view,' as he terms it, 'of the *southern or British side of this great river*, and of the lakes Ontario and Erie, and of the Apalachian mountains, or blue hills;' and proceeds,—'*From Cape Rosières, at the southern side of the river St. Lawrence*, to La Rivière Puante, or the Indian tribe called the Mission of Bisancourt, over against *Les Trois Rivières, are*

about four hundred miles. The barrenness of the soil, the impracticableness of the mountains, which lie but a small way south of the great river, the rapidity of the short rivers or runs of water from these mountains, render the country inhospitable, there being no proper water carriage for Indian canoes.' He afterwards passes to the southern portion of his proposed boundary, the Apalachian mountains, or great blue hills, land which he describes as much elevated in the air, and appearing, at a considerable distance, of a sky color. But it is for the fact of a commonly-known and well-determined range of highlands bordering on the St. Lawrence, and extending from Cape Rosières to opposite Trois Rivières, that we quote this description of Douglas. The short rivers mark the declivities. The account of the soil, and the aspect of the country, agree with that given by the French the century before. A map is published with it, presenting various ranges of highlands in the vicinity of the St. Lawrence, and mouth of the St. John; and public attention is particularly called to the subject of a boundary.

Some attention has been drawn of late, to the situation of a small French Acadian settlement or colony on the border of the river St. John, above the Great Falls. This is a remnant of the ancient French population of Acadia, of whose removal from their farms, and banishment from Nova Scotia, so painful an account is given from Halliburton's History, in a former number.* A brief and touching account of the character and sufferings of those early inhabitants of that territory, is given by Barbé Marbois, who pronounces them an excellent race of Frenchmen. The language which they speak is said to be of purer French, than that in use among the Canadians; and their ancestry has been identified with the disbanded regiment of Carignan,—raised at a time, when the impoverished ranks of the French noblesse, excluded by the hereditary *prestige* from all other employment, were content to occupy the humblest stations in military life. Different pretexts have been assigned for the expulsion of these people from Nova Scotia, the most familiar of which is that of their sympathy with the fortunes of their European brethren, in their conflicts with the English arms on this continent. Douglas says that,—'By the peace of Utrecht, the French in Nova Scotia, upon their taking the British Government oaths, were to continue in their posses-

* January, 1830.

sions; the not appropriated lands, by the King of Great Britain's instruction, were reserved for protestant subjects; notwithstanding this instruction, the French Roman Catholic subjects, as they swarm, make free with these crown lands.' 'Therefore,' he remarks very coolly, in a note to this dry text, written probably at the first publication of his work, 'they must be removed by some subsequent treaty,—or be elbowed out,—or their language and religion must gradually be changed.' And again he suggests, with much *sang froid*, that 'the regiments in garrison at Louisburg may be conveyed to Nova Scotia, and cantoned among the French settlements,—after some short time, to be disbanded with some encouragement of lands, and other things, as settlers. Thus we may by degrees elbow the French out of their language and religion,—and perhaps out of their lands.'

An Indian barrier was proposed by France to England, in the negotiations at Paris, in 1761, upon the country of the Ohio, and the region toward Canada. But this was rejected by Mr. Pitt; and the treaty of Paris, which put an end to the dominion of France over the whole territory, produced the proclamation of 1763. This was a great act of State policy; the design of which was, as already adverted to, to circumscribe the colonies, and, under color of forming Indian reserves, in reality to convert the interior of the country into a grand royal domain. It was so devised, as to create a geographical barrier to the advance of the colonies in that direction. The crown seems to have been considered as coming into the possession by conquest; and, in succeeding to the pretensions, appears also to have adopted the views of France,—that is, of environing the colonies with a frontier that should oppose their further progress, and prevent their development. It is mentioned in the Annual Register of 1763, which records this proclamation, that great pains were taken to come at an exact knowledge of every thing in regard to the state of the recent conquests on this continent; and, in framing the new Government of Canada, it is stated in that work, that, after quitting Lake Champlain, and departing from the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, the line was carried '*quite to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the highlands which separate the rivers which fall into the great river of Canada, from those which fall into the ocean.*' We quote this well-known work, merely to show the popular understanding of that part of the proclamation.

This mode of marking off the limits of the colonies to the

west and north-west, by a line along the heads of the rivers falling into the Atlantic, was a favorite one in forming that proclamation. It contained a prohibition, that, 'no governor or commander-in-chief of our other colonies or plantations in America, (besides the Governments of Quebec and Florida established by that act,) do presume for the present, and until our further pleasure be known, to grant warrant of survey, or pass patents for any lands, *beyond the heads or sources of any of the rivers which fall into the Atlantic ocean from the west or north-west.* It was further declared to be the royal will and pleasure to reserve, for the present, 'under our sovereignty, protection, and dominion, for the said Indians, all the land and territory not included within the limits of our said three new Governments, or within the limits of the territory granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, as also all the land and territories lying to the westward of the *sources of the rivers which fall into the sea from the west and north-west*, as aforesaid.' This limitation of the practical jurisdiction and extent of the colonies, seems to have reached from the Ohio toward Lake Ontario; and pursuing the line of demarkation, established as the southern boundary of the Government of Quebec,—which constituted a considerable part of the exterior boundary of the Provinces, especially those of New-England,—along the forty-fifth degree of latitude, it is described as '*striking to the North-east, along the highlands, which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the grand river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the sea;* and also along the North coast of the Bay de Chaleurs, and the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Rosières.' This idea of a limitation of the Atlantic provinces, by the sources of rivers falling into the sea from the West and Northwest, seems to have been extended from the Florida coast on the Gulf of Mexico, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and was further carried into effect in the division of the province of Quebec from the territories of New-England and Nova Scotia, by the additional mode of description thus expressed for the purpose of absolute certainty, and to render this last line of demarkation as definite, as the parallel of latitude crossing Lake Champlain was supposed to be.

We may notice, in passing, how much more the limits of the old colonies of Great Britain were abridged, by the complete triumph of their joint arms, and the final success of the negotiations, than they would have been, if the French had not

been entirely expelled from their possessions. In the various projected expeditions to Canada, in the conquest of Louisburg and that of Nova Scotia, it was the opinion of John Adams, to the last, that New England had expended more blood and treasure, than all the rest of the British empire. *Nova Scotia* was originally and properly a British Province, granted, in the first place, after the accession of James of Scotland to the English throne; and, although yielded up by the policy that prevailed in the courts of Charles I. and Charles II. in the treaties of St. Germains and Breda, recovered once by Cromwell, and again by New England, in 1690. It was then incorporated, with the intervening territory of Sagadahock and the Province of Maine, in one common charter with the Province of Massachusetts Bay. It was again relinquished to France, by the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697; re-conquered by a force from New England and Great Britain, and finally ceded by France to Great Britain, in 1712. It was not formally re-annexed to the Province of Massachusetts; and the power of that Province over it was suspended, during the dispute concerning the limits of Acadia. *The grant of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander, as well as that of the territory of Sagadahock to the Duke of York, extended to the river St. Lawrence;* and that whole country continued to be considered a British possession, after the treaty of Utrecht. We may, therefore, regard these territories as coming within the description of that principle of limitation, which Great Britain thought fit to apply by the proclamation of 1763, of marking off her Atlantic colonies by the sources of rivers, falling into the sea from the west and north-west. The application of that principle was strengthened upon this frontier, by the well-known heights of land, adjacent to the river St. Lawrence, and dividing the rivers flowing into it, from those emptying into the ocean; and the same, whether falling into the Bay of Chaleurs, Miramichi, or the Bay of Fundy. All these streams were equally determined, as flowing from the north or north-west.

In erecting the Province of Nova Scotia, in 1763, it was built upon the base of the new Government of Quebec, established by the proclamation. The proclamation was dated in October. The commission to Governor Wilmot, by which the Province of Nova Scotia was defined, was in November, 1763. The northern and western, or inland boundaries, were thus described, viz. *To the northward, by the southern bound-*

ary of the Province of Quebec,—' and to the westward, although our said Province hath anciently extended, and doth of right extend, as far as the river Pentagonet or Penobscot; it shall be bounded by a line drawn from Cape Sable across the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, to the mouth of the river St. Croix, by the said river to its source, and by a line drawn due north from thence to *the southern boundary of Quebec.*' This description constituted the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia.*

The Annual Register, for 1763, contained a new map of the British dominions in North America, with the limits of the Governments annexed thereto, by the treaty of peace, and settled by the proclamation. On this map, the southern boundary of the Province of Quebec is marked as passing along from Lake Champlain, in the forty-fifth degree of latitude, to the north of Connecticut river, and then along highlands, approaching the river St. Lawrence, and rounding north of the river St. John, to the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. On the same map, a line is drawn directly north from the river St. Croix, until it strikes *the ridge of highlands north of the St. John, along which the southern boundary of Quebec is continued.* In the former maps, such as Mitchell's and Jeffery's, which have been mentioned, this line went across these highlands to the St. Lawrence; but here it is interrupted and stops short. The same map appears in subsequent editions of the Register, to the end of the American war. Here *the north-west angle of Nova Scotia is marked out to the eyes of all the world.*

The Province of Massachusetts, which otherwise might have well revived its right under the charter of William and Mary, to go even to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was thus restricted *on the east* to the river St. Croix; and one side of its territory was taken off. To this proceeding, however, we do not hear of any objections being made by the Province. But the southern boundary of Quebec, then established, presented another barrier to the north, which was not regarded with satisfaction. The grant to the Duke of York in 1664, which has been mentioned, was of 'all that part of the main land of New England, beginning at a certain place, called or known by the name of *St. Croix*, next adjoining to *New Scotland*, in America, and from thence along the sea-coast,' to Pemaquid river, and thence to the Kennebeck, 'and so upwards, by the shortest course to the river Canada, northward.' This grant, which was confirmed by Charles again, after the treaty of Breda

in 1674, was incorporated, as we have mentioned, to its whole extent, in the Province charter. Some little obscurity, indeed, was cast upon this point, by Mr. Gallatin, in his edition of the Land Laws, and a suggestion was dropped by him, that there was probably some omission, in the description of the Province charter, to square the northern boundary of this intermediate territory with the Gorges grants, with which he compared it. This notion was further countenanced, by a hasty expression in a letter of that gentleman to the Secretary of State, after the conclusion of peace at Ghent, a paper not prepared for any public purpose, and brought out upon the call of what is termed the *Russell Correspondence*. This remark was, that the territory to the north of forty-five degrees, eastward of the Penobscot river, did not belong to Massachusetts, as would appear by recurring to her charters, but that the property was in the United States. Mr. Gallatin has since shown, that he was completely mistaken in that respect; and nothing, indeed, is necessary, beyond a recurrence to the charters, to make that mistake manifest. In the Province charter of 1691, it is true, there is a declaration, that 'no grants of any lands, lying or extending from the river of Sagadahock to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and *Canada rivers*,' &c. by the Government of the Province, should be valid without the assent of the crown; because, in fact, the property of that territory had accrued, through the succession of the Duke of York, to the crown, and therefore the crown had a perfect right to limit and control the disposition of it by the saving of the charter. Subject to this reservation of a confirming power, the Government of Massachusetts seems to have been authorized to make as good grants within that region, as in other portions of its territory.

It is plain enough from these circumstances, as we may presume to believe, that Massachusetts had no interest in *inventing an artificial barrier* to interrupt her own progress, as a Province, to the St. Lawrence. The opinions of the Attorney and Solicitor General of the crown, Yorke and Talbot, both afterwards Lord Chancellors, had been pronounced, (1731,) that the intervening tract of territory between the Kennebec and St. Croix was granted by the charter to the inhabitants of the Province, and that the rights of Government, granted to the Province, extended over it. The Lords of the Board of Trade, as it seems, sanctioned the publication of Mitchell's map in 1755,

bounding this territory, with other parts of New-England and also Nova Scotia, upon the St. Lawrence. The royal proclamation of 1763, however, established a barrier of highlands, portioning off a strip of the country contiguous to the river St. Lawrence, as a part of the Canadian Government; and the Lords thereupon began to think, that the Massachusetts Province could at least claim no right to the lands on the river St. Lawrence, notwithstanding the opinion formerly expressed on that point, though they did not deny her jurisdiction over the territory. Massachusetts had made grants east of the Penobscot, but not upon the St. Lawrence; and while she was desirous of obtaining a confirmation of those grants from the crown, the crown also wanted a release of the right of Massachusetts to the south bank of the St. Lawrence. Lord Hillsborough interrogated the agent of the Province, Mr. Mauduit, whether he had any authority from the Province, relative to the lands upon the south of the river St. Lawrence. It seems to have been proposed, that if the Province would relinquish to the crown the claim under their charter to the lands on the St. Lawrence, designed by the proclamation to form part of the Government of Quebec, the crown would make no question concerning the validity of any of their grants of lands, leaving them to the St. Croix, and from the sea-coast of the Bay of Fundy to the bounds of the province of Quebec; and Mr. Mauduit and Mr. Jackson came to the conclusion, which was communicated to the General Court, that '*the narrow tract of land, which lies beyond the sources of all your rivers, and is watered by those which run into the river St. Lawrence,*' might therefore be conceded to the crown, which considered it of so much importance 'to preserve the *continuity* of the Government of Quebec.'

The Quebec Act of 1774 only transposes the description of the proclamation of 1763, beginning at the other extremity, and returning 'by a line from the Bay of Chaleurs, along the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea,' to a point of latitude (45°) on Connecticut river. This well-remembered act of Parliament followed the forty-fifth parallel of latitude to the river St. Lawrence, and through Lake Ontario, and upon the south-eastern bank of Lake Erie to the boundary of Pennsylvania, and by the western boundary of that Province to the river Ohio, and along the Ohio to the

Mississippi. All the territory to the north of this line and south of the Hudson's Bay Company's limit, was incorporated, as belonging to the crown of Great Britain, into the Province of Quebec. This was a more absolute and decisive demarkation throughout its extent, than that which was traced by the proclamation of 1763; but it was a result of the same policy. There can be no question, we suppose, that both the royal proclamation of 1763, and the parliamentary act of 1774, were innovations upon the Province charter of Massachusetts; and the propriety of our referring to these measures at all, in vindication of our title to the remainder of our territory, has been questioned, on the ground that they were complained of in the colonies, as being infringements. Still they may be referred to as acts of the British Government, although we might have had no cause to be contented with them. They may be referred to as authoritative acts of that Government, establishing the bounds of their recently acquired empire, between which and their elder dependencies on the seaboard, they were anxious to establish such an industrious partition. We may well refer to those acts as establishing the existence of certain monuments, to which they distinctly and carefully refer themselves, as separating the inferior tributaries of the St. Lawrence from the more majestic streams, that find their way, like the St. Lawrence, to the ocean. And although we may have originally demurred to the rightfulness of these arbitrary arrangements, it was never denied that this delimitation was within the plenitude of British power, so far as it related to New-England. It was in regard to the disposition of the western territory, that the greatest objection was made, in respect to the *strip taken off from the St. Lawrence*, as well as the separation of Nova Scotia. The Province of Massachusetts, as appears from Mr. Mauduit's communication, seems to have acquiesced; indeed we have never heard of a question raised in regard to their final operation on this frontier.

We may refer to these acts, therefore, we conceive, notwithstanding they were abridgments of our limits, as *public declarations of facts;* and the proclamations of them made by those who had the means, and the best means of knowledge in their possession. Few have the means of seeing and judging with their own eyes of the truth of these facts, but all may be said to have access to these archives, which have been hung up on high, and give to these plain and palpable descriptions

the character of truisms in political geography. These highlands stand forward upon the proud front of the public faith of Great Britain, as though they were visibly marked on the horizon to our view. Officially there may be those who, at this late day, may affect to doubt their existence; but if they do not exist as they are described upon the face of nature, falsehood is then stamped upon the face of those royal and imperial documents; and confidence is impaired in the solidity of those principles, on the strength of which we ought to be able to repose with as much certainty, as we might upon the constancy of the laws of nature.

Besides these solemn and authoritative assertions of the British crown and parliament, there is also the universal evidence of the maps that were published from that period in England, it is sufficient to say, to the close of the American war, although the remark might be extended down to a much later day. In all the maps published during these twenty years, there was a continuous and visible representation of highlands, receding to the right of the waters falling into the St. Lawrence, and to the north of all the waters flowing into the Atlantic or any of its bays. There were as many as twenty maps of this description, presented to the umpire. There were the common maps, designed to exhibit the geography of the country; maps of the continent; of the British dominions in North America; and maps to illustrate the history of those dominions. There were Danville's maps, improved with *English surveys;* there were maps corrected from the materials of Governor Pownal; there was the American Military Pocket Atlas, published at the commencement of the Revolution, to show the seat of war in the northern colonies; the map of the Province of Quebec; and Faden's map of North America, from the latest discoveries, engraved for Carver's Travels, in 1778 and 1781. On all these maps, we believe, without exception, the north-west angle of Nova Scotia is laid down in the same manner, by a line from the St. Croix, north of the St. John.

With reference to these maps of the country from 1763 to 1783, they may be adduced not merely for the evidence they afford of the geographical state of the country at that period in themselves, but because they go to establish the full belief, that then was and has ever since been entertained, in respect to those great features of rivers and highlands, by which the ace of the country was marked. Let the fact be as it may,

this was the opinion of the age, and it shows what was universally thought and understood to be the truth, at the time of the treaty of 1783. This evidence addressed itself to the eyes of every man in Europe or America, at an era of great interest and inquiry. It furnished a panorama of the country to those who never could expect to be able to trace the outline except from the plate before them, and carried its knowledge into every library, into every public office, and almost into every compting-room in the kingdom or on this continent. It was the guide of the tourist, it was the companion of the man of science, and the manual of the military officer. There can be no suspicion of any fabrication. These maps were all published in London, under the observation, if not under the actual sanction, of the colonial department. So far back as Mitchell's map, which was published in 1755, and the map published by the English commissioners on the limits of Acadia in the same year, and before these objects can be imagined to have been raised into existence in opposition to us, these appearances present themselves. For fifty years, maps of this description have been published and sold at a shop in the Strand, facing toward Charing Cross. If it be suggested, that these maps are copies from one another,—which in some respects they are very far from being,—what better proof can there be of the steadiness and singleness of conviction upon that score, and which extended down, unabated, for half a century? The pertinence of this species of proof was called in question before the arbiter. Map A, it was contended, was the only piece of evidence of that kind, proper for his consideration; and this map A was a mere plan of the territory in dispute, adjusted by Mr. Gallatin and Dr. Tiarks, and annexed to the convention. It was nothing but chalk. But the physical existence of the highlands described in the British acts has not been disproved, although it has been disputed. Further surveys of that region from one end of the direction given to the other, (an operation which has never been accomplished since the treaty of Ghent,) may vary the altitude of these highlands; but they can never alter the state of the fact as to the firm opinion of the age, and the actual intentions of the British Government in respect to this boundary, in all its proceedings, from the peace of 1763 to the treaty of 1783. What may be asserted with confidence, even at this day, when much has been done, and it is impossible to say without any success, to

deface the lines and monuments which were well established in former times, is this; that there is a *historical chain or connexion of highlands sweeping round the heads of our great rivers, which flow into the Atlantic, namely, the Kennebeck, Penobscot and St. John*, and shelving comparatively very near to the coast of the river St. Lawrence. Such was the state of the fact in the public mind, at the peace of 1783.

The second article of the treaty of 1783, in order, as it premised, '*that all disputes* which might arise in future on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States *may be prevented*,' established their boundaries in the first place in the following manner; from the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix to the highlands,—which (highlands) *divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence;*—and again, as they are described in another part of the same article,—along the said highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the *river St. Lawrence*, from those which fall into the *Atlantic ocean*, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, &c. This is the beginning of the description *designed to prevent all disputes;* and it is most remarkable, that the present dispute arises in relation to *that point, at which the boundaries of the United States commenced;*—that point which beyond all others is believed to have some positive character of certainty attached to it. That is the point which, it seems, from the opinion of the King of the Netherlands, was not only undefined, but left in a condition incapable of ever being defined. It was singular, indeed, that the first step in the process should have been a false one. It would be most singular, that that which was adopted as an axiom, should not only prove to be a problem, but turn out to have no proper existence whatever.

With the knowledge of these maps before them, for it appears as a fact that sundry others besides Mitchell's were consulted, and with this knowledge necessarily common to the English as well as American negotiators at Paris, they adopted the existing highland Canadian boundary,—to be intersected by a direct north line from the St. Croix; and still further to characterize and confirm this frontier of highlands, they describe it as dividing the rivers that fall into the St. Lawrence from those that descend into the Atlantic. The phraseology is thus guarded, and varied, and reiterated, as if to preclude the pos-

sibility of 'dispute.' Indeed it was pointed out, in defence of the treaty, in the parliamentary debate upon the preliminary articles, as its *great excellence*, 'that it so clearly and plainly described the limits of the dominions of Great Britain and America, that it was impossible they could be mistaken; therefore it was impossible there should in future be any dispute between them on the score of boundaries.' In the House of Lords, the treaty was censured with severity for surrendering the keys, the bolts, the bars, the passes, and carrying-places of Canada; and the *highlands* described in the treaty were distinctly recognised, as being *near the river St. Lawrence.* A map was engraved to accompany and illustrate the reports of the debates in Parliament on the Preliminary Articles, and was published in several forms, in which the highlands are laid down precisely according to the former maps from 1763. Half a dozen maps were published in London in the year 1783, delineating the boundaries of the United States; and these were succeeded by others in London and Paris within another year, for that purpose. It is needless to say, that they all agreed in that feature of the territory which now forms the subject of dispute, and the force of which is now designed to be done away by the dubious opinion of the King of the Netherlands.

To pass to a later period in the history of this subject,—in the British argument under the 5th article of the treaty of 1794, concerning the St. Croix, it was insisted that the northern limit of Nova Scotia was a line along the highlands, which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the sea. This argument directly identified the northern limit of Nova Scotia with the southern boundary of Canada, as before established. And taking this as a base, it sought to find the river St. Croix *by determining in the first place the north-west angle of Nova Scotia*, projected from the highlands. Another operation was considered and acknowledged as incontestable at the same time, viz. that the north line requisite to form this angle '*must cross the St. John of necessity*,'—but it would cross it, it was said, as an advantage to Great Britain, in a part of it where it ceases to be navigable, that is, above the Great Falls, 'almost at the foot of the highlands.' This effect was admitted at that day (in 1798) without any demur by Mr. Liston, then British minister in this country; and at that moment, no per-

son had ever thought of denying it. It resulted as a dead certainty from the physical formation of the country, for the reason given by the British agent. That was, that the sources of the St. John are to the westward, 'not only of the western boundary line of Nova Scotia, but of the sources of the Penobscot, and even of the Kennebec.' It may be added, although somewhat in advance, that in the argument delivered under the 4th article of the treaty of Ghent, relating to the Passamaquoddy Islands, by the British agent, it was again allowed, that the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783, was the same as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, as constituted in connexion with the Province of Quebec in 1763. The map evidence laying down the boundary, according to the treaty of 1783, between the United States and Nova Scotia and Canada, as that boundary is described in a note to Lord Harrowby in 1804, 'along *the highlands bounding the southern waters of the St. Lawrence*,' is continued by an unbroken succession down to the war, in 1812.

Even after the close of the last war with Great Britain, in 1815, we have the description of the boundary in question, in a work of so much authority and importance, as the '*Topographical Description of the Province of Lower Canada*,' by Colonel Bouchette, Surveyor-General of the Province, afterwards employed as a surveyor under the treaty of Ghent, and now the author of the large statistical work on the British dominions in North America, recently published in London. His description is so clear and conclusive, that we venture to quote it again. From the *high banks* opposite the city of Quebec, he describes a gradual ascent towards a *first range of mountains*. 'Beyond this range, at about fifty miles distance, is the ridge generally denominated the *Land's Height, dividing the waters that fall into the St. Lawrence from those taking a direction toward the Atlantic ocean, and along whose summit is supposed to run the boundary line between the territories of Great Britain and the United States of America. This* chain commences upon the eastern branch of the Connecticut river, takes a north-easterly course, and terminates near Cape Rosières in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.'

We might adduce also the splendid maps published by Colonel Bouchette at the same time, dedicated to the Prince Regent, intended to accompany his work, and to illustrate the description. We might also refer again to the work itself for

particular descriptions of several parts of the highlands, observed and sketched by Colonel Bouchette; but we fear to presume too far upon the patience of our readers, in pursuing this almost exhausted topic; and it would be only repeating a summary of them, which will be found in a former number of this journal.* It affords a picturesque representation of ridges or ranges of highlands, from the swell of land, in which the Connecticut river takes its rise two thousand feet above the level of the sea,—and whence continual falls mark the shorter descent of the Chaudière, to what may be termed the *trosachs* of the *Temiscouatu portage*, and thence supposed to continue to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is through this pass that the road from the St. John to the St. Lawrence, effected with great difficulty about the time of the conclusion of the American war, crosses the highlands; and here is established, by the concurrence of testimony of inhabitants on the Madawaska river with marks that still remain upon the earth, the southern boundary of Canada. This has been considered as fixed, between thirty and forty years. No process can be executed on this side of the pass from Canada. Several posts still appear, though latterly in a decaying state, which are known to have been placed there for the purpose of designating the boundary; and it is fixed as a fact, that *Mount St. Francis*, which *divides the waters* at the Temiscouatu Portage, has long been holden as being the southern boundary of Canada at that place. Practically, this would seem to put an end to all dispute.

The proper boundary of the United States, according to the description of the treaty of 1783, which is now somehow obliterated in the opinion of the King of the Netherlands, was recognised without a shadow of doubt till the close of the war in 1814. This last period itself is so pregnant with proof, at once of the continued conviction which existed on this subject, and of a policy, if possible, to reform it to meet an object of which war had disclosed the importance, and furnished the opportunity, that a production of text passages from British publications in the interests of our powerful antagonist, may here be not without some profit and instruction at this season. The most fertile repository of tracts and details on this topic, mixed up with spicy observations of its own, is the Anti-Jacobin Review and True Churchman's Magazine. One of the lead-

* Vol. XXVI. pp. 337–340.

ing topics in the volumes of that periodical, for the year 1814, is the necessity for settling *a new boundary* between the British colonies and the United States. This was the burden of both parts of the work; and it was urged with all the energy that was imparted to the British military movements in this country, upon the successful termination of their contest with Bonaparte. The season for speaking was supposed to be peculiarly favorable, 'as,' it was said, 'a negotiation is about to open at Gottenburgh, and as a powerful British army is about to enforce our rights in America. All former treaties between the two countries are abrogated and annulled by the existing war, and the American Government has lost every claim upon the favor, affection, and forbearance of Great Britain, by her base and perfidious conduct, in attacking us at a time when we were fighting for the freedom and independence of Europe. Our ministers, therefore, must be disposed to derive every legitimate advantage from the success of our arms, &c.' The first subject to which those reviewers allude, in this immediate connexion, as of primary importance, is, 'an exclusive privilege to be secured to our own colonies in North America, to supply our West India Islands with all those necessary articles, which they, heretofore, chiefly derived from the United States;' and secondly, they state 'the *most* important object to be secured by a treaty of peace, is the settlement of *a new boundary* between the two countries.' Afterwards, on another occasion, they recommend the advantage of retaining possession of the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay for the benefit of the trade, navigation, and fisheries of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and express the hope 'that whilst we have such a naval force on that station, and such an army to co-operate with it, *Penobscot will be taken possession of*, and a *new boundary line established between New Brunswick and the United States.*'

For detailed information on this topic, reference is made to *Knox's Extra Official Papers*, published by *Debret*. But the most pertinent and expressive text for these useful remarks is contained in a production entitled, 'A compressed view of the points to be discussed in treating with the United States of America,' with two maps, by J. M. Richardson, published the same year; from which we borrow the following extracts, as we find them making a conspicuous figure in the foreground, in the work from which we have quoted.

'In concluding a treaty of peace with the United States, not only ought the main feature of the war, the inviolate maintenance of our maritime rights, to be kept in view, but the scarcely less important object, the preservation of the British North American colonies, ought not to be overlooked. To secure this last, it is requisite to advert to one grand point, the necessity of the establishment of a *new line of boundary*, between the British and the American possessions,' &c. In regard to the boundary line, as supposed to be fixed in 1783, that writer remarked, that 'the framers of that treaty on the part of Great Britain, instead of insisting, according to their instructions, on the river Penobscot being the boundary between New Brunswick and the United States, abandoned that point, and allowed the line to be carried as far as the river St. Croix, giving up an extent of sea-coast of nearly fifty leagues, *though the Penobscot was the utmost northern point to which the limits of the New England States were before supposed to extend.* Another special result is then pointed out as proceeding from the treaty determination of boundary, viz. 'that there is actually no readily practicable communication between Lower Canada and New Brunswick, *without crossing a part of the American territory,* now called the Province of Maine.'

Indeed this strong and well informed production so distinctly marks out and emphatically dwells upon all the subjects, that were afterwards assumed on the part of the British negotiators at Ghent, that it can be seen by a summary of the points which the writer undertakes to deliver in charge to the British plenipotentiaries to be insisted upon, how well prepared they were to take high ground for their demands. We omit those which go to exclude us from trading with their East India possessions, and to extinguish our 'pretended right' to the north-west coast of America; and pass over a prohibition to include the Floridas in the Union, and a requirement to be made of the cession of *New Orleans*, to ensure a due share of the navigation of the Mississippi; these, with the refusal of any commercial treaty with this country, having less immediate bearing upon the policy of the negotiation in respect to this frontier. The summary of leading propositions, is as follows.

First, a boundary line throughout the whole extent of North America, where the British possessions and those of the United States come into contact, *keeping in view that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick be restored to their ancient limits,* and a free communication with Canada be obtained, without passing

through the United States. '*If we cannot get to the Penobscot, at least let some route or line be drawn, by which we may be enabled to have a free communication between Canada and Nova Scotia.*

Secondly, a new boundary line for the Indian territory; the integrity of this boundary and the independence of the Indians to be guarantied by Great Britain; the Americans to be excluded from the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and of all its tributary lakes and waters; and no forts or military posts to be erected by the Americans in the Indian territory, or on the boundaries or jurisdiction within these limits; and a navigable part of the Mississippi to be brought within the Canadian territories.

Farther, the Americans to be excluded from the fisheries on the coast of British North America; especially those of Labrador, Newfoundland, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. 'The third article of the treaty of 1783, which admits them to take and dry fish on the shores of these colonies, ought to be utterly abrogated, and every vestige of its existence taken away. Improvident and impolitic in the outset, experience has shown that it is much more injurious than might, on a superficial view, be supposed. 'That the Americans were enabled thereby to carry our own fish to the West Indies, and derive great part of the advantages of a trade which nature points out as belonging to us, is too well known.' In addition to this, 'the Americans to be excluded from all intercourse with the British West India Islands.' A barrier had existed, which obstructed the advantages to be derived from a true line of policy. This barrier consisted in allowing the Americans to supply the West India Islands with timber, staves, fish and provisions. The war had put an end to this impolitic system. Earnestly was it to be hoped, that experience would open their eyes and induce them to revive, in all its vigor, the navigation and colonial systems of England, to give every species of encouragement to the colonies, and to prohibit in future all intercourse between the United States, and the British West India Islands.

Of these objects, forming the bulk of what ought to come under discussion, it was the aim to produce a conviction of the essential nature, to the prosperity and existence of the British colonial possessions in North America. The persons to be employed as British negotiators should go *prepared with an*

advantageous line, distinctly marked out, the adoption of which should be a *sine quâ non* in the negotiation. 'The tone of firmness, of decision, of *dictation*, on our part, (we quote the language then used) is the only one suitable to our own dignity, and to the relative circumstances and situation of the two countries.'

Qui Mare teneat, eum necesse rerum potiri!

These last passages open a fruitful and not entirely pleasant source of recollection and reflection. They cast a long retrospect upon the far receding period of our colonial condition. They carry us back to the season of 1763,—when, after the joint exertion in arms, between the strength of the mother country and her children on this side, the French empire gave way upon this continent, and when our fathers saw the great materials of that conquered empire re-combined upon our back in a new form, making a new frontier from south to north, by the sources of the streams flowing to the Atlantic. They rehearse to us the preface of the royal proclamation of that year, reciting the extensive and valuable acquisition in America, lately secured to the crown, by the definitive treaty of Paris, and the advice of the privy council thereupon, 'being desirous that *all our loving subjects, as well of our kingdoms*, as of our colonies in America, may avail themselves with all convenient speed, of the great benefits and advantages, which must accrue therefrom to their *commerce, manufactures and navigation*.' It remembereth us even further back, of the days of Sir Josiah Child, and the close systems of our mother country, devised originally against the free and virtuous republic of Holland, and finally transformed and fitted to us, as finely as though they had been cut out for us. It gives us a lively and rather racy relish of those venerable principles of colonial monopoly, by which our industry was trained in prudent directions to promote the prosperity of the mother country, and our native fondness for the arts was encouraged to confine itself to the honest and peaceful pursuits of husbandry, leaving our workshops to be kept in Europe. It reminds us of a certain act entitled an act,

'To restrain the trade and commerce of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and New Hampshire, and colonies of Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, in North America,

to Great Britain, Ireland, and the British islands in the West Indies; and to prohibit such provinces and colonies from carrying on any fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, or other places therein mentioned, under certain conditions and limitations.'

This was the same act, it may be observed, by which it was established,

'That *the river which emptieth itself into Passamacadie or Passamaquadda Bay, on the western side,* and is commonly called or known by the name of *St. Croix* river, be held and deemed for all the purposes in this act contained, to be the boundary line between the provinces of Massachusetts Bay and Nova Scotia.'

If the monopoly of this continent was played for as a stake, between England and France, and the provinces had to pay the price of the contest, and to see their own frontier the forfeit, not of defeat, but victory, still they were not deprived of the freedom of commerce in this hemisphere, and had the same prescriptive liberty of carrying their products to the West Indies, that they had of a partnership in the fur-trade or the fisheries. We were the denizens of all the English empire upon our coast, from the equator to Labrador. In the natural connexion of this important subject, we cannot forbear to quote the doctrine of the venerable John Adams, to whom New-England is so much indebted for the preservation of her most valuable interests. *We considered the treaty* of 1783, he said, *as a division of the empire. Our independence, our rights* to territory and *to the fisheries, as practised before the Revolution, were no more a grant from Britain to us, than the treaty was a grant from us of Canada, Nova Scotia, &c. The treaty was nothing more than mutual acknowledgments of antecedent rights.* In defence of a portion of those rights, particularly the fisheries, New-England, and especially Massachusetts, had done more than all the rest of the British empire. In the various projected expeditions to Canada, not defeated through their negligence, in the conquest of Louisburgh in 1745, in the final conquest of Nova Scotia, New-England had expended more blood and treasure, than all the rest of the British empire. In regard to that portion of these rights, most intimately connected with our limits, namely, the fisheries, we urged upon the British ministers, he continued, that it was the interest of England herself, that we should hold fast all those rights, because all the profits which we make of them, went

regularly to Great Britain, in gold and silver, to purchase and pay for their manufactures; and that if it was in their power, which it was not, to exclude us from, or abridge those rights, they would themselves experience the consequences of their own unwise policy. This was a strain worthy at the time of him, who has been well styled 'the noblest Roman of them all;' and although some things have already taken a different turn, and other things have acquired a steady and determined direction in fulfilment of these patriotic and prophetic suggestions, we have no occasion to lose sight of them, in remarking the policy that has been pursued by Great Britain toward the United States. A most remarkable development of this policy took place in the negotiations at Ghent,—of which the question now pending is a legacy.

The negotiations, which it was the intention to open at Gottenburgh, being removed to Ghent, the American envoys were surprised by a set of demands, as the conditions of peace, which went very far to carry the United States back to the era before the Revolution. These demands were, first,—for a *general revision of the boundary line between Great Britain and the United States;* the establishment of the Indian possessions, as a permanent barrier between the British dominions and the territories of the Union; the lakes from Lake Ontario to Lake Superior to be the proper frontier between the two countries; from Lake Superior, the line to be pursued to the Mississippi; and on the north-east, a '*variation of the line of frontier, by a cession of that portion of the District of Maine, in the State of Massachusetts, which intervenes between New Brunswick and Quebec, and prevents their direct communication.*' The United States were further required to relinquish their right to the Lakes, and to disarm their force on the waters and dismantle their fortifications on the shores of those lakes, within a limited distance, while the British were to retain the right to a military possession on their side of both. In addition to these demands, besides the islands of Passamaquoddy, which we were to give up, we were also to be deprived of the right to the fisheries, and of drying our fish upon the shores within the limits of British sovereignty. These positions seem to have been assumed upon the ground,—which on some points was positively taken,—that the treaty of 1783 was repealed by the declaration of war; leaving us only to negotiate upon the footing of our original declaration of independence, so far as the success-

ful result of the former war had not been impaired by the military vicissitudes attending the latter. Finally, the British plenipotentiaries proposed the *uti possidetis*. This new pretension was brought forward, as the American envoys wrote home, 'immediately after the accounts had been received, that a *British force had taken possession of all that part of the State of Massachusetts, situated east of Penobscot river.*' The British negotiators were in a constant state of communication with their own Government, referring to its consideration every note from our envoys, and waiting a return before they transmitted their answer. By the time when the negotiations, on the principle of *uti possidetis*, should be brought to a close, the success of the expedition destined to Louisiana, might have been determined; and in possession of Penobscot upon one side, and New Orleans upon the other, the British Government might have gone far to execute the original project of 1763.

This proposal of the *uti possidetis* was stripped at once, by the American Ministers, of its diplomatic circumlocution; and they met it by a direct denial, that they had any power to cede the territory of the United States. To be more distinct, they referred to their former note in reply to the broad demand of a new boundary, in which they say, they 'perceive, that under the alleged purpose of opening a direct communication between two of the British Provinces in America, the British Government *require a cession of territory forming a part of one of the States of the American Union*,—and that they propose, without purpose specifically alleged, to draw the boundary line westward,' &c. 'They have no authority,' they answer, 'to cede any part of the territory of the United States; and to no stipulations to that effect will they subscribe.'

It was to this great object, namely, to obtain a new demarkation of the territorial limits of the United States, and a curtailment of their rights on this continent and the adjacent element, that the great efforts of the British negotiators were directed. This was the purpose which they approached, under the affectation of affording protection to the Indians against our resentment; the accusation, of our design to conquer Canada, and of the immorality of our acquisition of Florida; and the assertion, of the flaming proof of our insatiable appetite, arising from the purchase of Louisiana. Hence, also, the allusion to equivalents and offers in other quarters, and all the diplomatic expedients made use of to compass this purpose. Why, at

least, his Majesty should be 'precluded from availing himself of his means to retain these points, which the valor of British arms might have placed in his power, because they *happened to be situated within the territories allotted under former treaties to the Government of the United States*,' his Majesty's plenipotentiaries professed themselves entirely unable to conceive. These records of the negotiations at Ghent are not revived, however, to show the similarity to the project of an Indian barrier, presented by France, and repelled by Mr. Pitt, in the negotiations at the termination of the war of 1756, nor the broad and glaring analogy which they exhibit to the policy of the proclamation of 1763. It is for the *distinct admission they contain, of the proper construction of the limits of our territories, and particularly of Massachusetts then, now Maine, according to the allotment of former treaties.*

With respect to that part of the boundary of the District of Maine which had been brought into view, the American envoys had never understood that the British plenipotentiaries, who signed the treaty of 1783, had contemplated a boundary different from that fixed by the treaty, and which required 'nothing more in order to *be definitively ascertained, than to be surveyed in conformity with its provisions.*' This subject not having been a matter of uncertainty or dispute, they said they were not instructed upon it, and had 'no authority to cede any part of the State of Massachusetts, even for what the British Government might consider a fair equivalent.'

The treaty of Ghent neither raised nor recognised any doubt about the geography of the highlands. It gave no new description of them; but adopted the definition that had been in known and constant use for fifty years, and always understood and applied in one and the same manner. It left no more uncertainty about the proper existence and character of these *highlands*, than it did respecting *Connecticut river*, or the *astronomical north.* The lines had never been surveyed by any mutual proceeding between the two countries. Two points only had not been ascertained;—*where* was the *north-westernmost* source of Connecticut river; and where was the point at which a line drawn thence along the highlands, would be intersected by a line drawn due north from the St. Croix? The *north-westernmost* source of Connecticut river was to be determined in the same manner, that the *due north direction* from the St. Croix was. Both depended upon the direct ap-

plication of scientific principles. The *point* in the highlands, which should be met or made by a meridian from the monument, had not been ascertained. A survey could then be made, by which the limits of each country would be marked out. It is mentioned by the King of the Netherlands, that Great Britain had once refused a proposition of this kind. She did not refuse it now; and nothing remained to be done, but to carry the provisions into honest and faithful effect. The import of it is correctly exhibited in the following paragraph, from the Report of the Committee of Public Lands, in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

'It results from the terms of these articles, and leaving out of view that part of the fifth relating to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, and the boundary thence to the Iroquois, which is not material to the present purpose, that the duty which devolved upon the Commissioners, appointed under the fifth article, was to ascertain and define that point of the highlands lying due north of the source of the river St. Croix, which was designated, in the former treaty, as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, and to cause that part of the boundary line, between the dominions of the two powers, which extends from the source of the river St. Croix, due north to the above mentioned north-west angle of Nova Scotia, thence along the said highlands, which divide those rivers which empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, to be surveyed and marked according to the provisions of the treaty. No authority is given to the Commissioners, to ascertain and determine the respective positions of the highlands, or of the source of the river St. Croix. Both these are supposed to be known. The position of the source of the river St. Croix, had in fact been determined by a special convention, and no question had ever been raised as to that of the highlands, which was laid down in all the maps, and described in a variety of official documents, emanating from the British Government, as stretching from the western extremity of the Bay des Chaleurs, along the south side of the river St. Lawrence, at a distance from it of twenty or thirty miles. The duty of the Commissioners was, therefore, as has been already said, to ascertain and determine the point where a line, drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix, strikes the highlands, and to cause the boundary line, which, according to the treaty, was to run westerly from that point along the highlands, to be surveyed. Should the Commissioners differ upon any of the matters referred to them, they were to make report to their

respective Governments of the points on which they differed, and an arbiter was to be appointed, who was to decide on view of these reports, the points of difference therein stated.'

The existence of these highlands forming the northern boundary of Maine, is assumed in the Report as a matter of fact, of public notoriety, established by the uniform evidence of maps, and by the practice and authority of the British Government. A graphic description of the character of these highlands, from the best knowledge that exists of them at the present period, is given in the following passage from a letter of Mr. Preble, one of the agents of the United States, and late Minister at the Hague, to Mr. McLane, then Minister at London, published in an Appendix to the pamphlet, prefixed as a title to this article.

'On the southern border of the river St. Lawrence, and at the average distance from it of less than thirty miles, there is an elevated range or continuation of broken highland, extending from Cape Rosières south-westerly, to the sources of Connecticut river, *forming the southern border of the basin of the St. Lawrence*, and the *ligne des versants* of the rivers emptying into it. The same highlands form also the *ligne des versants* of the river Restigouche, and its northerly branches emptying into the Bay des Chaleurs, the river St. John, with its northerly and westerly branches emptying into the Bay of Fundy, the river Penobscot, with its north-westerly branches emptying into the Bay of Penobscot, the rivers Kennebec and Androscoggin, whose united waters, absorbed in the river Sagadahock, empty through it into Sagadahock Bay, and the river Connecticut emptying into the Bay, usually called Long Island Sound. These Bays are all open arms of the sea or Atlantic ocean, are designated by their names on Mitchell's map, and with the single exception of Sagadahock, are all equally well known, and usually designated by their appropriate names. The river St. John, several branches of which take their rise in these highlands, from thirty to one hundred and twenty English miles west of the line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix, pursuing a south-easterly course, crosses said line, then suddenly turning, runs nearly parallel to it, when, resuming its former direction, it winds its way through more than three hundred miles from its source to the ocean; and in its course, besides its own rapids and those of its tributaries, precipitates itself over one fall of eighty feet in height. The waters of the St. Lawrence are tide waters, and of course on a level with those at the mouth of the St. John. As therefore the highlands, or *point de portage*, where the tributaries of the St. John take their rise, approach the St.

Lawrence within thirty English miles, it necessarily results from the nature of things, that the country on the Atlantic side must continue to rise till it reaches the dividing ridge or highlands, and then suddenly fall off toward the river St. Lawrence. But we are not here left to inference. It is proved by actual observation and computation, that the average absolute height of this "*ligne des versants*" approximates nearly to two thousand feet.'

The highlands where the line passes, at the Temiscouatu Portage, is thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. That at which the north-west angle of Nova Scotia is found, is a table of considerable elevation, and there the waters find a descent from the south into the river St. Lawrence, from the west into the Bay of Chaleurs, and from the north and north-west into the Atlantic. In this part of the country, where the proper angle is found, are springs of the St. John, and Restigouche, and the Metis. From similar highlands in Scotland, more like table-land than mountains, take their rise the sources of the Tweed, and the Clyde, and the Annan; and a more natural or appropriate position for the north-west angle of Nova Scotia,—divided by the Bay of Chaleurs from Canada,—could hardly be supposed. Thereabouts it was found and considered to be in 1798; and there was not even a question of fact existing since that period, but only a treaty process instituted to ascertain the *point*.

This elevation of the land at the source of the river Metis, is greater than that of Mount St. Francis; and viewed from the St. Lawrence, the ridge of highlands probably presents a conspicuous and continuous appearance. The term *hauteur de terre*, is one used in Canada, and applied to this ridge, as the term *highlands* is used in Scotland. This equivalent expression was first employed to mark off the Canadian boundary, from New-England first, and finally from *Nova Scotia*, where the application of it would have an equal felicity; and it may be asserted as a fact, with entire confidence in its integrity, that no person in America ever doubted that this boundary of highlands, distinguished and established by the treaty of 1783, ran north of the river St. John,—which is the only question,—till since the treaty of Ghent. We may safely challenge a contradiction.

Nevertheless, it appears that the situation of these highlands was the principal point, upon which the British and American Commissioners happened to differ. Upon this subject the

Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature remark, 'that it certainly was not the intention of the parties to the treaty of Ghent, that any question should be made. When the British commissioners advanced the extravagant and preposterous pretension, that the highlands were situated in a widely different region in the State of Maine, the Committee say, the American Commissioners might perhaps with propriety have declined to negotiate upon this point.

'Instead of this, however, they undertook to refute the British argument, and finally consented to refer it to the arbiter. The King being authorized to decide upon all the questions specified in the statement, was of course justified in considering the situation of the highlands as one of the points referred to him; *and had he given a decision in favor of the British pretensions, the Government of the United States would have been bound to acquiesce in it, except so far as it might have been considered originally null and void, for want of any constitutional power in the Government of the United States, to authorize the submission to a foreign arbiter of the question so decided.*

'The King, however, gave no decision upon this or any other question relating to the north-eastern boundary. After stating the question to be, as above represented;—what is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, and what are the highlands which divide the waters that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those that fall into the Atlantic ocean?—his Majesty proceeds to recapitulate at considerable length, the arguments which have been urged by the two parties, in favor of their respective pretensions, compares their forces, and finally concludes, that there is not sufficient evidence on either side, to justify a decision.'

It may be fitting to furnish some further account than we have yet seen, of the singular operations, by which the mind of the arbiter has been guided to this strangely negative result. We might be spared the perplexity of following out a number of passages, literally leading to nothing, if it were not rather interesting and curious to see by what expedients it was practicable to avoid a decision. Besides being abundant and diversified in its details, the opinion is somewhat curious and complicated in its application of principles. It employs a scrupulous and subtle species of analysis. It carries with it an aspect of novelty in its prevailing ideas, that might be rather refreshing on such an antiquated topic; and it contains, there can be no sound reason for not saying it, a very singular mixture of mystifications and sophistications. Altogether, it is one

of the most remarkable pieces of metaphysics that have been produced, in matter of law or fact, in modern times. Although the method made use of may be understood by those who are acquainted with the subject and familiar with the case, it can hardly be mastered without considerable study, and also requires the aid of the artificial map A. Difficulties present themselves in the official translations, which are not immediately removed by recurrence to the original; and on the whole it is a document of a rather *unique*, and anomalous description. But it will assume its place in the Annual Register of 1831, and find its way to the public understanding.

The first step in the process, adopted by the arbiter,—and which, properly improved and pursued, it is easy to perceive, goes far to accomplish the whole result, is to dispense with the quality of *altitude*, as constituting a characteristic of the highlands, established by the treaty. It is assumed that 'the character more or less hilly and elevated of the country,' through which the line may be drawn, affords no criterion:

Again, that the treaty of Ghent institutes a proceeding to ascertain the limit by direct examination upon the spot, which is incompatible with the idea of a *definite* or *historical* boundary:

That the descriptive north-west angle of Nova Scotia, being itself the desideratum, has no proper existence:

That *the nature of the ground, east* of the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, had not been indicated in the treaty,—nor the number of degrees to form that angle given:

That, furthermore, there is nothing to be derived from the delimitation of the ancient British Provinces on this point, as the boundary line, west of the St. Lawrence, through the lakes, did not comport with the ancient Province charters:

And that, stripping the question of these inconclusive circumstances, namely, the nature more or less hilly of the ground, and the ancient delimitation of the Provinces, &c. it resolves itself into this,—that is to say, what is the ground, no matter (*n'importe*) whether hilly and elevated, or not, which, westwardly from the line of the St. Croix, divides the rivers, which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean.

Putting the lands, whether high or low, on both sides of the St. John, to the north and south, upon the same level, so long as waters flow from them in different directions, and divesting

them of every circumstance, to distinguish the one or the other by any prescriptive discrimination, the next step is to dispose of the rivers, that are found to flow from the reputed highlands.

The rivers St. John and Restigouche, in the first place, are cashiered by the arbiter, on the ground, that it would not be safe to include them in the description of rivers, falling into the Atlantic ocean;—these rivers falling into the Bays of Fundy and Chaleurs;—that *these alone* are the rivers falling into the Atlantic ocean at all, which the boundary line claimed by the United States divides immediately from rivers, emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence;—and that this boundary line does not even immediately divide the *rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence*, from the St. John and Restigouche, but only from *rivers that empty themselves into the St. John and Restigouche;* so that, to reach the Atlantic ocean at last, each set of streams, separated from the St. Lawrence, requires two intermediate communications, viz. the one the river St. John and the Bay of Fundy, the other the river Restigouche and Bay of Chaleurs.

But there is a still more effective ingredient employed, in order to produce a proper solution of this problem; and that seems to be, that the highlands which divide the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from those falling into the ocean, may as well divide them *mediately* as immediately; so that, in this sense, it becomes entirely indifferent on which side of the St. John the supposed highlands are situated, and that one set will answer the purpose of the treaty just as well as the other. The river St. John is thus substantially extracted for all purposes from the field of inquiry. This river is put, in fact, upon the same footing with the highlands. It is considered immaterial, whether those highlands have any extraordinary elevation. It is immaterial, whether the St. John flows on one flank of them or the other; and to avoid the existence of the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, both the elements in the treaty description, namely, the *height* of lands, and the circumstance of their *dividing* rivers, seem to be rendered nugatory.

Striking the St. John from the scene, reducing the highlands to a level, and expunging the southern boundary of Quebec, the north-west angle of Nova Scotia sinks into a shapeless ruin,—'*Baron and Baillie, and Saunders Saunderson,—a' dead and gane!*' It leaves the description of the treaty of

1783, a mere *rasa tabula*. It converts the whole space of country,—from the Chaudière to the river Metis, embracing the Ouelle, Kamouraska, Du Loup, Verte, Trois Pistoles and Rimousky, falling into the St. Lawrence on one side, that is, between those streams to the north, and the Penobscot, Kennebec and Androscoggin, the whole breadth of Maine, to the South, for all purposes of the treaty,—into *table land*. The face of the country is, in fact, discharged from all features of a sensible character; it is all indefinite. The original description is neutralized; there is no firm or distinct tract of ground remaining; the chemical process has been successful. The treaty description of the territory is cancelled, and becomes a mere blank.

In thus exercising this sovereign faculty of going into a thoroughly new and artificial view of the subject,—as though there were no pre-existing rules or principles of determination in regard to it,—the arbiter carefully discards all that is historical. In this respect, therefore, the description in the proclamation of 1763, the Quebec Act of 1774, and the successive commissions to the governors of Canada,—go for nothing. It is not that the negotiators of 1783 adopted so much any ancient delimitation of the Provinces in that quarter, as that they employed a set of terms, which, by their being made use of to define the principal provincial boundary in that direction, had acquired *a known, determinate, and practical signification*. If there had been no evidence on this subject before the arbiter, and he had been left entirely to the lights of his own mind, he might have been justified in viewing it more as an open question. But he was not thus at liberty. In the first commission that was issued to Sir Guy Carleton as governor of Quebec, in 1786, the identical description of '*highlands*, which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic *ocean*,' was used, which was employed in the treaty of 1783. It could not be said, that the treaty paid no regard to the ancient delimitation of the British Provinces, since Nova Scotia was expressly named, and the western boundary of that Province, terminating at its north-westernmost point in those highlands, was adopted as the eastern boundary of the United States.

With respect to the inference of the arbiter, that the northern boundary of Maine is not to be regulated by the southern boundary of Quebec, on the ground that the limits of the colo-

nies were not adopted as the limits of the United States, if it were of any importance, we should be glad if his Majesty would inform us, what the limits of the colonies were at the declaration of their independence? Should we go by their charters to the Pacific, or be governed by the acts of 1763 and 1774, intended to bear mainly upon what are now the Middle and Southern States of the Union? Does it follow, in his estimation, that because the operation of those provisions was not acquiesced in according to all their extent, that therefore their expressions are to be without effect, when they are literally recited and exactly applied? Because the lakes were made the boundary from the Iroquois to their farthest extremity in the wilderness, does it necessarily vitiate and destroy that portion of the description in these acts, which applies with perfect precision from the Connecticut and Chaudière to the Bay of Chaleurs? The logic of the arbiter implies an acquaintance with historical circumstances, while all his deductions are made against the authority of historical documents. Every thing is made to tell one way in his philosophy. What he has been able to do in the actual manner in which he has gone to work, is not in itself so wonderful,—because he has absolutely been able to do nothing,—as the dexterity with which he has attempted to divest the subject of all its real merits, arising from the character of the country, the demarkation of Canada, and the whole class of facts, geographical and historical, combined, which come down to us as traditionary truths, and are established under the most authentic sanctions. Supposing, if it were possible, the highlands to have been hypothetical, still they had an unquestionably admitted existence, the intention was capable of being perfectly ascertained, and the delimitation which was *designed* could have been conclusively demonstrated. The phrase 'Atlantic ocean' was *genus generalissimum.* It embraced all but the river St. Lawrence to the south and east. A verbal criticism was raised in the British statements, on the word '*sea*' having been used in the proclamation of 1763, as being the more comprehensive term, but the arbiter does not notice this slender distinction. If any of the original traces were obliterated, or the monuments referred to not to be found, it does not follow that the direction of the treaty was to be disregarded and abandoned as entirely ineffectual, so as to substitute a totally arbitrary definition, or rather a merely arbitrary division.

The arbiter, looking into historical documents for a very limited purpose, finds that the *north-west angle of Nova Scotia* was at one time (1755) on the bank of the St. Lawrence; and at another (1779) at the source of the St. John. Now it is quite certain, that there never was any such thing as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia in existence until 1763. When the northern boundary of that Province was considered as resting on the St. Lawrence, the arrival of the north line from the St. Croix never gave it the denomination of an angle. The north-west angle of Nova Scotia was never formed, till the Province of Quebec was set off. To look on Mitchell's map for the latitude of that angle, as coinciding with the St. Lawrence, is not merely an anachronism, but an absurdity. Mitchell's map was laid before the arbiter, because it was known to have been before the British and American negotiators, in forming the treaty of 1783. But to infer from that map, that there was any assignable north-west angle of Nova Scotia upon the latitude of the river St. Lawrence, different from that designated by the treaty, is preposterous. The identical Mitchell's map, which was used at Paris in making the treaty, is still preserved, and exhibits traces with a pencil, since that period apparently passed over with a pen, showing where the angle in question was understood at that time to be found, and intended to be fixed. But as there was no question when that map was made use of under the treaty of 1794, except as to the St. Croix, it was not deemed of any importance to obtain attestation to the truth of these marks, and was deferred, until by the decease of Mr. Adams, and the infirmity of Mr. Jay, it became impossible.

In the conferences of our negotiators at Paris in 1783, it appears from the testimony afterwards taken, that the easterly boundaries of the Province of Massachusetts, it was considered, ought to constitute those of the United States! It seems that Mr. Jay supposed the St. John to be the proper eastern limit, and that it was so considered by respectable opinions in America. But it was replied, that the St. Croix was the river mentioned in the charter of Massachusetts, and therefore it was adopted. This was a mistake. The St. Croix was not mentioned in the charter. It is evident, that the Continental Congress in 1779 considered the chartered boundaries of Massachusetts Bay as extending to the St. John. That river, the St. John, had, as a committee of Congress say in

1782, before been called the St. Croix. The territory called Sagadahock had been considered as extending to the St. John, as the limit of the *place* called 'St. Croix, next adjoining to *New Scotland*.' While the dispute about Acadia was pending, Nova Scotia was placed on the east of the St. John, and that river was called also, as has been mentioned, the *Clyde*. The error of the old Congress, therefore, on this subject, was not entirely without occasion.

The circumstance is adverted to, because ideas are still understood to exist to the same purpose, and because the King of the Netherlands has availed himself of it to find a north-west angle of Nova Scotia at the furthest source, he probably means, of the St. John. This is a perversion of the fact, if not of the opinion, upon any other principle than that the St. John was properly regarded as the St. Croix. But the opinion that prevailed in Congress is best explained by the report of the committee in 1782, which refers to Bowen's map for authority or illustration, and that map places the north-west angle of Nova Scotia on the highlands, at the source of that branch of the river St. John, which is called the Madawaska. Five different maps, published in London, in 1765, 1771, 1774, 1775, as is mentioned in the first production at the head of this article, place the angle on the highlands, at the head of the same branch. But this is now immaterial. Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jay assented to the opinion of Mr. Adams, that the St. Croix was the river in the charter; and the St. Croix on Mitchell's map was selected. Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay agree that the boundary lines of the United States were marked out on that map,—and who can doubt, where the line in dispute along the highlands was drawn?

The little differences elicited between the authorities of New Brunswick and Canada, alluded to by the arbiter, resulted in fixing the southern limit of Quebec at the place mentioned on Mount Francis, near the lake Temiscouatu. This was before the treaty of 1794; after this, and the determination of 1798, we hear no more of them.

The claim of the American Congress to the river St. John inspired the arbiter with an idea of equitable compensation, which he was not able, however, to work out quite to our advantage, or his own contentment. The committee of Congress, it seems, considered the space between the Passamaquoddy and St. John as 'the place called or known by the name of

St. Croix,' in the Duke of York's Grant,—and so part of Sagadahock. By the surrender of both banks of the St. John for a considerable way from its mouth, and the intervening tract between the St. John and St. Croix bordering on the sea, the arbiter is of opinion that Great Britain did not obtain a territory of *less value*, than if she had accepted the St. John as her frontier,—granting to the United States, on that ground, the territory claimed by them to the north of the St. John. Still, he considers that the value of concession to Great Britain would be so much impaired by this compensation to the United States, that he cannot conceive what could have induced Great Britain to consent to it. He therefore comes to the conclusion, that he cannot confirm this equation to the United States, without violating the principles of law and equity; on the other hand, he comes also to the conclusion, that he cannot well refuse to establish it without pressing on the same principles, yet,—although it must be confessed, not without obvious reluctance and regret,—he does come to the conclusion by the aid of other circumstances, that 'to him that hath shall be given, and from that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' The off-set, thus allowed in his view by the treaty, is resumed by this result. His mind has been too much familiarized with the affairs of Europe, however, for the last forty years, to disregard the idea of some indemnity. He had received one himself at the hands of Bonaparte. He had a large one from the Congress of Vienna, which he has now lost, and he is now disputing the arrangements about Limbourg and Luxemburgh, upon the same principle. It was natural for him to cast about for something of this kind, to relieve the wounded principles of right and equity, by providing somewhat in the shape of an equivalent in some other quarter; and, at the same time, furnish a specimen of his proposed method of adjudication.

In preparing this, he was not without an intimation of what was practicable and acceptable in the estimation of the British Government, from the negotiations at Ghent; in which it was said, that the demand of a cession of the portion of the District of Maine in question, left it 'open for the American plenipotentiaries to demand an equivalent for such cession, either in frontier or otherwise.' The British statements and evidence indirectly afforded the arbiter information, that the United States had begun to build a fort at Rouse's Point on Lake

Champlain, which, on a true survey of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, would be excluded from their territory; and insinuated, that this was all the interest the United States had in that survey. Neither the statements, documents, or evidence exhibited on the part of the United States, contained the slightest notice of this circumstance; and it was not touched in the convention. By adjudicating this place,—to which we did not pretend to set up a shadow of title, unless it was found south of the true line,—to the United States, he proposed a mode of decision, which, if not objected to, would serve equally well in both cases.

We will look at this matter a moment. Admitting, that territory is the most proper measure of compensation for territory, if the arbiter could go so far out of his way as to award us Rouse's Point, to save an outlay, which may be considered as lost to us at any rate,—if he could depart from so fixed a rule as a parallel of latitude, where there was no room for any perplexity about the courses of rivers,—if he could thus travel entirely out of the field of territory allotted to us by the treaty of 1783,—why could he not as well have applied the remedy to that quarter of the country, upon which he was obliged, in his own expression, to inflict the wound? Why, if the negotiation and exchange supposed by him to have been made in the treaty of 1783 were to be revised, so as to take back the tract to the north of the St. John, should there not have been a proportionate restoration of that which Great Britain had obtained, to the west of that river? We put it simply upon the principles of right and equity, which the arbiter is afraid to wound by his opinion. We do not say, that we did not receive a perfect equivalent for the portion which we parted with, upon his notion, at the peace of 1783; but that depends upon our being able to hold it; and it is proved, that the St. Croix, which was marked out for us upon the rule which the arbiter adopts, namely Mitchell's map, would have given us all the river St. John, from the mouth of Eel river, at the bend above Fredericton. Supposing that he could not have given us back to the Magaguadavie, he might have restored to us the territory to that part of the St. John, where it would have been touched by the meridian from Mitchell's St. Croix. Nay, he could not possibly have wandered farther out of his sphere, than he did in carving us out a portion of Canada, if he had assigned to us the islands of Grand Menan, and Campo Bello.

The latter is properly a part of the promontory on which the town of Lubec is situated, and the other the largest of a group of islands immediately abreast. Not that we believe that any operations of this kind would have been within his competency; they would not have been less so than what he has done; and if the illustrious arbiter could exercise the utmost power, not of a judge, but of a Chancellor, in reforming the terms of the contract between the parties upon its original principles, there would have been no injustice in giving us the benefit of the same retrospection. If it were out of his power to conceive what could have influenced the Court of London to concede the full value for an equivalent, which Great Britain is admitted to have received, is it right, upon principles of mere equity, that she should retain the consideration, and still be allowed to recover back the territory she has parted with for it?

These considerations, however, we are sensible, have no relevancy in regard to the proper question of the authority of the arbiter; they only serve to shadow out the excessive irregularity of his proceeding. We may go farther, and acknowledge that there is no sort of foundation for this fancy of the arbiter, dignified into some consideration by being adopted by him, of there having been any balancing of equivalents on this quarter at the treaty of 1783, in the manner which it has been his pleasure to suppose. The proceeding was a simple and direct one on the part of the American negotiators, and there was no objection made to the extent of it on this quarter by the British. There is yet living and most respectable evidence on this point.

We might decently apologize to our readers for drawing our remarks to such a length, but the subject assumes a practical importance, as it now awaits the action of the constituted authorities of the United States, upon the opinion, which has been duly communicated to them, of the King of the Netherlands. The learned Dr. Rutherforth has employed some part of a chapter, which Dr. Paley thought might as well have been spared, to prove that acts, which did not import obligation, were not binding as laws. Great as may be the respect and deference due to the character of a crowned sovereign, who has undertaken to perform such an amicable office, and omitting to ask, whether he continued to be precisely the same political person, or to sustain the same independent relation, at the time

of pronouncing his opinion as that of accepting the authority, it can be no discourtesy to ask, *whether that authority has been executed.* And again, while we are cautious of making a free use of phrases, signifying sovereignty, in application to the proper powers of any of the members of this Union separately, and should be very careful not to intrude upon the sacred precincts of constitutional power, we are at the same time sensible, that there are rights of a most important character, not merely reserved and secured to those members by the great instrument of our prosperity, but which are inherent in the soil which is the basis of them, and cannot so much as be touched without their entire consent.

We decline going into any further argument of our own upon this subject. The magnitude of the interest involved in the issue, in a public and territorial point of view, is one that commands a just and serious consideration. The executive and legislative authorities of Maine and Massachusetts, the two States most immediately interested, have united in the most distinct expressions of their opinions, disaffirming the validity of the formal act communicated by the King of the Netherlands; and the language of the latter State, although less excited and animated than that of the former, appears to us to be neither less clear, nor forcible and determined. The Legislative Committee of Massachusetts go a good way in giving a large and liberal construction of the power of the arbiter, to determine the points of difference, as appears from the extract of the Report which we have already quoted. If the evidence before the arbiter was insufficient, he was authorized to require more and cause further inquiries, but of this faculty he declined to avail himself, not considering the question to be capable of any further elucidation. Upon this the Committee say;

'The arbiter, having thus declared that the case was not susceptible of a decision upon the evidence, with which he had been furnished, and also that it was not susceptible of any further elucidation by means of additional evidence, seems to have had no alternative left, but to close the proceedings, and resign his functions, without giving any opinion. Instead of this, however, after alleging his inability to pronounce a decision in favor of the line claimed by either party, he attempts to settle the difference in another way, and recommends the adoption of an entirely new boundary, not previously contemplated, or claimed on either side,

and having no pretence of foundation or support in the terms of any of the treaties.

'This recommendation,' says the report, 'terminates the King's proceedings in regard to the question of the north-eastern boundary. According to the terms of the treaty of Ghent, as above quoted, the two parties engage to consider the decision of the arbiter as final and conclusive on all matters referred to him; and it is stipulated, in the convention of 1827, that the decision of the arbiter, when given, shall be taken as final and conclusive, and shall be carried, without reserve, into immediate effect, by Commissioners appointed for that purpose by the contracting parties. But, as this recommendation of an entirely new boundary is not a decision of any of the points referred to the arbiter, and is declared by himself not to be so, it is of course not binding, as a decision under the stipulations of the treaties. It is hardly necessary to add, that, as the mere recommendation of a friendly Sovereign, given without authority upon a point not submitted to him, it can have no obligatory character, however justly it may be entitled to the most respectful consideration. As the Committee cannot suppose that this will be considered by any one as a doubtful principle, they deem it unnecessary to multiply arguments in support of it. They will merely refer, in illustration of the abuses that would result from the adoption of a contrary principle, to the celebrated case of Bruce and Baliol, rival pretenders to the crown of Scotland, who submitted the decision of their respective claims to Edward I., then King of England, sometimes called the English Justinian. In this case, as in the one submitted to the King of the Netherlands by Great Britain and the United States, the arguments and evidence furnished by the parties were not considered sufficient, to authorize a decision in favor of either; and, in order that the difference might not remain unsettled, the English Justinian adjudged the crown of Scotland to himself. It will hardly be pretended, that this proceeding was conformable to the rules of national law; but it would have been fully justified, by any principle which would give to the recommendation of a new boundary by the King of the Netherlands an obligatory power over the Governments of Great Britain and the United States. If an arbiter have a right to travel out of the record of the submission, and give opinions having the force of law, upon questions not referred to him, it is obvious, that there are no limits to his authority, and that the reference, by two Governments, of any question, however unimportant, to the arbitration of a third, amounts to a complete and unconditional surrender of the national rights and independence of both.

'The recommendation of the King of the Netherlands is therefore not binding upon either Government. It is nevertheless entitled to very respectful consideration. It is the suggestion of a friendly Sovereign, made with the best intentions, and under an impression, that the adoption of it would be mutually and equally advantageous to both the parties. Although it can have no obligatory character, it may be proper to inquire, whether it is right and expedient that the Government of the United States should voluntarily accede to it, and give it effect.

'Supposing the question of expediency to be entirely open, the Committee are unable to perceive any very strong reasons for deciding it in the affirmative. They are not aware, that any material inconvenience can result from a further delay in the survey of the north-eastern boundary, as determined by the treaty of 1783; while the adoption of the recommendation of the King of the Netherlands would involve the sacrifice of a considerable tract of territory, and an acquiescence, to a certain extent at least, in pretensions on the part of the British agents, which are too extravagant to be regarded for a moment as entitled to serious attention. But the Committee will not enlarge upon the considerations belonging to the question of expediency, because they conceive that this question is precluded by the preliminary one of Constitutional right. The Government of the United States have no constitutional authority to cede to a foreign State any portion of the territory belonging to any one of the States composing the Union, without the consent of such State. They can, without a violation of this rule, settle such questions relating to the boundaries of the Union as were left doubtful by the treaty of 1783, because it is only by the settlement of these questions, that the extent of the territory of the border States can be ascertained. But the situation of the highlands, which, according to the treaties, form the northern boundary in this quarter, is not represented, either in the treaty of 1783, or in that of Ghent, as a doubtful point. The latter treaty provides for ascertaining the point where a certain line strikes the highlands, and for surveying another line, which is described as running in a westerly direction along the highlands. No provision is made for ascertaining the situation of the highlands, which is spoken of as known. The Government of the United States had therefore no Constitutional right to allow it to be drawn in question by England, still less to submit it to arbitration; and had the King of the Netherlands decided against us on this question, the Committee believe, as they have already remarked, that the act would have been wholly null and void, from a defect of authority in the Government of the United States to make the submission. The only uncertainty which exists in regard to this part of the boun-

dary, results from the want of an accurate survey of a line, the general course of which is well defined. The Government of the United States had a right to cause this line to be surveyed, without regard to the effect which the survey might have upon the extent of the supposed territory of Maine in that quarter. Farther than this, it had no authority to go, without the consent of Massachusetts and Maine.'

The pamphlet on 'the decision of the King of the Netherlands, considered in reference to the rights of the United States and State of Maine,' assumes it as a principle, not to be contested,

'That, as the United States and Great Britain stood in relation to each other and to the King of the Netherlands, as independent nations, the King of the Netherlands had no power whatever over any question of difference between the United States and Great Britain, beyond what those two Governments expressly and by mutual agreement delegated to him. It was not for him to extend his powers by remote inferences, of which he was to constitute himself the sole judge, nor to enlarge and aid his jurisdiction by indefinite and latitudinarian construction. It was not for him to assume the office and attributes of a friendly compounder, governed by no rule or principle but his own discretion, unless such an office and such powers were solemnly and expressly conferred upon him by the high parties interested. There is in such cases, from the very nature of the transaction, no implied power. Every man feels within him, as the dictate of common sense, that a consciousness of the delicacy of the office, and a proper respect for the high parties interested, impose it as a rule, that the arbitrating Sovereign should never take upon himself to extend the limited special powers delegated to him, beyond the most plain, obvious meaning of the solemn, express stipulations of the parties. It is not only indelicate,—it savors of assumption in such cases, to resort to inference and construction in order to enlarge his authority. To maintain that the arbiter is the sole judge of the powers delegated to him and of the measure of his discretion, is to confer upon him the power to make treaties for the parties, as well as to execute them.'

We have an impression on this subject, of which we cannot quite divest ourselves; and that is, that the King of the Netherlands, whether from respect to the difficulties thrown in the way of his decision, or from an opinion that a friendly suggestion from him might answer all the purpose of a decision, actually meant no more than to throw this proposition into a

form, for the consideration of the two Governments, to be rendered effectual by their agreement to adopt it. This idea is strengthened, without adverting to his own circumstances at the time, by observing the appropriate language of adjudication, *il doit être considéré*, in determining the proper head of Connecticut river, in comparison with the loose phrase *il conviendra*, applied to the other points of this opinion. This is perhaps to be rather regarded as his intention; and the supposition is entirely respectful to him.

We have little inclination or room to pursue a further inquiry into the question of expediency. Our views on this subject are open to the influence of information and reflection. Resolutions are not in all cases a substitute for reasoning; but they sometimes serve to embody its results with great good sense, and to sound purpose. A strong concurrence of opinion, upon a point of public importance, where the subject has been under consideration for a sufficient period, is entitled to much respect. By the award or apportionment of the umpire, he has assigned to Great Britain the precise territory,—or perhaps rather more,—which her plenipotentiaries required, and ours refused to cede at Ghent. On the other hand, he has given to us a *kiliometre* of land or water upon a point of Lake Champlain, which is of no importance to us. Since the successive disasters of General Burgoyne and Sir George Prevost, we venture to predict, that there will never be a third attempt to girdle the United States in that direction; and we consider Rouse's Point to be of as little value in a military point of view, as old Crown Point. We have no occasion to be on our guard at that avenue, and if we had, that would be no protection. We have mentioned the fact, that the existence of this abandoned affair was no where alluded to in any manner on behalf of the United States, in laying their case before the arbiter. The fact has been stated and not contradicted, that a British exploring party, in the autumn of 1830, reconnoitred the line of the St. Francis, which has been marked out by the arbiter for our new boundary, and found it boatable to its source. This knowledge may at least serve to explain the readiness of the British Government to accept that limit, when it is assigned to them in 1831. The terms of the British demand for a cession of territory at Ghent, would have been satisfied by an extension of their boundary to the river Madawaska. This was the outside of the original Acadian settlement, and

no provincial grant, either by Governor Thomas Carleton, or since his day, has been made west of the mouth of that river. This too was the source of the St. John, intended by the old Congress. This river, with the Temiscouatu lake and portage, had always afforded the ordinary line of communication to the St. Lawrence. It was made a military route during the last war with Great Britain. Its military advantage was demonstrated; and the expediency of enlarging the British frontier to the left, that is to say, on the line of march toward Canada, was directly recommended. The St. Lawrence being shut up a great part of the year, and the outlet from St. John's and Halifax to the Atlantic being always open, the importance of these places as depots has been established, and experience has determined the utility of widening the communication from this quarter to Quebec. This is a utility, however, which is foreign to us. For civil purposes and the proper intercourse of peace, the question of a cession of a portion of our territory might be one thing. The argument respecting the transmission of the British mail, has been made use of; but that mail, we apprehend, is as regularly delivered to Montreal from New York, as it is at Quebec from Halifax. In a *time of peace*, there can be no obstruction. Would to heaven, there could never be any danger of its interruption. Experience, however, does not recommend to a peaceful nation the policy of disarming itself; and a cession of this frontier augments the British power for all purposes, that enable her to make an impression upon us, in no measurable ratio. It may be desirable, upon the soundest principles of philanthropy, to protect ourselves against a repetition of the stale charge of weak ambition to extend our own limits in that direction, by avoiding to give to a power, already impregnable, an ascendancy and importance, which might operate as excitements to future enterprises on either part against the peace of this continent.

We avow our belief, that the empire of the United States is not to be extended by any hostile encroachment upon the British Provinces. Great Britain is not destined to be ejected from this continent by our arms. Any change in the condition of her colonial dominions here is to come, as we apprehend, from her own consideration. Whether she shall turn her face to the wall, and see the sun set on her dominions upon this side of the Atlantic, depends upon her own will. It is

to her own wisdom, that the prudence of pressing and persisting in this present demand, which has been wearisome to the patience of all concerned, particularly addresses itself. It is, in part, for the benefit of the monitory reflections that may occur upon a review of the policy, exposed by the proclamation of 1763, and the parliamentary act of 1774, revived in the negotiations at Ghent, and expending itself on this last point of dispute,—the requirement to which this question owes its origin,—that we have interwoven with the texture of these remarks, references to those projects which were cherished to cramp and fetter the proper limits of the United States, to an extent beyond what might otherwise appear to be in perfectly good taste, or belong to a precise view of the subject.

We would record our fixed persuasion, that the present positions are best calculated to preserve the prosperity of the British dominions. The associations connected with the occupation of Penobscot, and the enterprise against New Orleans, ought not to be excited, except with a view to prevent a possibility of their returning. If any opportunity have been lost, the moral which American history presents to Great Britain is not to try to recover it. A different sort of retrospection recommends itself to the statesmen and benefactors of our mother country. We can wait the peaceful progress of our own principles. It is for us to maintain our ground, and leave the rest to time and our Constitution.

If there be any question in the public mind, in regard to the real magnitude of the present interest to ourselves, although it may be comprised in the possession of a territory of moderate compass, compared to the whole area of our country, it might be resolved by adverting to the eagerness with which Great Britain has hitherto persisted in the pursuit, and the importance which her politicians have attached to the object. It may be an exaggerated feeling, to be sure, of this consequence, that inspires Colonel Bouchette,* in his recent work on the British

* The opinion of Colonel Bouchette is plainly expressed, that the arbiter has exceeded his authority. 'The award of the umpire,' says he, 'dictated no doubt by a sincere desire of doing impartial justice to the high parties concerned,—is in fact a compromise; and we apprehend, that the question of reference did not contemplate a decision upon that principle; but was confined to the mere declaration of what was the boundary intended and meant by the treaty of 1783. It was in the spirit of that treaty alone, that the rule of decision was to be sought for, and not in abstract theories of equity,' &c. Deriving no validity from

dominions in America, to state, that the acceptance of this portion of their claim awarded them by the decision of the King of the Netherlands, will be the first step to the loss of their colonial empire. If Great Britain can scarcely preserve that empire with this concession, it would hardly be important to her to make a point of it. There are two opinions, however, prevailing upon this subject in Great Britain; and her colonial policy is probably at this moment on a poise. The great importance of these colonies to the mother country is mainly urged by those, who are there opposed to the progress of political reform. The Quarterly Review, Sir Howard Douglas, and that staunch and respectable supporter of the tory interest, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, declare the indispensableness of these appendages; and the political articles in these journals announce the loss of the colonies as one of the inevitable consequences of reform. Whether, in such an event, they shall constitute an independent Government under the protection of Great Britain, or what 'variety of untried being' their condition is to assume, has even begun to be a speculation. But at present her colonial empire is considered as a unit; her Canadas, her fisheries, her West-Indies are all considered parts of the same great whole; and we can receive no equivalent for any valuable concession, except such an one, as shall give us forever the free trade of this Western hemisphere.*

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the authority of the arbiter, therefore, by common consent, the proceeding can acquire an operation and effect only by its becoming the act of the two Governments, by their adoption and agreement; and such, we have no great doubt, was the intention of the King of the Netherlands.

*While this article was going through the Press, the Legislature of the State of Maine consented to treat with the Government of the United States, for a cession of its rights of soil and jurisdiction in the territory without the line recommended by the King of the Netherlands, with an understanding that this line was to be accepted. Only three or four weeks before, the same Legislature had adopted Resolves authorizing the appointment of agents at Washington and Boston, to prevent, if possible, any such arrangement. The motives that led to this sudden change of policy are not known. It was agreed to in a secret session of the Legislature, in consequence of letters from the agent at Washington, which have not been published, and of which a communication was refused to the Government of Massachusetts, whose friendly co-operation in the whole business had been so recently solicited and obtained. The transaction wears very much the appearance of a mere political or rather party manœuvre, and that of a kind not particularly honorable to the persons engaged in it. We shall probably return to the subject in a future number.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1832.

ART. I.—*Irving's Alhambra.*

The Alhambra; a Series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards. By the AUTHOR of the Sketch Book. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia, 1832.

Our last notice of Mr. Irving was taken on the occasion of the publication of the History of Columbus. This was the first and richest fruit of his researches in Spain. We have since been successively presented with the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, the History of the Voyages of the Companions of Columbus, and the work before us. The general favor with which these productions have all been received, both at home and abroad, and the great notoriety which the name of the author has now attained, render it superfluous for us to dwell particularly upon the character and contents of each. But we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of bearing our humble part in the cordial welcome, with which the unanimous voice of the country is now greeting the distinguished pilgrim on his return from abroad.

The first works which Mr. Irving published, after his visit to Spain, had no immediate connexion with his own residence there, except that by composing them upon the spot where the scenes are laid, he had access to materials which he could not otherwise have consulted. They were drawn chiefly from ancient documents, either printed or man-

uscript, and afforded the author but little opportunity for turning to account his own observations on the present state of Spain and the Spaniards. It was natural, however, to suppose that so accurate and attentive an observer of men and nature would not have passed so long a time in the midst of scenes so remote from the common track of travellers, without bringing away a rich treasure of notes and recollections. The account of his excursion from Seville to Palos and the Convent of La Rabida, which was appended to the History of the Companions of Columbus, gave a foretaste of what we might expect in this way, and the present work justifies the expectations which that charming little sketch was fitted to raise. Even this work is, we trust, only a forerunner to others of the same class. It is, in fact, confined to a single point in the author's Spanish travels, being devoted entirely to a description of his journey from Seville to Granada, and a record of his domestic adventures and poetical musings among the ruins of the ancient palace of the Alhambra, which constitute the principal curiosity of that city. There are various other scenes in the track which Mr. Irving pursued in Spain, not inferior either in natural beauties or historical associations to Granada, and which would afford an equally favorable canvass for the embroidery of his brilliant and many-colored sketches. From the mountain capital of Toledo, where Roderic, the last of the Goths, beheld, in the magic mirror of black marble, prophetic images of the future fortunes of his country, to the Pillars of Hercules on the one hand and the passes of Fontarabia and Perpignan on the other, the whole Peninsula is peopled, as it were, with historical and poetical memorials.

At the point of time when history first throws a clear light on the course of past events, we find Iberia employed by the two great rival republics of that day, as the field upon which they contended for the empire of the world. The genius of Rome prevailed, but had scarcely begun to repose from the toils of conquest, when the political fabric, which it had cost the persevering exertion of a thousand years to erect, crumbled into fragments. During the convulsive struggles of the following period, the Peninsula became again the great battle-ground of the ancient world. Two distinct races of men, one issuing from the frozen recesses of the North, and the other from the burning deserts of Arabia and Ethiopia, met upon

the plains of Castile and rushed into conflict, with a fury proportional to the lofty semi-barbarous spirit and fanatical enthusiasm of both. In this encounter the advantage remained, for a long time at least, on the side of Africa. The Moors overran the whole Peninsula, except the fastnesses of the Asturian mountains, founded kingdoms in all quarters, and maintained their position for more than seven hundred years. It was not, in fact, until they had become enervated by a long career of refinement and luxury, that the hardier Goths succeeded in dislodging them from their splendid cities, and exiling them again to the Libyan deserts from which their ancestors proceeded.

The period of the Moorish ascendancy is, perhaps, the most interesting in the annals of Spain, and would furnish a fit subject for a more methodical, extensive and elaborate historical description, than has yet been given of it in any language. With little pretensions to the sound judgment, and strong practical sense, which have enabled their northern rivals to establish systems of polity on broad and durable foundations, the Moors exhibited a dauntless bravery, a high sense of honor, a wild vigor of imagination, and an elegance of taste, which throw a vivid poetical light over the course of their adventures. While under their sway, Spain was undoubtedly the most highly civilized portion of Europe. The schools of Cordova were the fountains of science, and the courts of Seville and Granada the standards of art and fashion, for all the West. The most illustrious of the Gothic warriors is known to us by the title of honor, which was awarded to him by the generous admiration of his enemies. Under the immediate successors of the Moorish Princes, Spain still retained her commanding position in the Commonwealth of Europe. From the period of the conquest of Granada till the close of the religious wars, she was at the head of the policy, the learning and the arts of Christendom, and took the lead in extending them over the new-found regions of Asia and America. It is only within the last two centuries, that, under the government of a new race of sluggard kings, she has gradually sunk from her high estate, forfeited her pre-eminence in arts and arms, and having finally lost her immense colonial possessions, that still gave her, even after she was deprived of every other element of power, an unnatural importance, seems to be fast reaching the

condition of hopeless decrepitude and 'mere oblivion,' which, with nations as with individuals, form the

> ———last scene of all
> That ends this strange eventful history.

This long and interesting series of events has, however, —as we have already remarked,—in a manner, covered the whole surface of the Peninsula with poetical and historical memorials, and connected the name of every mountain, river, hill and valley with some great character, or extraordinary incident. The monuments that indicate the successive predominance of different and hostile races often stand in the immediate neighborhood of each other, like the tombs of adverse statesmen, who, after a long life of contention for place and influence, repose at last, side by side, in the same common cemetery. At Segovia, for example, the traveller finds grouped together, within a distance of one or two miles, a Gothic Cathedral, a Moorish Alcazar, or Palace, and a Roman Aqueduct; all in complete preservation, and among the finest specimens of their respective styles of construction, existing in Europe. While these magnificent works attest the former grandeur and wealth of the city,—once a royal residence and one of the principal seats of manufactures, —a few hundred wretched hovels collected around them, which seem to be crumbling to atoms with neglect and age, sufficiently prove the extent of its present decay. Such is the case throughout all Spain.

This air of desolation, which characterizes the whole face of the country, gives a sort of relief to the antiquarian monuments with which it is covered, and adds new interest to the historical and poetical associations connected with them. It is only, in fact, under such circumstances, that scenes and associations of this description produce their true effect. Where the business of life is in full activity, in all its various branches of politics, traffic, arts and war, the mind is too much distracted with present interests, to devote its attention very seriously to any others. It is only when we leave the seats of these agonizing struggles, and thus escape, for a time, from their influence, that we begin to brood with undivided intensity of thought and feeling upon the memory of the past, and the mysterious promise of the future. Hence, the poet, who finds his element in such contemplations, wanders about 'amid the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,' like

a stranger; but breathes more freely, and feels himself at home, and at ease, upon the trackless waste of the ocean, amid the vast forests, and beside the unexplored rivers of a new continent, or in scenes where solitude and silence spread their melancholy pall over the mouldering monuments of departed greatness and beauty.

Mr. Irving, who possesses the true poetical temperament, must therefore have found, in every part of the Spanish Peninsula, abundant materials for his sketches; and we may confidently anticipate that other collections will follow that with which he has now favored us. It is hardly reasonable, however, to call upon him for more works, before we have fairly noticed this; and we therefore hasten, without farther preface, to the immediate subject of the present article.

The work before us contains, as we have already remarked, a description of the author's journey from Seville to Granada, and an account of his residence in the Alhambra, interspersed with some of the legends of love and war, of hidden treasures, magic spells, and spectral apparitions, in which the Arabians took so much delight, and which are still current, wherever they were established. The dedication is addressed to Mr. Wilkie, the *facile princeps* of the present race of British painters, who visited Spain during Mr. Irving's residence there, and accompanied him on some of his excursions. The amiable character and unaffectedly cordial manner of this eminent artist naturally invited a compliment, which his high talents and reputation so well justify.* The expedition, which forms the subject of the work, was undertaken by Mr. Irving in company with a fellow-traveller, of whom he speaks in the following terms.

'In the spring of 1829, the author of this work, whom curiosity had brought into Spain, made a rambling expedition from Seville to Granada, in company with a friend, a member of the Russian embassy at Madrid. Accident had thrown us together from distant regions of the globe, and a similarity of taste led us to wan-

*In representing Wilkie as the prince of British painters, we of course do not include among them our distinguished countrymen, Allston, Leslie, and Newton. These are all, like Wilkie, artists of the first class; and it is not for us to undertake to settle their respective claims to precedence, as compared with him, or among themselves. We are glad to learn that Newton is at length turning his thoughts homeward, and that, at some not very distant period, he may probably be induced to fix his residence among us.

der together among the romantic mountains of Andalusia Should these pages meet his eye, wherever thrown by the duties of his station, whether mingling in the pageantry of courts or meditating on the truer glories of nature, may they recall the scenes of our adventurous companionship, and with them the remembrance of one, in whom neither time nor distance will obliterate the recollection of his gentleness and worth.'

We are informed that the person here alluded to is Prince Dolgorûky, a young member of the great Russian family of that name, justly esteemed by all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, for his agreeable manners, and highly cultivated mind. He has since been advanced to the place of Chargé d'Affaires of his government at the Hague; and will doubtless become one of the political and literary ornaments of his country. It was certainly a singular combination of chances, which brought a Sclavonian nobleman from the heart of Muscovy, and an English poet from the shores of the New World, to dwell together in peaceable companionship, though only for a few weeks, in a Moorish palace, situated in the centre of Christian Spain. Mr. Irving, with reference to himself alone, describes the event as the accomplishment of one of the cherished dreams of his childish fancy.

'I tread haunted ground, and am surrounded by romantic associations. From earliest boyhood, when, on the banks of the Hudson, I first pored over the pages of an old Spanish story about the wars of Granada, that city has ever been a subject of my waking dreams, and often have I trod in fancy the romantic halls of the Alhambra. Behold for once a day-dream realized; yet I can scarcely credit my senses, or believe that I do indeed inhabit the palace of Boabdil, and look down from its balconies upon chivalric Granada. As I loiter through the oriental chambers, and hear the murmuring of fountains and the song of the nightingale: as I inhale the odor of the rose, and feel the influence of the balmy climate, I am almost tempted to fancy myself in the Paradise of Mahomet, and that the plump little Dolores is one of the bright-eyed Houris, destined to administer to the happiness of true believers.'

The introductory chapter, which narrates the events of the journey from Seville to Granada, is one of the most agreeable in the book. In general, we think that Mr. Irving's style is more nervous and spirited, when he is employed in embellishing facts that have come within his own observation, than

when he attempts a wholly fictitious narrative. There is great truth in the remarks at the commencement on the general characteristics of the Spanish landscape. Those persons who have gone to Spain,—as has doubtless happened with many travellers,—in the expectation of finding in so southerly a climate something like the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation, must have been sadly disappointed by the stern and sombre reality. The soil of Spain is elevated and rocky, and the great heat, which, in a low and moist country, would stimulate vegetation, produces, by increasing the dryness, an opposite effect. The mountains of Guipuscoa and Biscay are thinly covered with pines; but as the traveller advances into the country, they gradually disappear, and on the vast central plateau of Old and New Castile, there is hardly a tree to be seen. In and about Madrid, there are a few public walks planted with trees; but such of them as are not situated immediately on the banks of the river, require to be watered every day during the hot season. The beautiful valley of Aranjuez, in which the waters of the Jarama meet with those of the Tagus, and which is laid out in ornamental grounds for the purpose of a royal residence, is almost the only spot in the Peninsula, where vegetation assumes a really flourishing and palmy state. Even on the banks of the Guadalquivir, where the country is comparatively low and moist, there is nothing like the exuberant richness of the American forest. The same causes which check vegetation, make the rivers shallow and scanty. In summer, many of them are reduced to a few threads of water, working their way painfully through intervening beds of sand. Such is the case with the Manzanares, on the banks of which the capital is situated; and an English writer of high pretensions positively affirms, that when the late queen made her *entrée* into the city, the bed of the river was watered, that her majesty might not be incommoded with the dust.* But of this, notwithstanding the authority of Mr. Ward, and the well-known veracity of all British travellers, we must be permitted to doubt. However this may be, the stranger, who has been accustomed to the freshness of a

* Mr. Ward, lately Chargé d' Affairés of Great Britain in Mexico, who makes this statement in a note to his work upon that country. The road from France by which the queen entered Madrid does not approach the river.

more genial climate, is often tempted to exclaim, in the language of the Latin poet,

——O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

The absence of trees and the dry and rocky nature of the soil, to which we have now alluded, appear to be the principal causes of the sombre and monotonous character of the landscape, which is so well described in the following extract.

'Before setting forth, let me indulge in a few previous remarks on Spanish scenery and Spanish travelling. Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, naked, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and invariably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces of Spain, and in them chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

'In the exterior provinces, the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt; but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil; at length he perceives some village perched on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a strong-hold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

'But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people, and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance

of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

'There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight, here and there, of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste, like a train of camels in a desert, or a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus, the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market-town without his trabucho, and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparations of a warlike enterprise.

'The dangers of the road produce, also, a mode of travelling, resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the East. The arrieros or carriers congregate in troops, and set off in large and well-armed trains on appointed days, while individual travellers swell their number, and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate wanderer of the land, traversing the Peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias, to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily; his alforjas (or saddle-bags,) of coarse cloth hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow contains wine or water for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains; a mule-cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low but clear-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt; his eye resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanor is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation—"Dios guarda à usted!"—"Vay usted con Dios caballero!"—"God guard you!"—"God be with you, cavalier!"

'As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon

the burden of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched down for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders; and the solitary bandalero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault.

'The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with which to beguile his incessant way-faring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chants forth with a loud voice, and long drawling cadence, seated sideways on his mule, who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chanted are often old traditional romances about the Moors; or some legend of a saint; or some love ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandalero; for the smuggler and the robber are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene, or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes they illustrate, accompanied as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell.

'It has a most picturesque effect, also, to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the craggy defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths; while, as they pass by, the ever ready trabucho, slung behind their packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.

'The ancient kingdom of Granada, into which we are about to penetrate, is one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast sierras or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites, elevate their sun-burnt summits against a deep blue sky, yet in their rugged bosoms lie engulfed the most verdant and fertile valleys, where the desert and the garden strive for mastery, and the very rock,

as it were, is compelled to yield the fig, the orange, and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

'In the wild passes of these mountains, the sight of walled towns and villages, built like eagles' nests among the cliffs, and surrounded by Moorish battlements, or of ruined watch-towers perched on lofty peaks, carry the mind back to the chivalrous days of Christian and Moslem warfare, and to the romantic struggle for the conquest of Granada. In traversing their lofty sierras, the traveller is often obliged to alight and lead his horse up and down the steep and jagged ascents and descents, resembling the broken steps of a staircase. Sometimes the road winds along dizzy precipices, without parapet to guard him from the gulfs below, and then will plunge down steep and dark and dangerous declivities. Sometimes it struggles through rugged barrancos, or ravines, worn by water torrents, the obscure paths of the contrabandista; while ever and anon, the ominous cross, the memento of robbery and murder, erected on a mound of stones at some lonely part of the road, admonishes the traveller that he is among the haunts of banditti; perhaps, at that very moment, under the eye of some lurking bandalero. Sometimes, in winding through the narrow valleys, he is startled by a hoarse bellowing, and beholds above him, on some green fold of the mountain side, a herd of fierce Andalusian bulls, destined for the combat of the arena. There is something awful in the contemplation of these terrific animals, clothed with tremendous strength, and ranging their native pastures, in untamed wildness: strangers almost to the face of man. They know no one but the solitary herdsman who attends upon them, and even he at times dares not venture to approach them. The low bellowings of these bulls, and their menacing aspect as they look down from their rocky height, give additional wildness to the savage scenery around.'

After describing his journey to Granada, Mr. Irving proceeds to the principal subject of the work, and gives an account, in a series of detached articles, of the Alhambra, of the persons by whom it is now tenanted, and of his own occupations and amusements while he resided among them, interspersed with tales founded on the local traditions of the vicinity. It would be superfluous to follow the ingenious and elegant author in detail through the several portions of a work, which has already preceded our notice in the hands of most of our readers. It is marked substantially with the qualities that distinguished his former productions of the same class, excepting that there is no mixture of the pathetic. The tone

is throughout light and pleasant, and the tales are all, if we rightly recollect, of a comic cast. We are not sure that this tone is quite in keeping with the character of the subject; and if there be any defect in the general conception of the work, it consists in selecting the ruins of a celebrated ancient palace, which seem to lead more naturally to grave meditations on the fall of empires, and melancholy musings on the frailty of human greatness, as the scene of a series of sportive caricatures and comic stories. It is pleasant enough, on this view of the matter, that a patriotic citizen of the great and flourishing Republic of the Western world, while wandering through the splendid royal halls, whose present dilapidated condition serves as a memorial of one of the political movements that have changed the face of society, instead of turning his thoughts upon the high concerns of Church and State, should be chiefly occupied with the personal characters and little domestic arrangements of the house-keeper's family, the humors of honest Mateo Ximenes, the Tertulias of aunt Antonia, and the truant pigeon of her attractive niece, 'the merry-hearted little Dolores.' We are reminded of the simple exultation with which the Italian peasant prefers his own humble cottage to the magnificent, but to him incomprehensible structures, under the ruins of which it is erected.

> There in the ruins, heedless of the dead,
> The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
> And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
> Exults and owns his cottage with a smile.

A work, conceived and executed in a tone like that of M. de Châteaubriand's Abencerrages, would have been undoubtedly more germane to the genius of the place where the scene is laid. But such is Mr. Irving. The high and deep things, whether of philosophy or feeling, are in a great measure foreign to him; and, as he more than intimates in the present work by several sly innuendoes about metaphysics, are, in his opinion, secrets not worth knowing. In the midst of the scenes and objects that most naturally suggest them, he reverts instinctively to the lights and shadows that play upon the surface of social life. He returns from the 'strong hold of old Ali-Atar, the father-in-law of Boabdil, whence that fiery veteran sallied forth with his son-in-law on that disastrous inroad, that ended in the death of the chieftain

and the capture of the monarch,' to tell us that the inn is kept by a young and handsome Andalusian widow with a trim basquina. When he thinks of the Alhambra hereafter, it will be 'to remember the lovely little Carmen, sporting in happy and innocent girlhood in its marble halls, dancing to the sound of the Moorish castanets, or mingling the silver warbling of her voice with the music of the fountains.' In all this, there is perhaps some little incongruity; but the spirit and beauty of the style render the work so agreeable, that, in reading it, we forget the defect, if such it can be called, of the plan, and would perhaps regret to have it any other than it is.

The best articles are those, in which the author gives a description of scenes and persons that have come directly within his own observation: such as the Journey, the Balcony, the Haunted Tower, the Author's Chamber, and the Visitors. Although some of these subjects might appear, as we have intimated, light and trifling, if viewed under the impression of the feelings most natural to the scene, they are all wrought up with great felicity, and are among the most finished and elegant specimens of style to be found in the language. We extract the Author's Chamber, not as the best, but as one which is best fitted by its length for quotation.

'On taking up my abode in the Alhambra, one end of a suite of empty chambers of modern architecture, intended for the residence of the governor, was fitted up for my reception. It was in front of the palace, looking forth upon the esplanade. The farther end communicated with a cluster of little chambers, partly Moorish, partly modern, inhabited by Tia Antonia and her family. These terminated in a large room, which serves the good old dame for parlor, kitchen and hall of audience. It had boasted of some splendor in time of the Moors, but a fire-place had been built in one corner, the smoke from which had discolored the walls, nearly obliterated the ornaments, and spread a sombre tint over the whole. From these gloomy apartments, a narrow blind corridor and a dark winding stair-case led down an angle of the tower of Comares; groping down which, and opening a small door at the bottom, you are suddenly dazzled by emerging into the brilliant antechamber of the hall of ambassadors, with the fountain of the court of the Alberca sparkling before you.

'I was dissatisfied with being lodged in a modern and frontier

apartment of the palace, and longed to ensconce myself in the very heart of the building.

'As I was rambling one day about the Moorish halls, I found, in a remote gallery, a door which I had not before noticed, communicating apparently with an extensive apartment, locked up from the public. Here then was a mystery. Here was the haunted wing of the castle. I procured the key, however, without difficulty. The door opened to a range of vacant chambers of European architecture; though built over a Moorish arcade, along the little garden of Lindaraxa. There were two lofty rooms, the ceilings of which were of deep panel work of cedar, richly and skilfully carved with fruits and flowers, intermingled with grotesque masks or faces; but broken in many places. The walls had evidently, in ancient times, been hung with damask, but were now naked, and scrawled over with the insignificant names of aspiring travellers; the windows, which were dismantled and open to wind and weather, looked into the garden of Lindaraxa, and the orange and citron trees flung their branches into the chambers. Beyond these rooms were two saloons, less lofty, looking also into the garden. In the compartments of the panelled ceiling were baskets of fruit and garlands of flowers, painted by no mean hand, and in tolerable preservation. The walls had also been painted in fresco in the Italian style, but the paintings were nearly obliterated. The windows were in the same shattered state as in the other chambers.

'This fanciful suite of rooms terminated in an open gallery with balustrades, which ran at right angles along another side of the garden. The whole apartment had a delicacy and elegance in its decorations, and there was something so choice and sequestered in its situation, along this retired little garden, that awakened an interest in its history. I found, on inquiry, that it was an apartment fitted up by Italian artists, in the early part of the last century, at the time when Philip V. and the beautiful Elizabetta of Parma were expected at the Alhambra; and was destined for the queen and the ladies of her train. One of the loftiest chambers had been her sleeping-room, and a narrow staircase leading from it, though now walled up, opened to the delightful belvedere, originally a mirador of the Moorish sultanas, but fitted up as a boudoir for the fair Elizabetta, and which still retains the name of the Tocador, or toilette of the queen. The sleeping-room I have mentioned commanded from one window a prospect of the Generaliffe, and its imbowered terraces; under another window played the alabaster fountain of the garden of Lindaraxa. That garden carried my thoughts still farther back, to the period of another reign of beauty; to the days of the Moorish sultanas.

"How beauteous is this garden!" says an Arabic inscription, "where the flowers of the earth vie with the stars of heaven! What can compare with the vase of yon alabaster f untain, filled with crystal water? Nothing but the moon in her fulness, shining in the midst of an unclouded sky!"

'Centuries had elapsed, yet how much of this scene of apparently fragile beauty remained! The garden of Lindaraxa was still adorned with flowers; the fountain still presented its crystal mirror: it is true, the alabaster had lost its whiteness, and the basin beneath, overrun with weeds, had become the nestling-place of the lizard; but there was something in the very decay that enhanced the interest of the scene, speaking, as it did, of that mutability which is the irrevocable lot of man and all his works. The desolation, too, of these chambers, once the abode of the proud and elegant Elizabetta, had a more touching charm for me than if I had beheld them in their pristine splendor, glittering with the pageantry of a court.—I determined at once to take up my quarters in this apartment.

'My determination excited great surprise in the family; who could not imagine any rational inducement for the choice of so solitary, remote and forlorn an apartment. The good Tia Antonia considered it highly dangerous. The neighborhood, she said, was infested by vagrants; the caverns of the adjacent hills swarmed with gipsies; the palace was ruinous and easy to be entered in many parts; and the rumor of a stranger quartered alone in one of the ruined apartments, out of the hearing of the rest of the inhabitants, might tempt unwelcome visiters in the night, especially as foreigners are always supposed to be well stocked with money. Dolores represented the frightful loneliness of the place; nothing but bats and owls flitting about; then there were a fox and a wild cat, that kept about the vaults and roamed about at night.

'I was not to be diverted from my humor; so, calling in the assistance of a carpenter, and the ever officious Mateo Ximenes, the doors and windows were soon placed in a state of tolerable security.

'With all these precautions, I must confess the first night I passed in these quarters was inexpressibly dreary. I was escorted by the whole family to my chamber, and their taking leave of me, and retiring along the waste antechamber and echoing galleries, reminded me of those hobgoblin stories, where the hero is left to accomplish the adventure of a haunted house.

'Soon the thoughts of the fair Elizabetta and the beauties of her court, who had once graced these chambers, now by a perversion of fancy added to the gloom. Here was the scene of

their transient gaiety and loveliness; here were the very traces of their elegance and enjoyment; but what and where were they? —Dust and ashes! tenants of the tomb! phantoms of the memory!

'A vague and indescribable awe was creeping over me. I would fain have ascribed it to the thoughts of robbers, awakened by the evening's conversation, but I felt that it was something more unusual and absurd. In a word, the long buried impressions of the nursery were reviving and asserting their power over my imagination. Every thing began to be affected by the workings of my mind. The whispering of the wind among the citron trees beneath my window had something sinister. I cast my eyes into the garden of Lindaraxa; the groves presented a gulf of shadows; the thickets had indistinct and ghastly shapes. I was glad to close the window; but my chamber itself became infected. A bat had found its way in, and flitted about my head and athwart my solitary lamp; the grotesque faces carved in the cedar ceiling seemed to mope and mow at me.

'Rousing myself, and half smiling at this temporary weakness, I resolved to brave it, and, taking lamp in hand, sallied forth to make a tour of the ancient palace. Notwithstanding every mental exertion, the task was a severe one. The rays of my lamp extended to but a little distance around me; I walked as it were in a mere halo of light, and all beyond was thick darkness. The vaulted corridors were as caverns; the vaults of the halls were lost in gloom; what unseen foe might not be lurking before or behind me; my own shadow playing about the walls, and the echoes of my own footsteps disturbed me.

'In this excited state, as I was traversing the great Hall of Ambassadors, there were added real sounds to these conjectural fancies. Low moans and indistinct ejaculations seemed to rise as it were from beneath my feet; I paused and listened. They then appeared to resound from without the tower. Sometimes they resembled the howlings of an animal, at others they were stifled shrieks, mingled with articulate ravings. The thrilling effect of these sounds in that still hour and singular place, destroyed all inclination to continue my lonely perambulation. I returned to my chamber with more alacrity than I had sallied forth, and drew my breath more freely when once more within its walls, and the door bolted behind me.

'When I awoke in the morning, with the sun shining in at my window, and lighting up every part of the building with its cheerful and truth-telling beams, I could scarcely recall the shadows and fancies conjured up by the gloom of the preceding night; or believe that the scenes around me, so naked and apparent, could have been clothed with such imaginary horrors.

'Still, the dismal howlings and ejaculations I had heard, were not ideal; but they were soon accounted for, by my handmaid Dolores; being the ravings of a poor maniac, a brother of her aunt, who was subject to violent paroxysms, during which he was confined in a vaulted room beneath the Hall of Ambassadors.'

The tales, though not to us, as we have said, the most agreeable portion of the work, and though, in fact, not distinguished by any particular power or point, are written in the correct and graceful style peculiar to the author, and will be read with pleasure, were it only for the beauty of the language, which is in fact their principal merit. The Moor's Legacy and Governor Manco are perhaps the best. Prince Ahmed, or the Pilgrim of Love, though evidently among the more elaborate, appears to us somewhat less successful than the others, which is rather remarkable, considering the attractive character of the subject, and the profusion of machinery which the author has brought into action. It would give us pleasure to adorn our pages with one of these narratives, but we deem it unnecessary for the purpose of making them known, as they are doubtless already familiar to our readers. On the whole, we consider the work before us as equal in literary value to any of the others of the same class, with the exception of the Sketch Book, and we should not be surprised, if it were read as extensively as even that very popular production. We hope to have it in our power, at no remote period, to announce a continuation of the series, which we are satisfied will bear, in the bookseller's phrase, several more volumes.

We cannot conclude without expressing the satisfaction with which we have learned, that our gifted and amiable countryman intends in future to fix his residence among us. By identifying his existence completely with the fortunes of this great and rising nation, we think that he will best consult his own happiness, and his permanent literary fame. Whatever may be at present the comparative value of the suffrages of foreign and domestic readers to an American writer, the time is not very distant, when that of the latter will be decidedly the more important; and it never could be given with real heartiness and good will to one who had virtually abjured his country. Nor, however cordially Mr. Irving may have been received in Europe, could he ever have ceased to be a pilgrim and a sojourner there: a situation which, though temporarily pleasant enough under some circumstances, holds out but a cold and

cheerless prospect for declining life. The open and hearty welcome which his fellow-citizens have given him, shows that he is best appreciated where he is best known. His reception at New York was the fairest triumph that has yet been accorded to literary desert in the New World. It proved, notwithstanding the idle assertions of our foreign detractors, that we are not a people given over exclusively to the love of dollars, or the furious strife for political distinction, but that we possess, in as high a degree as any of our contemporaries, the taste for intellectual occupations and pleasures. Mr. Irving has returned to us in the full vigor of life and health; younger, as his friends think, than when he left us seventeen years ago; but yet old enough not to be tempted from his chosen employments by any of those visions of success and glory to be obtained in others, that might cheat the fancy of a less experienced man. He has found in his literary pursuits a source of profit, that places him above the necessity of laboring with any motive, but that of promoting, as far as possible, his own reputation, and the public entertainment and instruction. His return, and the gratifying testimonials of respect and esteem which it has called forth from his countrymen, will give him new inspiration. His foot is now on his native heath. When he visits again the well-remembered scenes of his early adventures, associated in his mind with the delightful images of youthful love and fame,—when he sees the lofty Kaatskill putting on, as of old, his white ruff of ambient clouds, and the noble Hudson rushing with his world of waters to the ocean, between the busy streets of Manhattan on the one hand and the classic shades of Communipaw on the other,—he will find his powers refreshed and redoubled, and will feel himself encouraged, perhaps, to more successful efforts than any that he ever made before. We cordially invite him to enter on the new career of honorable labor and well-earned distinction, which awaits him on this side the water; and, as far as our feeble suffrage can give him any aid, we shall be truly happy, as occasion may offer, to cheer him from time to time upon his progress.

ART. II.—*History of the Italian Language and Dialects. Saggi di Prose e Poesie de' più celebri Scrittori d'ogni Secolo.* VI. vol. 8vo. (Selected by L. NARDINI and S. BUONAIUTI.) *In Londra.* 1798.

Having, in a former number of our Journal, given a sketch of the Origin and Progress of the French Language, we propose to occupy a part of the present with a similar sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Italian, together with a general survey of its numerous and diversified dialects. In so doing, we deem no apology necessary, even should the discussion of so wide a subject occupy a large number of our pages. We hold the study of languages, philosophically pursued, to be one of the most important which can occupy the human mind. And we are borne out in this opinion by the reflection, that the elements of language lie deep among the elements of thought:—that the one follows the various fluctuations of the other; and that the language of a nation is the external symbol of its character and its mind. As the armor and weapons of the Middle Ages, preserved as curiosities in the museums of modern days, exhibit very clearly and forcibly not only the character of the times, but also the stature and physical strength of those who wore and wielded them; so do the curious remains of a language,—the armor and weapons of the mind,—exhibit in a clear and vivid light, not only the character of a departed age and nation, but the strength and stature of the intellect, by which its various parts were worn and wielded. To learn, then, how other nations have thought, and felt, and spoken;—to observe how the language of a people is influenced by its character, customs and government; and to trace it in its gradual development, as it spreads and unfolds itself, like a broad banner, above the march of civilization,—now high exalted in the advance of mind, and now waving to and fro in the breath of civil discord, or torn and prostrate beneath the rushing wheels of a conqueror's car,—this is a study worthy the best and noblest mind. Nor do we know of any language in which this study could be more pleasantly pursued than in the Italian;—a language whose history is well known, and whose numerous dialects present on all sides the most ample illustrations. It is not, however, our present intention to enter this wide but interesting field

of philological inquiry. We shall confine ourselves to a brief sketch of the history of the Italian Language, and to exhibiting and illustrating its several dialects by numerous examples, without investigating in detail the local and political causes, which produced them.

In regard to the Origin of the Italian Language, three different theories have been brought forward by Italian writers. These we shall notice separately, but briefly, commencing with that, which, having the least foundation in fact, is least entitled to regard.

I. Leonardo Bruni, surnamed *l'Aretino*, from Arezzo, the place of his birth, a writer of the fifteenth century and the first among his countrymen who treated of this subject, maintains that the Italian language is coëval with the Latin:—that both were used at the same time in ancient Rome,—the Latin by the learned in their writings and public discourses, and the Italian by the populace, and in familiar conversation. Cardinal Bembo and Francesco Saverio Quadrio have since maintained the same opinion.* In proof of their theory, these

* Quadrio urges in behalf of his native tongue a claim to higher antiquity than either Bruni or Bembo. In his *Storia d'Ogni Poesia*, Vol. I. p. 42, he has the following passage: 'Anzi siccome le cose imperfette esistono prima, che le perfette; così non andrebbe lungi dal vero chi opinasse che l'odierna Lingua Italiana fosse prima, che la colta Latina; da che la colta Latina fu studiato ritrovamento delle colte persone, le quali la prima rusticana e nativa a regole ordinarono, e ingentilirono.' The best way to test the value of this opinion, will be to bring forward an example of ancient Latin. Accordingly we take from Adelung's Mithridates *(Mithridates oder allgemeine Sprachenkunde, von Johann Christoph Adelung.)* Vol. II. p. 461, the following extract from the edicts of Numa Pompilius, who flourished about seven centuries before the Augustan age. Opposite we place the modern Latin translation, as it stands in Adelung, venturing on the authority of Rosini *(Antiquitatum Romanarum Corpus Absolutissimum*, Lib. VIII. p. 560) to supply one word and change one or two more. Below, we add a strictly verbal translation in Italian, supplying in *italic* the necessary articles and prepositions, in order that our readers may compare the three languages, and judge how far their resemblance will bear out the opinion of Quadrio.

'Sei hemonem fulmin Jobis ocisit nei supera genua tolitod; hemo sei fulmined ocisus escit oloe iousta nuli fieri oportetod.

'Se cuips hemonem loebesom dolo sciens mortei duit pariceidad estod.

Si hominem fulmen Jovis occiderit, ne supra genua tollito; homo si fulmine occisus est, ei justa nulla fieri oportet.

Si quis hominem liberum dolo sciens morti dat parricida esto.

writers cite the language of the plebeian personages in the comedies of Plautus and Terence. There they find many words and expressions, which bear some resemblance to the modern Italian, and which have never gained admittance into the works of other classic writers; and from these, and some interchange of letters, such as the use of *o* for *e*, as in *vostris* for *vestris*, and *v* for *b*, as in *vellum* for *bellum*, they draw the conclusion, that as the vulgar Latin was not classic Latin, it must have been Italian. This looks very much like a *non sequitur*. Let our readers judge from the words quoted by Quadrio to sustain his opinion.

Vulgar Latin.	Italian.	Classic Latin.
Essere	*Essere*	Esse
Vernus	*Verno*	Hyems
Minacia	*Minaccie*	Minæ
Batuere	*Battere*	Percutere
Bellus	*Bello*	Pulcher
Russus	*Rosso*	Rubeus
Caballus	*Cavallo*	Equus.

By this list it will be seen, that there are words now in use in the Italian language, which were of old in the mouths of the Roman populace, and others, which bear a much stronger resemblance to vulgar, than to classic Latin. But if this similarity of a few words could prove the identity of two languages, then have we been speaking German all our lives, without being aware of the fact. It is clearly evident, that no such identity is here proved; and the only fair

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'Sei im imprudens sine dolo malod oceisit pro capite oceisei et nateis eiius endo concioned arietem subicitod.'

Si eum imprudens sine dolo malo occidit, pro capite occisi et natis ejus in concione arietem subjicito.

'Se *un* uomo *il* fulmine *di* Giove uccide non sopra *le* ginocchia *lo* toglia; *un* uomo se *il* fulmine ucciso è a lui esequio nullo fatto esser dovrebbe.

'Se qualcuno *un* uomo libero dolo conoscente *a* morte dà, parricida sia.

'Se lo, imprudente senza dolo malo, uccide, per *il* capo *dell'* ucciso ed *i* nati *di* lui nell concione *un* montone sottoponga' [sacrifichi.]

By comparing the Italian of this extract with the ancient and the modern Latin separately, it will be very manifest that, with the exception of the words OLOE, *a lui*, the resemblance is less between the ancient Latin and the Italian, than between the Italian and the classic Latin.

conclusion to be drawn from this discrepancy and this resemblance of words, is one in which all agree, namely, that in ancient as in modern Italy there was a difference between the classic and the vulgar tongue.—The other leading argument brought forward by the same writers, to sustain their theory, leads to the same conclusion. They say that the classic Latin was taught in the Roman schools, as in our own. Granted. But if this prove, that the language of the Roman populace was not Latin, then by a parity of reasoning we arrive at the conclusion, that English is not the popular language of New England, because it is taught in our schools. No: take whatever path you may in this theory, it leads you to no debateable ground in the controversy, but to the common concession, that there was a difference between the classic and the vulgar tongue of ancient Rome. Indeed a single scene of Plautus is enough to overthrow the theory, that 'at the same birth with the Latin, the Italian, a sister language, was born from the Pelasgian, the Oscan and the Greek, with perhaps a taint of Hebrew blood.'*

II. The next theory we shall notice is that of the marquis Scipio Maffei. He rejects the opinion of Bruni and his disciples, because, in his own words, vulgarisms are not sufficient to form a language, nor to render it adequate to literary uses.' He also rejects the general opinion, which we shall next consider, that the Italian was formed by the corruptions introduced into the Latin by the northern conquerors, asserting that 'neither the Lombards nor the Goths had any part whatever in the formation of the Italian language.' † The theory he advances is, that the Italian was formed from the gradual corruption of the classic Latin, without the intervention of any foreign influence; or, to use his own words, that 'it originated from abandoning in common conversation the classic, grammatical and correct Latin, and generally adopting, in its stead, a vulgar mode of speech, incorrect in structure and vicious in pronunciation.' In proof of this he asserts, that many words and forms of expression, which are generally supposed to be derived from the Barbarians of the North, were in use in Italy before their invasions. The examples he brings in evidence are taken chiefly from the writings of Au-

* Quadrio. *Storia d'Ogni Poesia*, l. *cit.*
† Maffei. *Verona Illustrata:* par. I. l. 11.

lus Gellius, Cassiodorus, St. Jerome and others, who wrote when the Latin had already lost much of its purity; and we believe it to be a fact very generally acknowledged by literary historians, that this first corruption of the Latin was produced by the crowds of strangers that filled the city of Rome, during the reigns of the foreign Emperors.* How much greater must that corruption have become, when the Goths and Lombards filled, not only the city of Rome, but the whole of Italy northward! But Maffei supposes that the numbers of the barbarian conquerors were too small to have produced any changes in the language of the conquered people. Can this be so? Muratori, in a dissertation upon this subject,† says, that in the Gothic invasion of the year 405, King Radagaiso entered Italy with an army of two hundred thousand men; and it is well known, that at a later period whole nations rather than armies followed the Lombard banners towards the South. Again, Maffei urges, that the universal vowel terminations of the Italian, (every word in that language terminating in a vowel, with the exception of five monosyllables) preclude the possibility of any influence from nations, whose languages are crowded with consonant endings. Now no one pretends to derive these vowel terminations from the North: they are evidently of Greek and Latin origin, and were doubtless in a great degree introduced in the infancy of the Italian tongue from Sicily, where some of the earliest Italian poets sang, and where of yore the Doric dialect of Greece was spoken. Besides, the harshness and numerous consonants of the Italian Lombard dialects, of which we shall hereafter bring forward specimens, give the *coup de grace* to this part of Maffei's argument.

III. We now come to the oldest and most generally re-

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* Landi, in his translation of Traboschi, cites a passage from Cicero, which bears forcibly upon this point. It is the following: '*Sed hanc rem deteriorem vetustas fecit et Romæ, et in Graecia: confluxerunt enim et Athenas et in hanc urbem multi inquinatè loquentes ex diversis locis; quo magis expurgandus est sermo.*' De Claris Orat. n. 74. Cit. by Landi: *Hist. de la Litt. d'Italie, abrégée par Antoine Landi. T.* II. *p.* 329. *Note.*

† *Delle gente barbare, che asoggettarono l'Italia:* Lodovico Antonio Muratori. Dissertazioni sopra le Antichità Italiane. T. I. Diss. 1.

We refer our readers also to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. VII: and to the *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, Tom. I. chap. 1.

ceived opinion in regard to the formation of the Italian language, the same that is advocated by Muratori, Fontanini, Tiraboschi, Denina, Ginguené, Sismondi, and most of the philologers of the present day. All these writers recognize the immediate co-operation of the Northern languages in the formation of the Italian. Their theory is briefly this. Before the Northern invasions, the Latin language had lost much of its elegance even in the writings of the learned, and in the mouths of the illiterate had become exceedingly corrupt; but still it was Latin. When these invasions took place, the conquerors found themselves under the necessity of learning, to a certain extent, the language of the conquered. This, however, was a task not easily accomplished by unlettered men, who, in their efforts to speak the Latin, introduced a vicious pronunciation, and many of the familiar forms and idioms of their native languages. Thus the articles came into use; prepositions were substituted for the various terminations of the Latin declensions, and the auxiliary verbs crept into the conjugations. Though the great mass of words remained virtually the same, yet most of them were more or less mutilated, and a great number of Gothic and Lombard words were naturalized in Italy, by giving them a Latin termination.* To the conquered people, the gradual transition from one degree of corruption in their language to another still lower, was both natural and easy; and thus a conventional language was formed, which very naturally divided itself into numerous dialects, and was denominated *volgare* in contradistinction to the Latin; for the Latin still continued to be the written language of the studious and the learned.

We hold, then, to the generaly received opinion, that like the French and Spanish, the Italian is a branch of that widespread and not very uniform *Romana Rustica*, which was formed by the intermingling of Barbaric words and idioms with

* This is proved incontestably by the researches of Muratori and others. The following are examples: *andare*, from the German wandern, is found in all the Italian dialects:—*arrostare*, from the German rosten, which is likewise found in all the dialects; (the Friulano and the Trevigiano have the word *rost*)—*asbergo* from the Teutonic halsberg; etc. The words of northern origin employed by Dante are all designated in the *Dizionario Etimdogico compilato da* Q. Viviani, in the third volume of *Il Dante, giusta la lezione del codice Bartoliniano*, where also the various forms these words have assumed in different dialects are noted.

the lower latinity of Italy, France and Spain, and which prevailed in the earlier part of the middle ages, with many local forms and peculiarities, through a large portion of the South of Europe. But, in the language of a polished Italian writer,* '*who* was the first author that wrote, *what* the first work composed in this tongue? It would be curious to inquire, but impossible to ascertain. The origin of this, like the origin of most things else, is uncertain, confused, and undetermined; for all things spring from insensible beginnings, and we cannot say of any, *here* it commenced.'—All that literary historians can do, is to preserve the earliest existing monuments of the language and literature of a nation. All beyond must remain a subject of vague conjecture, till patient research or fortunate accident removes the boundaries of our knowledge farther and farther back into the shadowy regions of the past.

The earliest well-authenticated specimen of the Italian language belongs to the close of the twelfth century.† It is the

* Saverio Bettinelli: *Il Risorgimento d'Italia.*

† The literary historians of Italy have preserved two inscriptions of a more ancient date; but strong doubts are entertained of their authenticity. The first bears the date of 1135. It was an inscription in mosaic over the high altar of the Cathedral of Ferrara, which is now demolished. As the original no longer exists, there seems to be some doubt in regard to the reading of the last three lines. We give the generally received version, and for the other refer our readers to *Nardini.* Vol. VI. p. 228.

IL MILLE CENTO TRENTACINQUE NATO
FO QUESTO TEMPIO A ZORZI CONSECRATO
FO NICOLAO SCOLPTORE
E GLIELMO FO L' AUCTORE.

Quadrio. T. I. p. 43.—*Tiraboschi.* T. III. Lib. IV. p. 365.

The second was written in the year 1184. It was placed in the castle of the Ubaldini near Florence, in commemoration of a stag-hunt in the neighborhood, wherein Ubaldino degli Ubaldini seized the stag by the horns, and held him until the Emperor Frederick I. coming up, despatched the weary animal. The inscription thus commences:

DE FAVORE ISTO
GRATIAS REFERO CHRISTO.
FACTUS IN FESTO SERENAE
SANCTAE MARIAE MAGDALENAE.
IPSA PECULIARITER ADORI
AD DEUM PRO ME PECCATORI.
CON LO MEO CANTARE
DALLO VERO VERO NARRARE

Canzone of Ciullo d'Alcamo, by birth a Sicilian, and the earliest Italian poet, whose name is on record. He wrote about the year 1197. The song consists of thirty-two stanzas, some of which are not entire, and is written in the form of a colloquy between the poet and a lady. The language is a rude Sicilian dialect, and in many places unintelligible. We give two stanzas, the first and the fifteenth.

PROPOSTA.

Rosa fresca aulentissima ca pari in ver l' estate
Le Donne te desiano pulcelle maritate
Traheme deste focora se teste a bolontate
Per te non aio abento nocte e dia
Pensando pur di voi Madonna mia. . . .

RISPOSTA.

Poi tanto trabagliastiti faccioti meo pregheri
Che tu vadi addomannimi a mia mare e a mon peri.
Se dare mi ti degnano menami a lo mosteri
E sposami davanti de la jente
E poi farò lo tuo comannamento.

'Fresh and most fragrant rose, that appearest towards summer, the ladies desire thee, virgins and wedded dames. Take me from this flame, if such be thy will. For thee I have no rest night nor day, thinking always of thee, my Lady.

'Since thou hast so much suffered, listen to my prayer; go, ask me of my mother and of my father; if they deign to give me to thee, lead me to the altar, and wed me before the world, and then I will do what thou commandest.'

The whole of this canzone may be found in the sixth volume of Nardini's collection, p. 217.

The names of several Italian poets, who lived at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and portions at least of their writings, are still preserved. The first specimen which we shall offer of the language as it then existed is drawn from

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NULLO NE DIPARTO.
ANNO MILESIMO
CHRISTI SALUTE CENTESIMO
OCTUAGESIMO QUARTO.

The entire inscription may be found in *Quadrio*. T. II. p. 150.—*Tiraboschi*. T. III. Lib. IV. p. 366.—*Crescimbeni*, Istoria della Volgar Poesia. T. I. p. 100.—*Nardini*, Vol. VI. p. 226.

the *Lamento d' Amore*, a canzone of Folcachiero de' Folcachieri, of Siena, a poet who flourished about the year 1200. The reader will be struck with the great purity of language and ease of versification of the Sienese poet, when compared with the rude melody of the Sicilian, who flourished but a few years before him. It seems evident from this and other extracts of a little later date, which we shall presently bring forward, that the Italian language was much more cultivated in the northern provinces, than in the southern; and if Sicily claims the honor of having been the cradle of the Italian language and literature, the cities of the north can boast of having given them the severe discipline of education. We extract the first two stanzas of the *lamento* of the Sienese poet.

Tutto lo mondo vive senza guerra,
Ed eo pace non posso haver niente.
O Deo come faraggio,
O Deo come sostienemi la terra.
E par ch' eo viva en noia della gente;
Ogni uomo m' è selvaggio;
Non paiono li fiori
Per me com' già soleano,
E gli augei per amori
Doci versi aceano agli albori.
E quando eo veggio gli altri cavalieri
Arme portare, e d' amore parlando,
Ed eo tutto mi doglio;
Sollazzo m' è tornato in pensieri.
La gente mi riguardano parlando
S' eo sono quello che essere soglio;
Non so ciò ch' eo mi sia,
Nè so perchè m' avvene
Forte la vita mia;
Tornato m' è lo bene in dolori.

'The whole world lives without war, and I alone can have no peace. O heaven, what shall I do?—how can this earth sustain me?—It seems that I live at war with all mankind, and every man is strange and savage to me. The flowers do not look to me as they were wont, when the birds in their woodland loves sang sweet songs to the trees.

'And when I see the other cavaliers bearing their arms, and speaking still of love, and I in sorrow mute, all consolation turns to musing care. The crowd gazes at me, asking if I am he whom

they were wont to know;—I know not what I am, nor know I wherefore this life has grown so weary to me, nor why my joys are changed to sorrows.'

It is evident from this specimen, that the cultivated language of the north of Italy, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, was far from being rude and unpolished. Still, it will be observed, there are forms then used which a few years afterwards had become obsolete, and which are not found in the extract which follows.

Nearly a quarter of a century later, in 1220, flourished Guido Guinizelli of Bologna, to whom by acclamation is given the honor of being the first among the Italian poets, who embodied in verse the subtleties of philosophy, and gave terseness, force and elevation to poetic style. Dante has recorded his fame in Canto XXVI of the Purgatory, where he speaks of his *dolci detti*, and calls him

> ——————— il padre
> Mio e degli altri miei miglior, che mai
> Rime d' amore usar dolci e leggiadre.

The praise of sweet-flowing language is certainly merited by this ancient poet, as may be seen from the following extract. It is the commencement of the most beautiful of the author's canzoni; its subject is the Nature of Love. This poem is given entire in Nardini, Vol. VI. p. 212.

> Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore
> Sì com' augello in selva a la verdura;
> Non fe Amore anzi che gentil core,
> Nè gentil core, anzi ch' Amor Natura;
> Ch' adesso com' fu 'l sole,
> Sì tosto lo splendore suo lucente;
> Nè fue davante al sole;
> E prende Amore in gentilezza loco,
> Così propiamente
> Com' il calore in clarità del fuoco.
>
> Fuoco d'Amore in gentil cor s' apprende,
> Come vertute in pietra preziosa,
> Chè dalla stella valor non discende,
> Anzi che 'l sol la faccia gentil cosa;
> Poichè n' ha tratto fuore
> Per la sua forza il sol ciò che gli è vile,
> La stella i dà valore;

Cosi lo cor che fatto è da Natura
Alsetto, pur, gentile,
Donna, a guisa di stella lo 'nnamora.

To noble heart love doth for shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy shade;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was made;
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air;
Yet was not till he came;
So love springs up in noble breasts, and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious stone;
This virtue comes not from the stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has shone;
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays:
And thus when nature doth create the heart
Noble, and pure, and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes from woman's eye.

Setting aside the poetic merit of this canzone, of which we have extracted about one third, the language in which it is composed clearly bears away the palm from all other writings of an earlier date. Something had been gained in softness and flexibility, even in the short interval which had elapsed between the date of this extract and that of the preceding: and probably the writings of Guido Guinizelli exhibit the Italian language under the best form it wore during the first half of the thirteenth century. Otherwise they would not have been so highly extolled by Dante, who never loses an opportunity of setting forth their merit, and who still more plainly shows the esteem, in which he held the quaint language of his poetic father, by appropriating one of his lines.

Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,

in the description of Francesco da Rimini, in the fifth Canto of the Inferno, was doubtless taken from Guinizelli's

Fuoco d' Amore in gentil cor s' apprende.

We will now step forward a half-century to the days of Brunetto Latini, the celebrated poet, philosopher and rhetorician, and the still more celebrated master of Dante. He was born about 1220, and died in 1294.

The following extract will show to what degree of perfection the language had advanced in his day. It is a description of the Creation, taken from the *Tesoretto*, the Little Treasure, Cap. VI.

Dio fece lo giorno,	God created the day,
E la luce joconda,	And the jocund light,
E ciela, e terra, e onda.	And heaven, and earth, and sea.
E l' aere creao,	And the air he created,
E li angeli formao,	And formed the angels,
Ciascun partitamente;	Each one separately;
E tutto di neente.	And all out of nothing.
Poi la seconda dia,	Then on the second day
Per la sua gran balía,	By his great power,
Stabilì 'l firmamento,	He established the firmament,
E 'l suo ordinamento.	And the order thereof.
Il terzo, ciò mi pare,	The third, so seemeth it to me,
Specificò lo mare,	He gave the ocean bounds,
E la terra divise:	And divided the dry land;
E 'n ella fece e mise	And created and placed therein
Onne cosa barbata,	All vegetable life
Ch' è 'n terra radicata.	That in the earth taketh root.
Al quarto die presente	And on the fourth day
Fece compitamente	He created wholly
Tutte le luminarie;	The lights in the firmament;
Stelle diverse e varie.	The stars of various glory.
Nella quinta giornata	On the fifth day
Si fue da lui creata	By him was created
Ciascuna creatura,	Every living creature
Che nuota in acqua pura.	That swimmeth in the pure water.
Lo sesto die fu tale,	And the sixth day was such,
Che fece ogne anemale,	That in it he created all animals,
E fece Adam et Eva	He created Adam and Eve,
Che poi rupper la tregua	Who afterwards broke the law
Del suo comandamento.	Of his commandment.
Per quel trapassamento	For which transgression
Mantenente fu miso	Straightway they were driven
Fora del Paradiso.	Forth out of Paradise.

These lines are remarkably simple, and in their structure and language so easy to be understood, that they render comment and annotation entirely useless, and hardly require a

translation. But this was the polished Tuscan of the age. The same pen that indited it was skilful in a ruder dialect. Brunetto Latini was the author of a satirical poem, entitled *Il Pataffio*, written in a low Florentine jargon, which is for the most part quite unintelligible, even to Italians. The editor of the *Saggi di Prose e Poesie* says, that it is written *in un gergo, che neppure col comento si può intendere.**

Such was the state of the Italian language during the thirteenth century. One step farther ushers us into the august presence of the three *gran maestri del bel parlar Toscano*, Dante, Petrarca and Boccaccio. Their praise is on every lip; their eulogy flows from every pen. They were giants of an early age, when gigantic strength was wanted to fix the uncertain foundations of their national language and literature broad, deep and massive. This glorious work was theirs. They did not wholly create, but they advanced, and developed and rendered permanent. They did not strike the first spade into the soil, but they drew the stone from the quarry, set the landmarks, polished the rough marble, and piled and cemented the mis-shapen blocks, till beneath their hands the noble structure rose, majestic, towering, beautiful. It is the high prerogative of genius to give transcendant value to whatever it touches. It copies from the world around, it works with the same instruments and upon the same material with other minds, but from its hand material forms come forth, breathing, moving, instinct with life, like the marble of the Cyprian

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* We subjoin a few lines of this curious and unintelligible poem, in order to show how great a difference already existed between the cultivated Italian and one at least of the popular dialects.

Squasimodeo, introcque e a fusone
Ne hai ne hai, pilorcio, e con mattana:
Al can la tigna; egli è un mazzamarrone.
La difalta perecchi adana adana
A cafisso, e a busso, e a ramata:
Tutto codesto è della petronciana,
Bituschio, Scraffo, e ben l' abbiam filata
A chiedere a balante, e gignignacca,
Punzone, e sergozzone, e la recchiata.
Bindo mio no, chè l' è una zambracca:
In pozzanghera cadde il muscia cheto;
E pur di palo in frasco, e bulinacca, etc.
Nardini, Vol. VI. p. 194.

Would the disciples of Bruni or Maffei attempt to trace back all these words to a Latin origin?

statue. It dips in the fountains of Castaly, and their cold depths flash and sparkle like the golden sands of Pactolus. It was by the power of such a spell, that from the rude and diversified dialects of the thirteenth century, issued forth the *idioma gentil sonante e puro.*

Before proceeding farther with this part of our subject, it will be necessary to throw a passing glance upon the various dialects, which divide the Italian language. These are all of greater antiquity than the classic Italian, the *parlare Illustre, Cardinale, Aulico e Cortigiano;* and many of them dispute the honor of having given it birth, with an obstinacy, which reminds one of Lessing's *nichtswürdige Rangstreit der Thiere*, wherein the ape and the ass were the last to leave the contest. Dante enumerates fifteen dialects existing in his day, and gives their names. He then observes farther: 'From this it appears, that the Italian language alone is divided into at least fourteen dialects, each of which is again subdivided into under-dialects, as the Tuscan into the Sienese and Aretine, the Lombard into the dialects of Ferrara and Piacenza; and even in the same city some varieties of language may be found. Hence if we include the leading dialects of the Italian *Volgare* with the under-dialects and their subdivisions, the varieties of language common in this little corner of the world will amount to a thousand, and even more.'* This diversity of the Italian dialects is doubtless to be attributed in a great measure to the varieties of dialect existing in the vulgar Latin at the time of the northern invasions, and to similar varieties in the original dialects of the invaders themselves, who, it will be recollected, were of different tribes of the vast family of the Gotho-Germans, among which were the Ostrogoths, the Visigoths, the Lombards, the Gepidi, the Bulgari, the Sarmati, the Pannonii, the Suevi, and the Norici. Much, too, must be attributed to the accidental but inevitable changes, wrought in a language by the gradual progress of its history and the contingencies of time and place; and something to the new development of national character produced by the admixture of the Roman and Teutonic races.†

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* *De Vulgari Eloquio.* Cap. X.

† Each of the Italian cities is marked by peculiar traits of character in its inhabitants, which bear in the mouths of the populace some epithet of praise, or are the subject of gibe and ribaldry. For example, the Milanese have the *sobriquet* of *buoni buzziconi;* and in the following

After enumerating the dialects, which prevailed in his day, Dante goes into a discussion of the beauties and defects of some of the more prominent. He disposes of all these by observing that neither of them is the *Volgare Illustre*, to discover which he had instituted the inquiry; and hence draws the conclusion 'that the *Volgare Illustre*, *Cardinale*, *Aulico*, *e Cortigiano* of Italy is the language common to all the Italian cities, but peculiar to none.' In other words, it exists everywhere in parts, but no where as a whole, save in the pages of the classic writer. This opinion, however, has been warmly contested, and the champions of four or five parties have taken the field. The first, with Machiavelli and the host of the Florentine Academy at their head, have asserted the supremacy of the language of the city of Florence; and, actuated it would seem more by the zeal of local prejudice, than any generous feeling of national pride, have contended, that the classic language of that literature, in whose ample field the name of their whole country was already so proudly emblazoned, was the dialect of Florence, and should be called, not Italian, not even Tuscan,—but *Florentine*. In the bitterness of dispute, Machiavelli exclaims against the author of the *Divina Commedia;* 'In every thing he has brought infamy upon his country, and now even in her language he would tear from her that reputation, which he imagines his own writings have conferred upon her.' * There spake the politician, not the scholar. Machiavelli's own writings are the best refutation of his theory.

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lines, which we find quoted in Howell's '*Signorie of Venice*,' p. 55, numerous epithets are applied.

Fama tra noi; Roma *pomposa* e *santa;*
Venetia *saggia*, *rica signorile;*
Napoli *odorifera* e *gentile;*
Fiorenza *bella*, tutto il mondo canta;
Grande Milano in Italia si vanta;
Bologna *grassa;* Ferrara *civile;*
Padoua *dotta*, e Bergamo *sottile;*
Genoa di *superbia* altiera pianta;
Verona *degna;* e Perugia *sanguigna;*
Brescia l' *armata;* e Mantoa *gloriosa;*
Rimini *buona;* e Pistoia *ferrigna;*
Cremona *antica*, e Luca *industriosa;*
Furli *bizarro*, e Ravenna *benigna;* etc.

* *Discorso in cui si esamina se la lingua in cui scrissero Dante, il Boccaccio, e il Petrarca si debba chiamare Italiana, Toscana, o Fiorentina.* Machiavelli: Opere. T. X. p. 371.

Bembo,* though a Venetian, and Varchi,† the historian of the wars of the Florentine Republic, were also advocates of the same opinion. In humble imitation of these, some members of the Academy of the *Intronâti* in Siena put in their claims in favor of their native *Sanese;* and one writer at least of Bologna asserted the supremacy of the *Bolognese.*‡ Their pretensions however seem neither to have caused alarm, nor even to have excited attention. The champions of the name and glory of the Tuscan show a more liberal spirit, inasmuch as they extend to a whole province, what the Florentine and Sienese Academicians would have shut up within the walls of a single city. Among those who have enlisted beneath this banner, are Dolce§ and Tolomei.‖ But far more of the high and liberal spirit of the scholar is shown by those writers who do not arrogate to their own native city or province, that glory which rightly belongs to their whole country. Among those who assert the common right of all the provinces of Italy to share in the honor of having contributed something to the classic Italian, and, consequently, say that it should bear the name of Italian rather than that of Florentine, Sienese, or Tuscan, after Dante, are Castelvetro¶, Muzio,** and Cesarotti.†† Now, as is pretty universally the case in literary warfare, an exclusive and uncompromising spirit has urged the combatants onward, and they have contended for victory rather than for truth, which seems to lie prostrate in the field midway between the contending parties, unseen and trampled upon by all. The facts which we can gather from the contending arguments, lead us to embrace the opinion that the classic Italian is based upon the Tuscan, but adorned and enriched by words and idioms from all the provinces of Italy. In other words, each of the Italian dialects has contributed something to its formation, but most of all the Tuscan; and the language thus

* Pietro Bembo: Opere. Vol. X. Della Volgar Lingua.

† Benedetto Varchi: *L' Ercolano, nel qual si ragiona delle lingue, e in particolare della toscana e della fiorentina.*

‡ Gian Filoteo Achillini: *Annotazioni della Volgar Lingua.*

§ Lodovico Dolce: *Osservazioni della Volgar Lingua.*

‖ Claudio Tolomei; *Il Cesano, nel quale si disputa del nome con cui si dee chiamare la Volgar Lingua.*

¶ Lodovico Castelvetro: *Correzione di alcune cose nel dialogo delle lingue* (Varchi's Ercolano.)

** Gerolamo Muzio; *Battaglie per difesa dell' Italica lingua.*

†† Melchior Cesarotti: *Saggio sulla filosofia delle lingue.*

formed belongs not to a single city, nor a single province, but is the common possession of the whole of

Il bel paese là dove il sì suona.

Such was the language, which in the fourteenth century was carried to its highest state of perfection in the writings of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. Beneath their culture, the tree, whose far-spreading roots drew nourishment from the soil of every province, reared aloft its leafy branches to the sky, vocal with song, and proffered shelter to all who deigned to sit beneath its shadow and listen to the laughing tale, the amorous lay, or the fearful mysteries of another life. Dante Alighieri was born at Florence in 1265, and died at Ravenna in 1321. As an author, he belongs to the fourteenth century. Boccaccio says, that he wrote in his native dialect; but it is conceded on all hands, and all his writings prove the fact, that he did not confine himself exclusively to any one dialect, but drew from all whatever they contained of force and beauty.* In the words of Cesarotti, in his Essay on the Philosophy of Language, 'the genius of Dante was not the slave of his native idiom. His zeal was rather national than simply patriotic. The creator of a philosophic language, he sacrifices all conventional elegance to expressiveness and force; and far from flattering a particular dialect, lords it over the whole language, which he seems at times to rule with despotic sway.' In this way, Dante advanced the Italian to a high rank among the living languages of his age. Posterity has not withheld the honor, then bestowed upon him, of being the most perfect master of the vulgar tongue, that had appeared:† and this seems to strengthen and establish the argument, that the Italian language consists of the gems of various dialects enchased in the pure gold of the Tuscan.

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* Gianvicenzo Gravina, in a work entitled *Della Ragion Poetica*, has the following passage upon this point: 'Dante, abbracciando la lingua comunemente intesa ed usata in iscritto per tutta l' Italia, che volgare appelliamo, accrebbe a quella parole e locuzioni trasportate da' Lombardi, Romagnuoli e Toscani, il di cui dialetto fe' prevalere: onde Boccaccio disse aver Dante scritto in idioma, cioè idiotismo fiorentino. . . . E sparse alle volte anche delle voci da lui inventate, ed altre derivate dall' antica, cioè dalla latina.'

† 'Lo stile, [di Dante] che sente ora alcun poco del rancido, era a quel tempo per certissima testimonianza del Villani e del Boccaccio, il più vago stile e il più polito, che si fosse veduto mai più per innanzi in alcuna scrittura volgare.' Denina, *Saggio sopra la Letteratura Italiana.*

Francisco Petrarca was born in 1304 and died in 1374. During his residence at Vaucluse, he made the Provençal language and the poetry of the Troubadours his study. From the former he enriched the vocabulary of his native tongue, and from the latter his own sonnets and canzoni; but we are inclined to think that in both these, critics have much exaggerated the amount. Many Italian words supposed to have been introduced by him from the Provençal are of native origin, and in regard to the plagiarisms from Mossen Jordi, those cited are few in number, and may be in part accounted for by regarding them as simple coincidences of thought, or by referring them to that mysterious principle of the mind, by which the ideas we have gathered from books or from those around us, start up like the spontaneous offspring of our own powers. But Petrarch's residence at Avignon, and his study of the Troubadours of Provence, were productive of more real advantages than these: for there the poet caught the cunning art of his melodious periods, and thus infused into his native language all the softness and flexibility of the dialect of the south of France. Dante had already given majesty and force to the Italian; Petrarch gave it elegance and refinement. To use the language of an able Italian author, 'He wrote with so great elegance, and such a delicate choice of words and phrases, that for the space of four hundred years no one has appeared who can boast of having carried to greater perfection, or refined in any degree the style of his *Canzoniere*. On the contrary, he stands so sovereign and unrivalled a master of this language, particularly in poetry, that perhaps no author exists in any tongue, whose expressions may be so freely and unhesitatingly imitated both in verse and in prose, as those of Petrarch, although he wrote four centuries ago, and the language has still continued a living language, subject to the continual changes of time.'*

Giovanni Boccaccio was born in Florence in 1313, and died in 1375. Italian critics do not bestow the same unqualified praise upon his language as upon that of Petrarch. They find him something old and musty; and complain of his Latin inversions, and that Ciceronian fullness of periods, which characterizes the style of the Tuscan novelist. And yet they all agree in awarding him the palm of a strong and energetic writer,

* Denina: *Saggio sopra la Letteratura Italiana.*

and are willing to confess that, single-handed, he did for Italian prose, what Dante and Petrarch had done for its poetry. 'The Decameron of Boccaccio,' says the author we have just quoted, 'is by far the best model of eloquence which Italian literature can boast. There are other writings whose style may be more elegant and pure, others more useful on account of a more obvious and perhaps greater abundance of important information; but without reading the Decameron of Boccaccio, no one can know the true spirit of our language.'

By such writers was the Italian language brought to its highest point of literary culture, before the close of the fourteenth century. During the fifteenth, there is nothing remarkable in its history; but at the commencement of the sixteenth, a literary contest arose concerning it, which terminated in results most favorable to its prevalence and permanency. The writings of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio in the vulgar tongue produced so great a revolution in public taste and raised the language in which they were composed into such repute, that those uninitiated in the mysteries of learning began to jeer the wisdom of the schools, and to point the piercing shaft of ridicule at all who walked before them in the strange and antiquated garb of the Latin. The Academies, too, of which such a vast number saw the light at the commencement of the sixteenth century, began to occupy themselves seriously with the study of the vulgar tongue, examining the works of its classic writers in order to draw from them examples and authorities, whereon to base its philosophical principles, and thus reducing to a regular system, what had previously been the result of usage or caprice. This progress in the Italian language excited the jealousy of all the devotees of the Latin, and they soon declared an exterminating warfare against the intruding dialect. Romolo Amaseo, professor of Eloquence and Belles-lettres at Bologna, was Peter-the-Hermit in this literary crusade: and in the year 1529, in the presence of the emperor Charles V. and Pope Clement VII., he harangued for two successive days against the Italian language, maintaining with eloquence that the Latin ought to reign supreme, and the Italian be degraded to a *patois*, and confined to the peasant's hut, and the shambles and market-places of the city. Many other learned men of the age followed him to the field, and contended with much zeal for the cause of the Latin; some even went so far as to wish the Italian banished entirely

from the world. But stalwart champions were not wanting on the other side; and, to be brief, the impulse of public opinion soon swept away all opposition, and the popular cause was triumphant.* The effect of this was to establish the Italian upon a firmer base. One noble monument of the literary labors of this century in behalf of the Italian, is the Vocabulary of the renowned *Accademia della Crusca*, which was first published in 1612, and has ever since remained the irrefragable code of pure and classic language.

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of the Italian more in detail, or to bring it down to a later period. What changes have since taken place are the gradual and inevitable changes which time works in all things, and which are so picturesquely described by the Latin poet:

> Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
> Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
> Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.
> * * * * *
> Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
> Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus:
> Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.

Having thus taken a general survey of the origin and progress of the Italian language, we next proceed to a consideration of its leading dialects. The only difficulty which presents itself in this part of our subject, is to decide with precision where the line of demarcation should be drawn between the leading and the under-dialects; for it will be observed, that some which Dante has ranked among the former, have been classed by modern writers among the latter. For example, he enumerates the *Trevigiano* among the principal dialects; but it is now classed with the under-dialects of the Venetian. Whether this should be attributed to a change in the dialects themselves, or merely to the arbitrary arrangement of writers upon the subject, it is not important to inquire; for even modern authors do not coincide upon this point. Some consider the Veronese as a separate dialect from the Venetian, others as one of its under-dialects: and so with the dialects of some other cities and provinces. In this we shall follow, to the best of our judgment, the specimens of various dialects we

* For a more detailed account of this literary contest, we refer our readers to Ginguené. *Hist. Litt. d' Italie.* T. VII. p. 387, et seq.

have before us, arranging them into leading and under-dialects, according as marked and well-defined characteristics can, or cannot be made out from the language itself.

We shall, then, enumerate seventeen leading dialects in the Italian, consider them separately, and bring forward specimens of the greater part of them. They are

1. The Sicilian.
2. The Calabrian.
3. The Neapolitan.
4. The Roman.
5. The Norcian.
6. The Tuscan.
7. The Bolognese.
8. The Venetian.
9. The Friulian.
10. The Paduan.
11. The Lombard.
12. The Milanese.
13. The Bergamask.
14. The Piedmontese.
15. The Genoese.
16. The Corsican.
17. The Sardinian.

1. The Sicilian. This was the first of the Italian dialects, which was converted to literary uses. So far at least it may be called the mother-tongue of the Italian muse, as Sicily itself has often been called her cradle. It exhibits vestiges, more or less distinct, of all the ancient and successive lords of the island, Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, Byzantians, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French and Spaniards. Its best form is that spoken at Palermo; though but slight local varieties are to be found in any part of the island. One circumstance, however, is worthy of remark; which is, that in the towns and villages on the southern coast, Arabic words predominate, whereas in all other parts the Greek and Provençal prevail.—The most prominent peculiarities of the Sicilian dialect, as may be seen by the specimens below, are the following;

1. The use of *u* for *o*, and of *i* for *e*; as *timu* for *temo; culuritu* for *colorito; un* for *no*, etc.

2. Great changes in the consonants; the use of *dd* for *ll;* as *beddo* for *bello;*—of *ch* for *qu* and sometimes for *p;* as *chiddo* for *quello; chiù* for *più;*—of *gh* for *gl;* as *voghiu* for *voglio;* —of *r* for *l;* as *affritta* for *afflitta.*—The following line contains several of these peculiarities;

Parra prestu, un pozzu chiù;
Parla presto, non posso più.

3. The frequent elision of initial syllables and letters; as *stu* for *questo; ntra* for *intra; na* for *una*, etc.

The specimens of the Sicilian dialect which follow will exhibit these peculiarities more in detail, and in connexion with them several others, which it would be useless to particularize. The first is one of the popular *canzonette* of Sicily, and the second comes from the pen of the *Abate Giov. Meli*, a celebrated writer of *Poesie Siciliane*.

Nici mia, comu si fa,
Ardu, abruciu, e un pozzu chiù,
Sugnu amanti persu già,
E nun sacciu comu fù.
Ti guardavi appena, oimè,
E pri un guardu iu murirò,
Miu stu cori chiù nun è
Nici mia, stu cori è tò.

What shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me,
I burn,—I burn,—I can no more!—
I know not how the thing befel me,
But I'm in love, and all is o'er.
One look,—alas! one glance of thine,
One single glance my death shall be;
Even this poor heart no more is mine,
For, Nici, it belongs to thee.

Comu fazzu, Nici, ivi,
St' arma comu riggirà?
Timu un nò, disiu un sì;
Ah di mia, chi mai sarà?
Nun m'ingannu, Amuri, nò,
Ch' hai 'ntra ss' occhi na pietà,
Chi un po stari a latu tò
La tiranna crudeltà.

How shall I then my grief repress,
How shall this soul in anguish live?
I fear a *no*,—desire a *yes*,—
But which the answer thou wilt give?
No,—Love,—not so deceived am I;
Soft pity dwells in those bright eyes,
And no tyrannic cruelty
Within that gentle bosom lies.

Dunca, Nici, parra e dì
Si nun m'ami, o m'ami tu;
Nun lassarimi accussì,
Parra prestu, un pozzu chiù.
Parra prestu, o mai si nò
St' arma affritta torna in se,
Dimmi prestu o sì, o nò,
Lu distinu miu qual è.

Then, fairest Nici, speak and say
If I must know thy love or hate;
Oh, do not leave me thus, I pray,
But speak,—be quick—I cannot wait.
Quick,—I entreat thee;—if not so,
This weary soul no more shall sigh;—
So tell me quickly,—*yes* or *no*,
Which,—which shall be my destiny.

This is one of those simple little songs, which are sung by the Sicilian peasantry, to the sound of the guitar or rustic pipe, in the stillness of a summer evening. That which follows has not the same popular and unaffected character. Its conception exhibits a conceit in the place of the artless simplicity, which characterizes the little canzonet just quoted.

Dimmi, dimmi, apuzza nica,
Unni vai cussi matinu?
Nun c' è cima che arrusica
Di lu munti a nui vicinu.
Trema ancora, ancora luci
La rugiada 'ntra li prati,
Du na accura nun t'arruci
L' ali d' oru dilicati.

Ma l' aluzza s' affatica,
Ma tu voli, e fai caminu;
Dimmi, dimmi, apuzza nica,
Unni vai cussi matinu.

Cerchi meli? e siddu è chissu,
Chiudi l' ali e un ti straccari;
Ti lu 'nzigno un locu fissu,
Unni ai sempri chi sucari.
Lu cunusci lu miu amuri,
Nici mia di l' occhi beddi?
' Ntra ddi labbri c' è un sapuri,
' Na ducizza chi mai speddi.
' Ntra lu labbru culuritu
Di lu caru amatu beni,
C' è lu meli chiù squisitu;
Suca, sucalu, ca veni.

Tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be?
Not a neighboring mountain height
Yet blushes with the morning light,
Still the dew on spray and blossom
Trembling shines in the meadow's bosom;
Why do I see thee, then, unfold
Thy soft and dainty wings of gold:—
Those little wings are weary quite,
Still thou holdest thine onward flight,—
Then tell me, tell me, thou pretty bee,
Whither so early thy flight may be.

Thou seekest honey?—if it be so,
Fold up thy wings,—no farther go;
I' ll show thee a safe and sacred spot,
Where all the year round 'twill fail thee not.
Knowest thou the maid for whom I sigh,—
Her of the bright and beaming eye?
Endless sweetness shalt thou sip,—
Honied stores upon her lip.
On those lips of brightest red,—
Lips of the beloved maid,—
Sweetest honey lies for thee;—
Sip it,—sip it;—this is she.

The Sicilian dialect has a pretty extensive literature. Among its principal works are, *Le Muse Siciliane;* the Sicilian

Muses, in five volumes; *Poesie Siciliane dell' Abate Giov. Meli;* Sicilian Poems, by Meli, author of the song last quoted; and *La Cuccagna Conquistata, poema heroica in terza rima Siciliana,* The Conquest of Lubberland, an heroic poem in terza rima, by *Giov. Batt. Basili.*

2. The Calabrian. The Calabrian dialect is a connecting link between the Sicilian and the Neapolitan. It possesses many of the peculiarities of each of these, and a few which are found in neither of them. The most remarkable are the following:

1. In the Calabrian dialect the *o* is changed into *u,* almost universally, in the middle, and at the beginning and end of words. This peculiarity is more strongly marked in the Calabrian than in the Sicilian or the Neapolitan, where the *o* not unfrequently occurs. The *e* also is very frequently changed to *i,* as in all the sister dialects of Southern Italy. Thus we have *ugnunu* for *ognuno;* and *pue* for *poi.*

2. The use of *j* for *gi;* and of *nn* for *nd;* as *jurnu* for *giorno;* and *essiennu* for *essendo; vidiennu* for *vedendo.*

3. The frequent reduplication of consonants, at the beginning of words; as *ppe* for *per; llà* for *là.*

4. The termination of the third person singular of the preterite tense in *au* instead of *ò,* and of the third person plural in *ru* instead of *rono;* as *ripusau* for *riposò;* and *pigliaru* for *pigliarono.*

5. The use of *dd* for *ll,* and of *ch* for *p;* as *beddo* for *bello,* and *chiantu* for *pianto:*

Both of these changes are of very frequent recurrence in the Sicilian, and the last is often found in the Neapolitan also.

The following is one of the popular songs of Calabria.

Vitti na tigra dinta na silva scura,
E cu lu chiantu miu mansueta fari.
Vitti cu l' acqua na marmura dura
Calannu a guccia a guccia arrimmudari.
E vui che siti bedda criatura
Vi ni riditi de stu chiantu amari.

I saw a tigress in a woodland dell,
And at my grief the monster's fury slept;
Where drop by drop my tears of anguish fell,
The marble rude was softened as I wept;—

But thou, that art a creature young and pretty,
Dost laugh at griefs, which move even stones to pity.

Tasso's *Gerusalemme* has been translated into the Calabrian dialect, by *Carlo Cusentino*. The edition before us was published at Cosenza in 1737. As a farther illustration of this dialect, we extract a few stanzas from the commencement of the seventh canto in which the flight of Erminia is described. We begin at the third stanza.

3.

Nà notte, cu nu jurnu caminau
Sempre de fuga, e nu ripusau nente,
Le lacrime, e suspiri, chi jettau
Li fau la guida, e autru un vide, ò sente;
Ma quanno pue lu sule se curcau,
Se truvaud' arrivata allu currente
De lu Jurdanu, llà se ferma, e scinne
De lu cavallu, ca chiù un li ne tenne.

4.

De mangiare un hà gula, ca la doglia
Sazia la tene, e chiange de cuntinu;
Ma lu suonnu l' assauta, e la cunvoglia,
E li dà na culatica, e nu ncinu.
La sversa, e d' ogne mbaschia ti la spoglia,
Cessa de macinare lu mulinu;
Ma puru Amure a chine jace nterra
Durmiennu move scarde, e porta guerra.

5.

Nè mai se risvigliava, s'un sentia
Lu cantu de l' augelli, e lu remure,
Ch' all' arvuli lu vientu te facia,
E ncielu campijava lu sbiannure.
Aperse l' uocchi, e sulu illa vidia
Capanne de furisi alle cuture
Trà l' acqua, e frasche, parse de sentire
Vuce, chi la nvitava allu chiancire.

It is unnecessary to translate this, as all our readers can refer to the original or to an English translation. It will be perceived, that the Calabrian translator does not adhere very closely to the Italian original, particularly in those passages in which figurative language is introduced. Here he generally

brings the figure down to the capacities of a rude Calabrian peasant, as in the line *Cessa de macinare lu mulinu*, the mill ceases to grind,—which is employed to represent the approach of sleep ; though in the original, sleep is said 'to spread its soft and quiet wings over Erminia.' The same kind of liberty is taken in the beautiful apostrophe to the muse, with which the first canto opens. The muse is there invoked as 'seated in heaven among the glorious choir, and wearing a golden crown of immortal stars ;' but the Calabrian poet addresses her as the guardian angel of the villager, *che derizze l' acqua allu mulinu*, who guides the water to the mill!

3. The Neapolitan. The Neapolitan is one of the master-dialects of Italy. In its train it counts several under-dialects, such as the *Pugliese* or Apulian, the Sabine, and that of the island of Capri. Even in Naples, the different quarters of the city are marked by different jargons, though it is not to be supposed that these subdivisions exhibit any varieties so striking as to diminish the universal sway of *Pulcinella*, or to prevent that monarch's voice from being understood in every nook and corner of his own peculiar dominion.

Some of the leading and characteristic marks of the Neapolitan dialect are these ;

1. The following changes in the vowels; *e* for *i*, as *marenare* for *marinari; i* for *e*, as *friddo* for *freddo ; u* for *o*, as *dolure* for *dolore;* and the frequent introduction of *i* or *j* between two vowels, and sometimes between a vowel and a consonant; as *aje* for *ai ; vaje* for *vai ; doje* for *due ;* and *cchiesia* for *chiesa.*

2. The use of *ch* for *p*, as *chiù* for *più ;* of *r* for *l*, as *obbrigazione* for *obbligazione ;* the misplacing of *r* in words where it properly belongs, as *rape* for *apri ;* and the use of *nn* for *nd*, as *quanno* for *quando; vennenno* for *vendendo; addimmannaje* for *addomandai.*

3. The elision of the initial vowel in many words ; as *no* for *uno ; mporta* for *importa ; mpietto* for *in petto ; npace* for *in pace ;* and the suppression of the final syllables of the infinitive, as *parlà* for *parlare.*

4. The reduplication of initial consonants, as *mme* for *me ; ppe* for *per, mmiezo* for *mezzo ;* and the addition of *ne* to the personal pronouns, as *mene* for *me ; tene* for *te.*

We select our illustrations of the Neapolitan dialect from

among the popular songs of the country. The first is a *canzonetta*, whose air is one of the simplest and sweetest melodies to which we ever listened.

No juorno jenno a spasso oje pe lo mare,
Sto core mme cadette int' a l' arena.
Addimmannaje a cierte marenare,
Dice che l' hanno visto oje mpiett' a tene.
Io so benuto pe te lo cercare,
Io senza core e tu duje ne tiene.
E quann' è chesto embè, sa che buò fare?
Lo tujo mme daje e lu mio te tiene.

One morning, on the sea-shore as I strayed,
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;
I asked of yonder mariners, who said
They saw it in thy bosom,—worn by thee.
And I am come to seek that heart of mine,
For I have none, and thou, alas! hast two,
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do?—
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

The next piece we offer is a *Canzone di Soldato*, a soldier's song. It is so very simple in its structure and language, that we paraphrase rather than translate it.

1.
"Chi bussa alla mia porta,
"Chi bussa e chi sarà?"
Al caro amante e sposo
Rape non dubbetà.
2.
"Non pozz' araperire,
"Ca mmma non ce stà."
Non me fa chiù sperire
Rape ppe caretà.
3.
"Senza trasì a chest' ora,
"Da fora puoje parlà."
Aje! ca fa friddo fora,
Dinto famme scarfà.

1.
"Who knocks,—who knocks at my door,
"Who knocks, and who can it be?"
Thy own true lover, betrothed forever,
So open the door to me.

2.

"My mother is not at home,
"So I cannot open to thee."
Why make me wait so long at the gate,
For mercy's sake open to me.

3.

"Thou canst not come in so late,
"From the window I 'll listen to thee."
My cloak is old, and the wind blows cold,
So open the door to me.

The next extract will exhibit the dialect of the Neapolitan peasantry. It is a *Pastorale de' Zampognari*, one of those little rural hymns, which the *zampognari* or pipers from the Abruzzi and Calabrian mountains sing before the images of the Virgin at the corners of the streets in Rome and Naples, at the season of Advent, accompanied by the sound of their rustic bagpipes.

1.

Quanno nascette Ninno a Betelemme,
Era notte e parea miezo juorno;
Maje li stelle
Lustere e belle
Se vedetteno accussi
La chiù lucente
Jettea chiammà li Magi in Oriente.

2.

No 'ncerano nemice ppe la terra,
La pecora pascea co lo lione,
Co lu crapette
Se vedette
Lu liopardo pazzià,—
L' urzo e o vitiello,
E co lo lupo 'npace u pecoriello.

3.

Guardavano le pecore li pasture,
E l' Angelo sbrannente chiù de lu sole
Comparette
E le dicette,
Non ve spaventate, nò;
Contento e riso
La terra è arreventata Paraviso.

1.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'T was night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light
Was pure and bright,
Shone with unwavering ray;
But one, one glorious star
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

2.

Then peace was spread throughout the land,
The lion fed beside the tender lamb,
And with the kid,
To pastime led,
The spotted leopard fed;
In peace the calf and bear,
The wolf and lamb reposed together there.

3.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An Angel, brighter than the sun's own light,
Appeared in air,
And gently said,
Fear not,—be not afraid,
For lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise.

The popular literature of the Neapolitan dialect is quite extensive. Among the most celebrated works are the *Opere in Lingua Napoletana* of *Guil. Ces. Cortese;* a selection of Neapolitan poetry, in two volumes, entitled *Rime Scelte di vari illustri Poeti Napolitani;* and *Il Pentamerone (Lo Cunto de li Cunti) del Cavalier Giambattista Basile.* Three comedies of *Nicolò Aminta*, entitled '*La Gostanza;*' '*Il Forca,*' and '*La Fante,*' are written partly in this dialect.

4. The Roman. The Roman is by far the most easily understood of all the Italian dialects, though at the same time neither the most beautiful nor the most cultivated. At its origin, it seems to have been the rudest of all, corresponding to the base character of the degraded Romans. * But this

* Dante, in his treatise *de Vulg. Eloq.* observes; "Dicimus ergo Romanorum non *vulgare*, sed potius *tristiloquium*, Italorum Vulgarium omnium esse turpissimum; nec mirum, cum etiam morum habituumque deformitate prae cunctis videantur foetere." Cap. XI.

was while the Papal Court resided at Avignon. Its removal to Rome produced doubtless a great change in the language of that city; and the great concourse of strangers and particularly of ecclesiastics from all quarters of Italy must have had a tendency to deprive it of local and provincial peculiarities, and to give it a character more conformable to the written language of Italy; for all who resorted thither from the remoter towns and provinces would naturally, in their daily intercourse, divest their speech of the grosser peculiarities of their respective dialects.

The Roman populace is divided into three pretty distinct and well defined classes;—the *Monteggiani*, who inhabit the region of the Esquiline, Quirinal and Capitoline hills; the *Popolanti*, who reside in the neighborhood of the Porta del Popolo, both within and without the gate; and the *Trasteverini*, who live on the western bank of the Tiber, toward St. Peter's and the Janiculum. Each of these classes has some distinguishing peculiarities in its dialect, and to these three divisions of the *linguaggio Romanesco* may be added a fourth, that of the *Ghetto*, or Jewish quarter of Rome. This last is rather a dialect of a dialect, and may be found in most of the Italian cities.

The leading peculiarities of the *Romanesco* are the following:

1. The elision of the final syllable, particularly in infinitives and participles, and not unfrequently of the initial syllable in other words; as *fà* for *fare*; *pensà* for *pensato*; *so* for *sono*; *rugante* for *arrogante*; *sto* for *questo*, etc.

2. The substitution of *ne* in many words for the syllable thus cut off, and the addition of the same letters to the termination of other words; as *coprine* for *coprire*; *sapene* for *sapere*; *dirone* for *dirò*.

3. The frequent suppression of the letter *d*; as *quanno* for *quando*; *annà* for *andare*.

4. The use of *r* instead of *l*, and the misplacing these two letters in those words wherein they occur; as *quer* for *quel*; *ber* for *bel*; *der* for *del*; *grolia* for *gloria*; *crapa* for *capra*. This last peculiarity is the most prevalent and striking. Examples of most of these will be found in the following 'Tarantella Trasteverina.'

Gioventù de Roma bella
Ci ho una nova tarantella,

Tarantella degli dei,
Ascortate amici miei.
Canterò con viso adorno
Delle donne d'oggi giorno,
Tanto de giovane, quanto d' anziane,
Le donne so tutte tigre umane.

Maritate e vedovelle,
Principierone dalle zitelle;
Le zitelle che sono minenti *
So tutte rugante, impertinenti.
Ve dirone senza inganno
La furberia che loro hanno;
Quanno s' arzeno la mattina
Ogni ragazza s' impimpina.

Le ricci finti, e le ciambelle †,
Benchè so brutte vonno essè belle;
Con quella vesta e quer zinalino,
La scarpa attillata al ber piedino.
Stanno sempre alla tolette,
Per poi fane le civette.

* * *

Amorous youth of Rome's fair city,
I have here a new-made ditty,
A tarantella all divine,—
Listen,—listen, friends of mine.
I will sing with smiling face,
Of the dames of now-a-days,
Young and old, and great and small,
Human tigers are they all.

Married dames and widows pretty,—
But with the maids begins my ditty:
They, to shine as *belles* intent,
Are haughty and impertinent.
I will tell without deceit
How they practise many a cheat,

* Among the Trasteverini, the exquisites of both sexes are called *minenti.*

† The female *minenti* confine the hair upon their temples, by means of circular plates of silver or brass. These are called *ciambelle*, from their resemblance to a small cake of that name, a jumbal.

How they all their mornings pass
To prink themselves before the glass.

Plaited trinkets and false hair,—
Though ugly, they would still be fair;
With showy gown and bodice neat,
And shoes well fitted to their feet,
They at the toilet learn the arts
Of flirting, and coquetting hearts.

* * *

Like the Sicilian and Neapolitan dialects, the *Romanesco* has its literature. One of its most celebrated works is a mock-heroic poem, entitled *El Maggio Romanesco*, The Roman May-pole. It is a poem of twelve cantos in *ottava rima*, and the subject is thus announced in the opening stanza:

Il palio conquestato, e le sgherrate
Bizzare io canto, e li tremendi affronti,
Amori e sdegni, e risse ingarbugliate
Che fece un Bravo del Rion dei Monti;
Li sfarzi de le Belle innamorate,
L' astuzie de i Zerbini argute e pronti,
Bisbigli, e impicci, e tiritosti a soma
Successi drento al Gran Castel di Roma.

The conquered May-pole,—quarrels fierce and hearty,
Yet whimsical, I sing;—insults tremendous,—
And loves and jealousies, and strifes of party
A *Monteggiano* bully here doth send us;—
The follies of the fair *innamorate*,—
The tricks of gallants ready to defend us,—
The troubles, toils and tumbles, that befel
The people of the Roman Citadel.

Another work of great note and popularity among the common people of Rome is '*El Meo Patacca, ovvero Roma in festa pei trionfi di Vienna, poema giocoso nel linguaggio Romanesco di Gius. Berneri:*' Meo Patacca, or Rome in its glory at the Deliverance of Vienna, a comic poem in the *romanesco* dialect, by Jos. Berneri. This poem recounts the heroic valor, the loves and jealousies of the hero Meo Patacca, a champion of the Roman populace, who endeavors to raise a

plebeian cohort to march to the relief of Vienna; but news being received that the siege of that city was raised, they turn the fury of their arms against the poor Jews, and the poem closes with the assault and capture of the Ghetto.

The peculiarities which now mark the Roman dialect are the same, which characterized it two centuries ago. The lapse of time seems to have produced but slight and almost imperceptible changes. Setting aside the operation of foreign and external causes, the fluctuations of a language must depend upon literary cultivation; and as, generally speaking, the vulgar tongue of a provincial populace never possesses a literature calculated to improve and perfect the forms of language, so it will suffer but few and trifling changes, unless political or other external causes operate to produce them.

We have before us a little book in the popular tongue, printed at Rome in the year 1627, and sold 'at the sign of the Golden Wolf in Piazza Navona,' the great forum of the mob of modern Rome. It is entitled '*Li Strapazzati, Comedia Nova di Giovanni Briccio, Romano. Opera non meno ridicolosa, che honesta:*' which may be thus translated; 'More Kicks than Coppers, a New Comedy by John Briccio, Roman. A work no less *ridiculous* than moral.' The characters introduced into the piece are several peasants from the mountains of Norcia, a Roman porter, or *facchino*, a Neapolitan, a Venetian, and a Jew. The following extract is from a scene between Zanni *facchino*, and Pasquarello *Napolitano*. Each speaks in his native dialect, as may be seen by comparing this with previous extracts. Opposite the text we place a very literal translation, for the most part word for word.

Zan. Se volif che ve aiuta
Desim la maniera,
Che mi de bona cera
Farò ol tutt.
Pasq. Boglio che facci mutto
A chilla Zitelletta,
Chiamata Violetta
Tua vicina.
E dince la rouina
Ca me hà fatto Cupido,
Quale con uno spido
Me hà infirzato:
E me hà bruscoliato
Justo come saraca,

Zan. If you wish me to aid you,
Tell me the manner,
And I right merrily
Will do all you wish. [speak
Pasq. I wish that thou should'st
To that pretty little maiden
Called Violetta,
Thy neighbor.
And tell her the ruin
That Cupid has made of me,
Who with a spit [through,
Has run me through and
And has roasted me
Just like a herring,

O commo na lumaca
Sul carbone.
E che haggia compassione
A chisso sfortunato,
Ca so mezzo arraggiato,
E mal contento.
E che un bello presento
Dappoi io le faraggio,
Nante ca venga Maggio
E allo chiú Aprile.

Zan. Vú se tanto zentil
Che sont appareccià
De volermi intrigà
In sto lauur.
Ma prima che fauur
Hauì pensà de fà,
A mi che hò da trattà
Sto parentat?

Pasq. Io haggio penzato
Darete un Coccodrillo
Venuto dallo Nillo
Del' Egitto . . .
E mo damme la mano
Pigliate ste carline,
Comprate doi galline
E manciatelle.
Eccote doi ciamelle
De chille biscottate,
Ca me l' hà presentate
Pannicone.

Zan. Oh quest è ben vn don
Fatt da Napolitan,
Qual è stretto de man
E largh de bocca.
Orsù quando al me tocca,
Che venga occasion
Che farò un bel sermon
Laghe fà à mi.

Or like a snail
Upon charcoal.
And bid her have compassion
On a poor devil,
For I am half mad,
And quite woe-begone.
And tell her a brave present
Afterwards I will make her,
Before May comes,
Or at the farthest, April.

Zan. You are so genteel,
That I am all ready
And willing to engage
In this labor.
But, first, what present
Have you thought of making
To me, who am to treat
In this negociation?

Pasq. I have thought
Of giving thee a crocodile
Brought from the Nile
Of Egypt. . .
And now give me your hand,
Take these carlines,
Buy two chickens
And eat them.
Here are two jumbals for thee
Of those that are twicé baked,
Which were presented to me
By Pannicone.

Zan. Oh, this is indeed a gift
Made by a Neapolitan,
Who is close-fisted
And open-mouthed. [act,
But come on; when I am to
Let the occasion present itself,
And I will preach you a fine ser-
Let me alone for that. [mon,

We add a few lines from the part of the Jewish pedler, as a specimen of the very corrupt and barbarous dialect of the *Ghetto*, or Jewish quarter of Rome.

Me fanno lo bordello,
Me entronano lo tachete,
E io che haggio pachete
Sto zitto.
Mo me ne endauo ritto
Gridando ferrauecchio,
E portauo no specchio
E altri bagagli,
E sento dire dagli,

They pass rude jests upon me,
They stun me with their din,
And I who wear a pack
Am silent.
Now I was passing straight on
Crying old iron,
And carrying a looking-glass,
And other wares,
And I heard them cry "hit him!"

E uno certo sciutè	And a certain ragamuffin
Medette fin a tre	Gave me as many as three
Boti alla testa;	Blows upon the head;
E poi una tempesta	And then a tempest came,
Guidato dallo diauolo,	Directed by the devil,
Tutti torzi de cauoli	All stumps of cabbages
Cossì grossi.	As large as this.

5. The Norcian. Proceeding northward from the Eternal City, the next dialect we encounter is the *romana rustica* of Norcia; the dialect which Dante designates as the *Spoletano*. Norcia is a small city in the duchy of Spoleto, about fifty miles north-east from Rome. The language spoken there and in the surrounding country is called the *dialetto Norcino*. Its most prominent and remarkable peculiarities, some of which it holds in common with the *Romanesco*, are;

1. The use of *r* for *l*; as *ro* for *lo*; *diauro* for *diavolo*.

2. The addition of *ne* to the termination of words; as *mene* for *me*.

3. The frequent suppression of consonants, particularly of *v* and *d*; as *faellare* for *favellare*; *Maonna* for *Madonna*; *quachun* for *qualcuno*; *poeritto* for *poveretto*; and occasionally a few others, which will be observed in the following specimen. It is from the same source as the last extracts,—the *opera non meno ridicolosa che honesta*; and is extracted from a page or two of good advice, which Rampino, *villano delle montagne di Norcia*, gives to his daughter Violetta, respecting the gallants of Rome.

Se qualche callabrone	If any buzzing wasp
De quissi Zerbinotti,	Of those little dandies
Che fanno con pancotti	Who with puddings
Gliù collaro,	Pad out their cravats, [strong
Fussi alluscì somaro	Should be so bold and head-
A volerte faellare,	As to wish to speak to thee,
Non lo stare ascoltare	Stay not to listen,
Ca te accido.	For I will kill thee.
Quanto che me ne rido	O how it makes me laugh
Che quissi spaccauenti,	To see these nincompoops,
Che stuzzican 'i denti	Who pick their teeth
Col stecchitto,	With tooth-picks,
E fanno lo Spagnolitto,	And play the Spanish Don,
Ro Duca, e ro Marchese,	The Duke, and the Marquis,
Ne mai hanno in vn mese	And have not in a whole month
Doi baiocchi.	Two cents in their pockets.
Se quachun dice leie	If any one say "read
Sa littera, non gliù fare,	This letter," read it not,
Se non voi scapezzare	If thou dost not wish to feel
No bastone.	This cane of mine.

Dagli no buffettone,
Versace gliù caudaro
D'acqua, e de gliù somaro
Lu stabbietto . . . .
E digli una capezza
Te pozza strangolare,
E non pozzi cagare
Na volta l' anno.
Ca le vengha el malanno
A quissi caga stecchi,
Che vogliono far becchi
I contadini.

Give him a fillip,
Pour upon him a kettle
Of water, etc.

A part of the above extract we refrain from translating: which part, it will be perceived, is rather more *ridicolosa* than *honesta*. This Norcian dialect has but little literature. Indeed we know of nothing belonging to it, save a part of a poem entitled *Tito Vespasiano*, by Giovan. Batista Lalli,—which was translated into this dialect by the author, who was a native of Norcia.

6. The Tuscan. The dialect of Tuscany sends forth six distinct branches. Each of these divisions is marked by its peculiarities. They are

1. *Toscano Fiorentino*, spoken at Florence.
2. *Toscano Sanese*, spoken at Siena.
3. *Toscano Pistoiano*, spoken at Pistoia.
4. *Toscano Pisano*, spoken at Pisa.
5. *Toscano Lucchese*, spoken at Lucca.
6. *Toscano Aretino*, spoken at Arezzo.

In the Florentine dialect, a distinction is also made between the *lingua Fiorentina di città*, or the language of the lower classes in the city, and the *lingua Fiorentina rustica di contado*, or the language of the peasantry in the vicinity. The Florentine *di città* is also subdivided, within the very walls of the city, into the two dialects of the *Mercato Vecchio* and the *Mercato Nuovo*, and the *riboboli* or pithy sayings of either of these quarters of the city would not be fully understood and felt by the inhabitants of the other.

The leading peculiarities of the *Florentine* dialect are:

1. The strong aspiration, or guttural sound of the Spanish *jota*, given to *ca, che, chi;* as in *casa*, which the Florentine pronounces *hasa;* and in *che, chi*, which he changes to *he, hi*, with a strong aspirate.

2. The elision of the initial syllable of words; as *gnuno* for *ognuno; gli* for *egli; moroso* for *amoroso;* and of the unaccented *a* in the future and conditional tenses of verbs of the first conjugation; as *drà* for *darà; strò* for *starò; fresti* for *faresti.*

3. The addition of *ne* to the termination of words, as in the Southern dialects of Italy; as *mene* for *me; piune* for *più.*

The principal works in the Florentine dialect are the following; *La Tancia, di Michelangelo Buonarroti,* nephew of the celebrated artist; *La Fiera* (The Fair) a collection of comedies in the city-dialect; *Malmantile Racquistato di Perlone Zipoli* (Lorenzo Lippi); *Conte Note di Puelcio Lamoni* (Paolo Minucci); and the Life of *Benvenuto Cellini,* written by himself.

The *Toscano Sanese* is the same in the main as the Florentine. It has however one peculiarity worthy of notice. This is the change of the unaccented *e* into *a;* as *lettara* for *lettera; essare* for *essere,* etc. This dialect has a great deal of literature; but it consists chiefly of rustic comedies and farces. In addition to these, it can boast a translation of Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.

Among all the Tuscan dialects, the *Pistoian* has the least of the disagreeable *gorgia fiorentina,* or guttural aspirate of Florence. Its peculiarities are, the use of *eri* for *ere* in the singular of nouns, as *cavalieri* for *cavaliere,* etc.—the change of *u* into *o,* as *omore* for *umore,* etc., and the elision of the final *o* in the adjective pronouns; as *mi genitore* for *mio genitore; tu fratello* for *tuo fratello.* In this dialect is written a work entitled *Desiderio e Speranza, commedia fantastica di Des. Cino da Pistoia.*

The dialect of *Pisa* is more strongly marked with the Florentine aspirate. Besides this, it changes the accented *ò* of the first person singular of the future into *ù;* as *amerù* for *amerò; crederù* for *crederò.* The *z* is often changed to *s;* as *piassa* for *piazza;* and *l* to *r,* as *rimosine* for *limosine; ro* for *lo,* etc.

The dialect of Lucca has the reputation of being as pure as any, if not the purest, among the Tuscan dialects. Still it is not without its vulgarisms and plebeian peculiarities. As specimens of these, may be taken the peculiarities just enumerated as belonging to the Pisan dialect, with the exception of the interchange of *l* and *r.* In addition to these it has a few others, but not sufficiently marked to deserve enumeration.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the dialect of Arezzo is the change of the unaccented *e* into *a*, as in the dialect of Siena; thus *amarò* is used for *amerò*, etc. To this may be added the use of the preposition with the article, without doubling the *l* of the article; as *co la* for *colla; a lo* for *allo.*

The following song is a specimen of the *lingua Fiorentina di contado.* It is extracted from the *Tancia* of *Buonarroti, Acto* I. *Scena Quarta.*

E s' io son bella, io son bella per mene,
Nè mi curo d' aver de' gaveggini;
E non mi curo gnun mi voglia bene
Nè manco vo' ch' altri mi faccia 'nchini.
A gnun non vo prometter la mia fene,
Sebben mi voglion ben de' cittadini;
Ch' i' ho sentito dir, che gli amadori
Son poi alle fanciulle traditori.

Ma s' un che mene piace aver credessi,
E ch' io pensassi di parergli bella,
E' potrebb' esser ch' io mi risolvessi
Di ber anch' io d' amor alla scodella.
Gli ha i più begli occhi che mai si vedessi,
Gli ha quella bocca, ch' e' par una stella,
Gli è mansovieto, dabbene e benigno,
Non è come qualcun bizzoco e arcigno.

Quel ch' e' si sia l' Amore, io nol so bene,
E non so s' io mi sono innamorata;
Ma gli è ver ch' e' c' è un ch' io gli vo bene,
E sento un gran piacer quand e' mi quata,
E 'l sento più quand' e' s' appressa a mene;
E pel contradio, poich' e' mi ha lasciata,
Par ch' e' mi lasci un nidio senza l' ova;
Che cosa è Amor? ditelmi un po', chi 'l prova.

If I am fair 't is for myself alone,
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
Nor would I call another's heart my own,
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
For surely I will plight my faith to none,
Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me;
For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
Why then, I do confess the whim might seize me,
To taste for once the porringer of love.
Alas! there is one pair of eyes that tease me,
And then that mouth!—he seems a star above,
He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be, indeed I cannot tell,
Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts;
But true it is, there's one I *like* so well,
That when he looks at me my bosom starts;
And, if we meet, my heart begins to swell;
And the green fields around, when he departs,
Seem like a nest, from which the bird has flown:
Can this be love?—say—ye who love have known!

For a specimen of the vulgar Florentine dialect, as spoken in the thirteenth century, we refer our readers back to the extract we have already given from the *Pantaffio* of Brunetto Latini, p. 295.

7. The Bolognese. The Bolognese is the most southern of the harsh Lombard dialects of the north of Italy. In this dialect, not only are the vowels cut off at the termination of words, but, generally speaking, a word loses all its vowels, saving that which bears the accent. Indeed, its elements may be considered,—we use the forcible but very inelegant metaphor of a modern English traveller,*—as 'Tuscan vocables gutted and trussed.' This condensation of words by the suppression of their vowels constitutes the leading peculiarity of the Bolognese dialect. The following are examples of these contractions: *asn* for *asino*; *lagrm* for *lagrime*; *de volt* for *delle volte*; *pr* for *per*; *st* for *questo*; *bj* for *belli*; etc.

Dante speaks in praise of the Bolognese dialect.† He calls it a beautiful language, *ad laudabilem suavitatem temperata.*

* Letters from the North of Italy: addressed to Henry Hallam, Esq. Vol. II. p. 12.

† *De Vulg. Eloq.* Lib. prim. Cap. XV.

He gives his reasons for this opinion, but it would be useless to detail them.

The subjoined specimen of the Bolognese is from Adelung's Mithridates. It is the Lord's Prayer.

Pader noster, ch' si in Cil,
Si pur santificà al voster nom ;
Vegna 'l voster regn ;
Sia fatta la vostra volontà, com in Cil,
cosi in terra ;
'L noster pan quotidian daz incù ;
E perdonaz i noster debit, sicom noalter
i perdonen ai noster debitur ;
E n c' indusi in tentazion :
Ma liberaz da mal. Amen.

The literature of the Bolognese dialect is extensive. Among its more prominent works are the following.

Bulogna Jubilant, puema strampalà, fatt pr gli algrezz d' la liberazion d' Viena, Morea, e Dalmazia, dai Turch.

La Ruina d' Troja in uttava Rima in Lengua Bulgnesa.— Both of these works are by *Geminiano Megnani.*

L' Dsgrazi d' Bertuldin dalla Zena miss' in rima da G. M. B. (Giuseppe Maria Bovina.)

La Gran Crida di Vergon, da Giulio Cesare Croce.

Camillo Scaligeri; Della Favella naturale di Bologna.

Ovid Mont-Alban; Vindicie del parlar Bolognese e Lombardo.

Giov. Ant. Bumaldi; Vocabolista Bolognese.

8. The Venetian. The Venetian is the most beautiful of all the Italian dialects. Its pronunciation is remarkably soft and pleasant, the sound of the *sch* and *tsch*, so frequent in the Tuscan and Southern dialects, being changed into the soft *s*, and *ts*. This peculiarity of the Venetian, surrounded as it is by the harsh, unmusical dialects of the north, can be attributed to no other cause than the local situation of the city. Sheltered in the bosom of the Adriatic, it lay beyond the sweep of those barbarous hordes, which ever and anon with desolating blast swept the north of Italy like a mountain wind. Hence it grew up soft, flexible and melodious, and unencumbered with those harsh and barbarous sounds, which so

strikingly deform the neighboring dialects of the north of Italy.

The leading peculiarities of the Venetian dialect are the following:

1. The change of

i into *e;* as *desperare* for *disperare; el* for *il; de* for *di;*

c into *g;* as *amigo* for *amico;*

gi into *zi;* as *zirando* for *girando;*

ce into *se;* as *diseva* for *diceva; vose* for *voce;* etc.

2. The use of the objective case of pronouns for the nominative, as *mi* for *io;* and of *xe* (the *x* having the sound of the soft *s*) for *è* or *c' è.*

3. The change of the termination in *gajo* to *ghiero;* as *botegheiro* for *bottegajo*, etc. and the use of *gh* for *gl*, as *ghe* for *gli*, etc.; and sometimes for *ci*, as *gh' è* for *c' è*, etc.

The two following specimens of this dialect were written by Toni Toscan, a Venetian gondolier, formerly in the service of Lord Byron, and one of the few who can still sing a stanza from Tasso. Having discovered that Toni had been one of Byron's gondoliers, we made numerous inquiries concerning the Noble Poet, all of which he answered somewhat in detail, and concluded by informing us, that, 'like master like man,' he was himself a little given to rhyme, and had written, and addressed to Byron a *Soneto a la Veneziana.* As a proof of his poetical abilities, he wrote in our presence the following lines, which say more for his chirography than for his inspiration, but which, nevertheless, we present to our readers, by way of introduction to that which follows. We copy the piece exactly as it was written, without period or comma.

OTTOVA

Al Nobil Signor ———— Merican.

Dal caso un dì a venezia
à stando al Traghetto
ma domandà un sogietto
ch' giera American
E mi ò Risposo a sù
con pronta servitù
che so Toni Toscan
á sto Famoso Foresto
chè giùsto Merican

Subito me Risercà
del Nobile biron
ch' està el mio bon Patron
quando a venezia està
Col Tempo material
zirando el gran canal
sempre ma Risercà.
e do stanse del Tasso
subito gho cantà
Pien de umiltà e Rispetto
me cavo el mio cappello
de cuor ghe inchino el capo
A ——— ———

OCTAVE

To the Noble signor —— American.

By chance one day at Venice,
as I stood at the Ferry
there asked for me a person
who was an American.
And I replied to him
with ready service,
I am Toni Toscan,—
to this famous stranger,
who is exactly the American.
Forthwith he inquired of me
concerning the noble Byron,
who is my good Patron
when he is in Venice.
At our own time and leisure
floating along the grand canal,
he did again request me,
and two stanzas of Tasso
I forthwith sang to him.
Full of humility and respect
I take off my hat
and, from my heart, I bow my head
to ——— ———

The next day the gondolier brought us the poem we have alluded to above, written upon a large sheet of paper and headed '*All' Destinto Merito del Nobil Signor Norde Biron Soneto a la Veneziana.*' The poet begins by praising his lordship's 'constancy, love and goodness,'—and promises

to sing his name through all Venice as a hero, the flower of eloquence, and, what is more to the point, a '*sogieto veramente singolar.*' We shall present the last half of this curious document to our readers, in a faithful copy from the original.

Versi no i xe del bel monte parnaso
ne del dolse licor de quel bel vaso
Altro no digo e taso
el barcariol Toscan con questa frasa
pien de umiltà la bella man ghe basa.
La musa vuol che tasa
sto igniorante Poeta da dozena
che no xe bon da doperar la pena
Apolo de me sena
ve invoco vu che se el mio protetor
che un prendise voi farghe a sto signor
Cho la vose e col cuor.
Tiogho in man un ghotto de vin bon
e viva e viva el gran Norde biron
A sto so bon Paron
Pien di rispetto el barcariol Toscan
ghe inchina el capo e ghe basa la man.
Mio begninio lettor questo el Poeta un Tal
Toni Toscan al Traghetto in Piazzeta.

'These are no verses of the beautiful mount Parnassus, nor of the sweet liquor of that fair vase: No more I say, but am silent. The gondolier Toscan, with this salutation, full of humility kisses his fair hand. The muse commands to be silent this ignorant paltry rhymester, who is not skilled to wield the pen. Aid me, Apollo; you I invoke, who are my protector; for I would toast this noble gentleman with voice and heart. I take in my hand a glass of good wine, and *viva, viva* the great *Norde biron* (Lord Byron). To this good patron, full of respect the gondolier Toscan bows his head and kisses his hand.'

'My gentle reader, this the poet, a certain Toni Toscan at the boat-landing in the *Piazzeta.*'

These are specimens of the vulgar dialect of Venice among the lowest class of the people. The extract which follows is a specimen of the same dialect, as consecrated to literary uses. It is extracted from the Poems of *Gritti*,—'*Poesie di Francesco Gritti in dialetto Veneziano*,' p. 230. The piece is entitled '*El Progeto de l' Aseno*,' the Ass's Project;—the reader will at once recognize the familiar fable.

Diseva un Aseno
Ben bastonà:
No gh' è giustizia
Nè carità.
Perchè, mo, a Trotolo
Can del fator,
Tante mignognole,
Tanto favor? . . .
Quai xe i so meriti
Voria saver?
Mi no so vederli
Da Cavalier;
Alzarse, e meterghe
Le zate in man,
Saltarghe ai totani
Farghe bacan. . . .
E grazia, e spirito
Anca mi gò;—
Orsù, provemose,
Lo imiterò.
E la so massima
Fissà cussì,
La mete in pratica
L' istesso dì.
Torna da Vespero
O dal Perdon,
Col padre Ipolito,
El so Paron!
Col vede l' Aseno
Ch' i è là, ch' i vien,
Se mete a l' ordene
Se posta ben;
E su drezzandose
Lesto, e gentil
In perpendicolo
Da campanil,
Spalanca in ipsilon
Le zampe, e zò;
Al colo butase
De tuti dò . . . .
Misericordia!
Ajuto! oimè!
E a gambe in aria
Va tuti tre. *etc.*

Said an ass one day—
For well beaten was he,
There is neither justice
Nor pity for me.
Why, now, to Tray,
The steward's fat hound,
Do gentle caresses
And favors abound?
Pray what are his merits,
I should like well to hear?
I do n't like to see him
Thus play Cavalier.
He jumps up, and places
His paws in their hands,
And gambols about them
Or drivelling stands. . . .
Now both grace and spirit
I also can claim,
So, up! let us see
If I can 't do the same.
This very sage purpose
The 'Vicar of Bray'
Put duly in practice
That very same day.
Returning from Vespers
Or from the Communion,
With Father Hypolitus
Came the Steward in union.
When the jackass beheld
The approach of his host,
He gets all in order,
And stands at his post.
Standing up as genteelly
As two-legged people,
In a line perpendicular
Like a church steeple,
In the shape of a *upsilon*
His legs doth he reach,
And places a hoof
On the shoulder of each.
O mercy upon us!—
Help! help! wo is me!
With their legs in the air,
Down fall the whole three.

We crave pardon for our doggerel; but as we cite the piece solely in illustration of the language in which it is written, we neither deem it important to give it entire, nor to consume much time in endeavoring to translate it elegantly.

In none of the Italian dialects has so much been written for the stage, as in the Venetian. Among these theatrical

pieces, the most celebrated is Goldoni's comedy entitled *i Rusteghi*. The following are the titles of other works in this dialect: *Canzoni di Nic. Cosmico; Rime Pescatorie di And. Calmo; Lettere facete e chiribizzose in lingua antiga Veneziana di Vinc Belando; Traduzion dal Toscan in Lengua Veneziana de Bertholdo*, with the original Tuscan, and an explanation of Venetian words and phrases. To these may be added the work, from which our last extract was taken, '*Poesie di Francesco Gritti in dialetto Veneziano.*'

9. The Friulian. The Friulian, or *dialetto Furlano*, is the language of the province of Friuli, lying north of the Venetian gulf, and bounded westward by the Trevisan, the Feltrin and the Bellunese. It is a mixture of corrupt Italian with the Sclavonic and southern French. The French admixture must have taken place in the fourteenth century, when Bertrand de Querci and Cardinal Philip went to that province with great numbers of Gascons and Provençals. The dialect is not uniform throughout the province of Friuli, as the following specimens will show. We take them from Adelung, who has drawn them from different sources. They are the Lord's Prayer.

Pari nestri ch' ees in Cijl,
See sanctificaat lu to nom;
Vigna lu to ream;
See fatta la too volontaat,
sich' in Cijl, ed in tiarra;
Da nus hu' el nestri pan cotidian;
E perdoni nus glu restris debiz,
sicu noo perdunin agl nestris
debetoors;
E no nus menaa in tentation;
Ma libora nus dal mal. Amen.

Nost pea, ch' a si in Cil,
Che si sanctificea e vost non;
Ch' us vegna a vost regn;
Ch' us fessa la vostra vuluntea,
hiose in Cil, che in terra;
Dasis incù e nost pan d' igna dè;
Armitis i nost debit, teal e queal
nun ai armetten ai nost debitur;
E fasi ch' an sema tintaë;
Ma liberes da e meal. Amen.

Various authors have composed songs in this dialect, and among others *Statilio Paolini*, the friend of Tasso.

West of Friuli, in the southern portion of the Tyrolese, two dialects of German origin are spoken. They are, the dialect of the *Sette Communi*, spoken in the country round Vicenza, and that of the *Tredici Communi* in the neighborhood of Verona. They are remnants of the Upper German, or *Ober-Deutsch*. As these are not dialects of the Italian language, though spoken within the territory of Italy, we shall not notice them more particularly, but refer the reader to Adelung's

Mithridates; Zweyter Theil. s. 215, for a more minute account of them.

10. The Paduan. The Paduan dialect, or *lengua rusteca Pavana*, is a stepping-stone from the Venetian to the Lombard. It is composed of an admixture of these two, and is one of the most unintelligible of the Italian dialects. We have no specimens of it. The following works may be enumerated as belonging to its literature.

Jac. Morello; Il ridiculoso dottoremento di M. Desconzo di Strusenazzi ed altre operette piacevoli.

Bertevello dalle Brentelle; Poesia in lingua rustica Padovana.

Rime di lingua rustica Padovana di Magagnò, Menon e Begotto.

Gaspero Patriarchi: Vocabolario Veneziano e Padovano.

11. The Lombard. This is the dialect spoken in that fertile country watered by the river Po, and stretching westward from the Adige to the Bergamasco and the Milanese, and southward till it includes the Dutchies of Parma and Modena. The wide territory, over which this dialect may be said to sway the sceptre of the tongue, includes the cities of Mantua, Cremona, and Brescia on the northern side of the Po, and Ferrara, Modena, Piacenza, and Parma on the southern. Of course, no great uniformity of language prevails, inasmuch as each of these cities has its peculiarities and modifications of the general dialect. Besides, the line of demarcation, which separates one dialect from another, can never be perfectly distinct and well defined. On the borders of each province, the various and fluctuating tides of language must meet and mingle. Thus, in its northern districts, the Lombard has much in common with the Bergamask and the Milanese, the Paduan connects it with the Venetian, and in Modena and Ferrara it is so closely connected with the Bolognese, as to be almost the same language.

The leading peculiarities of this dialect are the following:

1. The frequent suppression of the vowels in the middle and at the end of words: as *nssun* for *nessuno; fnil* for *fenil; lett* for *letto;* etc.

2. The use of the particle *a* as an expletive; as *ch' a l' ha* for *che l' ha,* etc.

3. Very numerous changes and interchanges of vowels and consonants, which it is unnecessary to particularize.

The following specimen of the Lombard is in the *Mantovano di contado*, the dialect of the Mantuan peasantry. It is quoted by *Cherubini* in the preface to his *Vocabolario Mantovano-Italiano ;* and is extracted from the '*Composizioni Berneschi in dialetto Mantovano di contado, scritte da Gio : Maria Galeotti, per varie feste di Carnovale.*' Specimens of this dialect are rare, and in citing this, Cherubini observes, 'No work having ever been printed in the Mantuan dialect, and these being perhaps the only poetical compositions in MS. which are known to exist in that dialect, I may be permitted to introduce here a portion of one of them, that the amateurs of the literature of the Italian dialects may form therefrom some practical idea of the Mantuan.'

Al vilan l'è ben povrèt
E n' al magna che polenta,
Al va a fnil, ch' a n' al gh' ha lett,
Al fadiga, al suda, al stenta ;
Ma quand l' è rivà in cò d' l' án,
I sò cont va pèr a pèr,
E nssun al tira pr' al gabán,
Ch' a l' ha fatt con i sò fèr.
L' é in città dov dir a s' pòl
Ch' a n' l' è òr tutt cal ch' a lus,
Parchè tanti e tanti vòl
Far al pèt più gross dal bus.
Sia al vassèl o pien o vòd
Sempr' alegra è la campagna ;
E al bon temp a nostar mod
S' al msurôm con la cavagna.

. . . . .

Al carnaval l' è dova pò
Tutti andôm fôra d' carera,
Chi va in su, e chi va in zò,
E i filozz i par na fera. etc.

Poor indeed is the peasant's lot,
On hastypudding alone he feeds,
He sleeps in the hay-mow, for bed he has not,
And a life of toil is the life he leads.
But when he reaches the close of the year,
His *Dr.* with *Cr.* well balanced stands,

Nor creditor seizes him by the cloak
Which he has made by the toil of his hands.
In the city's walls, we may truly say,
All is not gold, that dazzles the eyes,
For thousands there mimic, in vain display,
The frog, that would rival the ox in size.*
Be our trenchers full or empty,
Always merry is the greenwood tree,
For we measure out mirth by the basket-full,
And our life of toil is a life of glee.

. . . . . .

When the days of Carnival come round,
All are abroad, and far away;
Laughing groups roam up and down,
And at every hearth is a holiday, etc.

12. The Milanese. Like all the rest of the Lombard dialects, the *dialetto Milanese* exhibits in its mutilated syllables and harsh consonant terminations, strong marks of the march and empire of northern invaders. Upon this point, it will, of course, be impossible to go into any detail. As leading peculiarities, then, of the *Milanese*, we give the following:

1. The elision of the final syllable; as *tutt* for *tutto; piangend* for *piangendo; faa* for *fatto; cà* for *casa*, etc.

2. The suppression of syllables and parts of syllables in the middle of words; as *coo* for *capo; voo* for *vado*, etc.

3. In common with the *Piedmontese* and *Genoese* dialects, the use of the French *u*, *œu*, *j*, and nasal *n*.

The Milanese is divided into a city and a country dialect. As an example of the difference, may be cited the termination of the infinitive. In the city dialect the *re* would be dropped; in the country dialect, this termination would be changed to *ae*, or, what is the same thing, the *r* only would be dropped. Thus, in the city, *fà* would be used for *fare;* in the country they would say *fae*. Near the Lago di Lugano and the Lago di Como this dialect is more unintelligible than elsewhere, on account of the intercourse of the people with their German neighbors, and the necessary admixture of their language; and westward, upon the shores of the Lago Maggiore, the Milanese passes gradually into the Piedmontese.

* This stanza is rather paraphrased than translated.

The following specimen of the dialect now under consideration is extracted from a poetic tale, entitled '*La Fuggitiva: Novella in dialetto Milanese, dell' Avvo. Tomasso Grossi*:—a pathetic story of an Italian girl, who followed her lover in disguise to Moscow, in the great Russian campaign of Napoleon. In the stanzas given below, she describes the discovery of her lover and her brother on the field of battle, which is lighted by the flames of Moscow.

Taseva tutt, ma in fin de la campagna
Sentiva on vers ch' el me passava el cœur.
Piangend, tremand voo inanz; vedi ona cagna
Che la lecca sù el sangu de vun che mœur;
Quest l' è sott a on cadaver, ch' el ghe bagna
Tutta la faccia de sanguusc; e el vœur
Storgendes, strepitand de scià e de là,
Come trassel de doss per refiadà.

El cadaver ch' el gh' ha dessoravìa
L' è tutt insanguanent e senza coo:
Guardi quell sott: stravedi? esusmarìa!
Quell color! quell vestii....voo imanz on poo
Ah! che l' è el mè Luis! me se rescìa
I cavij su la front, troo on sgarr e voo
Come on sass giò per terra adoss a lu,
Strengendel in di brasc, basandel su.

Ghe senti a batt el cœur; sbalzi in genœucc,
Me strasci giò tutt i vestii de doss
Per fassagh chi in sul stomegh un gran bœucc
Ch' el perd el sangu, e el lassa vedè i oss.
Lu allora sospirand el derva i œucc,
El me ved, et me fissa, el me cognoss;
E inserenandes in faccia, el se tira
Ona mia man sul cœur, e pœù el me spira.

El cœeur el ghe batt pu, l' ha pers el fiaa;
Mi foo per saltà in pee, ma borli giò
A toppiccon adoss a on coo tajaa;
Col pocch sentor che me restava anmò
Fissi quell coo....l' è tutt insanguanaa,
Tutt sporscellent; ma se distingu però
La faccia. Eel forse el coo de mè fradell!
Esuss maria signor! l' è propi quell!—

'Twas silence all, when on the distant plain
Heart-rending groans were heard; in tears I ran
And found a hungry dog among the slain,
Lapping the life-blood of a dying man.
Upon the groaning victim, who in vain
Struggled to throw the burden off, a wan
And ghastly corpse was lying, and its blood
Over the face of the expiring flowed.

The corpse, that on the dying soldier lay,
Was smeared with blood, and headless; and beneath,—
Jesu Maria!—does my reason stray!—
That dress!—that color!—in the grasp of death
Lay my true love!—I wildly pushed away
The hair from his pale forehead,—gasped for breath,
And like a stone fell prostrate on his breast,
Kissed his cold form, and to my bosom pressed.

His heart still beat; and kneeling by his side,
I tore away the garment that he wore;
Upon his breast a ghastly wound and wide,
Cut to the bone, streamed with his clotted gore.
Then slowly he unclosed his eyes, and sighed,—
Gazed steadily, and knew my face once more,
And, with a smile upon his pale lips, tried
To press my hand against his heart,—and died.

His heart no longer beat,—his breath had fled.
I strove to rise,—but, reeling, fell again,
And rolled upon a grim dissevered head;
With feeble strength I sought, nor sought in vain,
To gaze upon the features of the dead;
Though foul with dust, and many a crimson stain,
I recognized the face.—It was my brother!—
Jesu Maria, help!—help, Virgin Mother!—

As specimens of the literature of the Milanese dialect, the following works may be cited: *La Gerusalemme Liberata travestita in Lingua Milanese da Dom. Balestrieri;* the little poetic *Novella* of Grossi, from which we have given an extract; and a short poem entitled '*Sestinn per el matrimoni del Sur Cont Don Gabriell Verr con la Sura Contessina Donna Giustina Borromea.*'

13. The Bergamask. This is the dialect of the province Bergamasco, lying north-east of the Milanese, among the lakes and mountains, which mark the northern boundary of Italy. It is the harshest of all the Italian dialects, and the most remarkable for its contractions and mutilations. Its principal characteristics are;

1. The harsh contractions just mentioned; as *tat* for *tanto; quac* for *qualche; aidem* for *ajutatemi*, etc.

2. The following interchange of letters; *z* for *g;* as *za* for *già; zet* for *gente: s* for *c;* as *pas* for *pace; vus* for *voce: g* for *t;* as *legg* for *letto; quang* for *quanto: gl* for *j;* as *travajo* for *travaglio*, etc.: *ou* for *o;* as *nou* for *noi; amour* for *amore.*

In addition to which, the diphthong *œu* belongs to this dialect, and *ol* and *dol* are used for the articles *il* and *del.*

We have no specimen to offer. Tasso's Jerusalem has been translated into this dialect by *Carlo Assonica*, under the title of '*Il Goffredo del Signor Torquato Tasso travestito alla Rustica Bergamasca.*'

14. The Piedmontese. This dialect very clearly declares the neighborhood of the French frontier. In the province of Piedmont, two great branches of the old *Romance*, the French and Italian, may be said to meet and mingle; or rather amid its snowy hills to have had a common fountain, the one flowing westward to the plains of France, and the other pouring its tributary stream down the southern declivity of the Alps.*

Among the peculiarities of the *Piedmontese* dialect, we mark the following:

1. In common with the French, the use of the nasal *n*, the diphthong *eu*, and the vowel *u*. These have the same sound as in French.

2. The use of *eu* for *o*, as *peui* for *poi; veuja* for *voglia*, etc.; and of *ei* for *e*, as *seira* for *sera; voleisse* for *volesse*, etc.

3. The curtailment of words by the omission of vowels; as

* In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the *Provençal* was the language of Piedmont. For specimens of that dialect, as there spoken, we refer our readers to the sketch of the origin of the French Language in a former No. of this Review; (Vol. XXXII. p. 285 *et seq.*) or to '*The History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont. By Samuel Morland, Esq.*,' Book I. chap. V. p. 88; and to the '*Histoire Générale des Eglises Evangéliques des Vallées de Piémont: Par Jean Leger*,' Chap. XI. p. 58. from which works the specimens in our former No. were extracted.

pr for *per*; *prchè* for *perchè*; *bsogn* for *bisogno*, etc.; and the termination of the infinitive in *è* instead of *are*; as *mangè* for *mangiare*; *fè* for *fare*; *andè* for *andare*, etc.

4. The use of *s* for *z*, as *sensa* for *senza*; *astussia* for *astuzzia*; *conversasion* for *conversazione*, etc.

The following description of the 'Land of Cockayne' or Lubberland, will serve as a specimen of the Piedmontese. It is extracted from the *Poesie Piemontesi di P. Ignazio Isler.*

Col famos pajis d' cocagna
A l' è peui un gran pajis,
Gnun lavora la campagna
Pur a smía un paradis;
Lì chi veul fè 'l gargh lo fassa,
I' è pa gnun ch' a l' ambarassa,
Fa nèn bsògn d' travajè,
Pr vagnèsse da mangè . . . .
An fiócand aj vèn d' lasagne
Larghe tre travers d' dì,
E d' michete a gran cavagne
Con dij bon maron candì;
Quand aj vèn peui la tempèsta
Tutti anlora fan gran fèsta,
Ch' a l' è tuta mach d' bonbon,
D' ale, e d' cheusse de capon.
Dla polènta bèla, e consa
I fossai son pièn, e ras,
Basta andè con una bronsa
I na pie fin ch' av pias,
J' è squasi gnun ch' a na toca,
Bin ch' a fonda tuta an boca,
Fòra cousti sènsa dènt,
Ch' a na mangio alègramènt . . . .
D' vòte mai pr gargaría
I volèisse stè a durmì,
Stè sigur, gnun av desvía
Fuslo pure gròs mèsdì,
Acogià ch' j sie ant la stansa
Ronfè pur a crepapansa,
L' è la mòda del pajis
Ognun fè com a j' è vis.
S' quaichadun ai veul andèje,
Vènna sì amparè la strà, etc.

Lubberland!—renowned Cockayne!
Far the famous country lies;

There no laborer tills the plain,
Yet it seems a paradise.
There may each one chase his bubble,—
There is none to give him trouble;
All in that fair land of plenty
Love the *dolce far niente* . . . .
Lozenges it snoweth there
Large as thrice the finger through;
Sugar-mites do fill the air,
Mixed with candied chestnuts too.
There, when it sets in to rain,
'T is a holiday again,
With sugar-plums the tempest thickens,
And wings and legs of roasted chickens.
Hastypudding * bubbling hot
Flows in every ditch and dike;
Lounging thither with your pot,
You may take whate'er you like;
Hardly one th' ambrosia sips,
Though it flow between his lips,
Saving those sans teeth, who still
Eat right merrily their fill. . . .
An' you are of drowsy mood
And would doze the time away,
Sleep secure,—none will intrude,
Though it be the noon of day,
No one there your chamber seeks,
Snore until you crack your cheeks;
'Tis the fashion with the rest,
Each one does what suits him best.
If any one would thither go,
Let him come and learn the way, etc.

This is enough of Lubberland, that Eldorado of a plebeian imagination, where

Ogni smanna a pieuv na vòta
Dij fidèj, e d' macaron,—

where 'once a week it rains vermicelli and maccheroni.' The following song in the dialect of Savoy will show how the Piedmontese passes into the French. It is a Savoyard *Ranz-*

* The *Gran Turco* (not the Grand Turk, but Indian corn) holds as wide a dominion and as despotic a sway in Savoy and the north of Italy, as in New England. See also p. 329.

des-vaches, and the language in which it is written is rather French than Italian.

Les armaillis dei colombettes	The herdsmen of the dove-cots
Dé bon matin se son levà ;	At early dawn have risen ;
A—a, à—a, à—a,	Co—co, co—co, co—co,
Lioba, lioba por aria.	Cows, cows, to the milking.
Venidé todé,	Come all,
Petit et grossé,	Small and great,
Bliantz' et naïré	White and black,
Dzouven' et autre ;	Young and old,
Dezo stou tzano	Beneath this oak
Io ie vos ario,	I will milk you,
Dezo stou trimblio,—	Beneath this tremulous [oak]
Io ie trinzo ;	I will drain you ;
Lioba, lioba por aria.	Cows, cows, to the milking.
Les sonnaillairé	Those that bear the bell
Van les primairé,	Come the first,
Les todo naïré	Those wholly black
Van les derrairé ;	Come the last ;
Venidé todé.	Come all.

The literature of the Piedmontese dialect does not appear to be very extensive. The following works may be named : *Poesie Piemontesi del P. Ignazio Isler*, from which we have given an extract ; and the Comedies of *Giangiorgio Arioni*.

15. The Genoese. The dialect of Genoa is called the *dialetto Zeneize*, from *Zena*, the name of the city in the popular tongue. Like the Piedmontese, this dialect possesses much in common with the French. It has the triphthong *œu*, the vowel *u*, and the consonant *ç*, which are all pronounced as in French. The letter *x* has the sound of the French *j*, and the *n* is nasal. The double *nn* or *ñ*, forms a very obvious link between the French and Italian languages ; for the first *n* has the nasal sound of the French, and the second the sound of the Tuscan *n*.

Other distinguishing peculiarities of this dialect are ;

1. The use of *æ* for *a ;* as *pietæ* for *pietà ; fæto* for *fatto*, etc. : and of *œu* for *o* ; as *nœutte* for *notte*, etc.

2. The use of *r* for *l*, particularly in the articles, which are *ro, ra, ri, re*, for *lo, la, li, le ;* and *dro, dra, dri, dre*, for *dello, della, delli, delle.*

3. The use of *ç* for *z ;* as *paçiença* for *pazienza ; allegreçça* for *allegrezza*, etc. ; and of *gg* for *gl* and for *ch ;* as *vœuggio* for *voglio ; œuggio* for *occhio ;* etc.

4. The frequent and harsh curtailing of words; as *amô* for *amore; çê* for *cielo; fâ* for *fare*, etc.

This dialect has several subdivisions, both within the city of Genoa and in the surrounding country. Westward, towards the French frontier, it assimilates itself more and more to the French; and towards the south and east becomes more nearly allied to the Italian.

The following specimen of the *dialetto Zeneize* is from a little song, entitled '*Partença per Mariña*,' the Departure for Sea, in the *Cittara Zeneize di Gian Giacomo Cavalli.*

Partî da ra sò vitta,
Cara Bella, oh che morte!
A Carta ò Calamitta
Confiâ ra sò sorte,
Oh che affanno! oh che vive,
Duro da immaginâ, no che
da scrive!

To part from one's own life,
Cara Bella, oh what a death!
To chart or compass
To confide one's fate,
Oh, what anguish! what a life!
Hard to imagine, harder to describe.

Parto, ve lascio, oh Dio!
In quenti squarçi e parte
L' añima in dive addio
Se me straçça e se parte!
Uña striçça d' inciostro
Comm' è bastante a dî
quanto son vostro?

I go, I leave you, oh heavens,
In how many fragments and parts
My soul, in bidding you adieu,
Is torn and divided!
A single line of ink
How can it suffice to say how
much I am yours?

Ma zà sento ro tiro.
Cangio ro canto in centi;
Mando questo sospiro:
Vaggo pe ri mœ venti.
Amô, che bella festa?
Comme posso partî, se ro
cœu resta?

But already I hear the parting gun.
I change my song to complaints
I send forth this sigh;
I fly before the winds.
Love, what a festal day!
How can I then depart, if here
my heart remain?

We subjoin one more extract of an anterior date. It is the commencement of an ode from the pen of *Barnaba Cicala Casero*, and is extracted from the '*Scelta di alcune Rime de' più antichi Rimatori Genovesi*,' which forms a part of the *Cittara Zeneize.*

Quando un fresco, suave, doçe vento
A ra saxon ciù bella, a ra megiô,
Treppâ intre fœugge sento,
E pâ ch' o spire amô;
Me ven in mente quella
No donna zà ma stella,
Quando ro ventixœu ghe stà a treppâ
Dent' ri cavelli, e ghe ri fa mesciâ.

Quarche votta che sento ri oxelletti,
Comme sareiva a dî ri rossignœu,
Cantâ sciù ri ærboretti
Ri vaghi versi sœu ;
L' accorto raxonâ,
E ro gentî parlâ
Me ven de quella ingrata dent' ro cœu,
Ch' è atro che sentî ro rossignœu.

Whenever a fresh, mild and pleasant breeze,
In spring, the loveliest season of the year,
Soft-moving through the green and leafy trees,
And filling the whole heart with love, I hear,
To her my thoughts are given,
Who less of earth than heaven
Possesses, when the soft wind dallying plays
Amid her flowing hair, in many a tangled maze.

And sometimes, when I hear the wild-birds sing,—
The nightingale slow warbling in the grove,
Till far around the shadowy woodlands ring
All vocal with the melody of love,
Then the soft, winning tone
Of that ungrateful one
Resounds within my heart,—each gentle word
More sad than the complaint of the forsaken bird.

The ode proceeds in the same spirit ; and were it not for the language in which it is written, we should have thought its author one of the Troubadours of the twelfth or thirteenth century, so completely has he caught their tone.*

This dialect cannot boast a very extensive literature ; but in addition to the poems of Cavalli, from which the foregoing extracts have been made, may be mentioned the *Rime diverse in lingua Genovese raccolte da Cristof. Zabata.* A small collection of fables in verse, and in the Genoese dialect, may be found in the *Lunario Genovese per l' anno bisestile* 1820 *compilato dal Sig. Regina e Socj.*

* During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Genoese dialect, if a single poem may be cited in evidence, bore a much stronger resemblance to the Provençal than to the Genoese of the present day. One of the *Tensons of Rambaud de Vaqueiras*, a Troubadour of the XIIth century, is in the form of a dialogue between himself and a Genoese woman, who replies to the poet in her native tongue. The following is one stanza with a literal translation.

Westward, along the sea-board in Mentone and Monaco, a kind of frontier dialect is spoken. It is a mixture of Genoese, Piedmontese and Provençal, the first two predominating. Many Spanish words are also intermingled, Monaco having formerly been under the government of Spain. Though Monaco and Mentone are but a few miles distant from each other, some marked peculiarities of dialect may be observed in the two places. At Nice the Provençal is spoken, though mixed with many Italian words.

16. The Corsican. The dialect of the island of Corsica seems never to have attracted very strongly the attention of the Italian literati. Travellers have seldom penetrated beyond the cities of the sea-shore, so that no accounts are given of the dialect of the interior; and as literary curiosity has never been excited upon the subject, no work, we believe, has been published in the dialect, or dialects, of the island. *Denina* says, in his *Clef des Langues*, that the language of the higher classes bears a stronger resemblance to the Tuscan, than do the dialects of the other islands of the gulf of Genoa, as formerly a very lively commerce opened a constant intercourse between Leghorn and the Corsican sea-board. Some remarks upon this dialect may be found in the *Voyage de Lycomède en Corse*. We have never seen any specimens of it; and even for the barren notice we here give our readers, we are indebted to Adelung.

17. The Sardinian. The island of Sardinia has been inhabited and governed by a various succession of colonists. Huns,

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Juiar, voi no se corteso,	Troubadour, you are not courteous,
Que me chardeiai de chò	You have besought me to do that
Que niente non farò.	Which I will never do.
Ance fosse vos à peso	Though it may displease you,
Vostr' amia non serò.	Your lady-love I will not be.
Certa ja v' escarnirò,	Surely I will make you my laughing-stock,
Provensal mal agurado;	Ill-starred Provençal;
Tal enoio vos dirò,	Such insults will I utter,
Sozo, mozo, escalvado,	Ugly, bald-headed wretch:
Ni ja voi non amarò,	Nor will I ever love you;
Qu' ech un bello mariò	For I have a beautiful husband,
Que voi no se ben lo sò.	And you are not fair, full well I know.
Andai via, frar', en tempo Meillorado.	Begone, and better fortune Attend you elsewhere.

For the remainder, see *Bibliothèque Choisie des Poètes François.* T. 1. pp. 89, 90.

Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantians, Ostrogoths, Lombards, Franks, Arabians, Pisans, and Aragonese,—all these have at various epochs dwelt within its territory. Hence the variety of the dialects, which chequer the language of the island, or rather the variety of languages there spoken. The first and principal division of these is into the *Lingua Sarda*, the vernacular Sardinian, and the *Lingue Forestiere*, or the foreign dialects spoken in some parts of the island. Each of these has its subdivisions.

I. The *Lingua Sarda* is divided into the *dialetto Campidanese* and the *dialetto Logodoro*, and contains a great number of Greek, French, German, and Spanish words.

The *dialetto Campidanese* is the language spoken in the southern part of the island. On the eastern shore it has much in common with the Sicilian, and on the western with the Catalonian dialect of Spain. Its leading peculiarities are the following:

1. It retains a great number of Latin words unchanged; as *amas*, *amat*, *tempus*, *tres*, *nos*, *sunt*, etc.

2. The formation of the plural in *s;* as *nos* for *noi; deppitos* for *debiti;* etc.

3. The use of
   u for *o;* as *regnu* for *regno*, etc.
   dd for *ll;* as *cabaddu* for *caballo*, etc.
   gh for *gu;* as *gherra* for *guerra*, etc.

The *dialetto Logodoro* is the language of the north of Sardinia, though it does not universally prevail there. It partakes of the various peculiarities which we have mentioned as belonging to the *Campidanese*, and the main distinction between these two dialects seems to be, that the *Logodoro* is not so uniform in the use of these peculiarities as the *Campidanese*. This, without doubt, must be attributed to the influence of the *Tuscan*, which is spoken in many of the principal cities and villages of the north. Indeed the *dialetto Logodoro* seems to be a mixture of the *Tuscan* and *Campidanese*.

II. *Lingue Forestiere* of Sardinia. The *Catalonian* and the *Tuscan* are the two principal foreign dialects spoken in the island. As dialects, these are confined to the north, though their influence seems to extend through the whole country. The *Catalonian* is spoken in the city of Alghieri, which is a Spanish colony on the western coast. The *Tuscan* has a more extended sway, and is the language

of Sassari, Castel-Sardo, Tempio, and the surrounding country; though of course with many local modifications.

The following is the Lord's Prayer in one of the city and one of the country dialects of Sardinia. Adelung, from whose work we take them, does not mark the sections of country, to which they severally belong, and from the specimens themselves it would be difficult to decide this point in a satisfactory manner.

City Dialect.

Pare nostru, qui istas in sos Quelos,
Siat sanctificadu su nomen teu;
Vengat a nois su regnu teu;
Fasase sa voluntat tua axi comen su Quelu gasi in terra;
Lo pa nostru de dognia die da nos hoe;
I dexia a nosaltres sos deppitos nostros, comente nosateros dexiam als deppitores nostros;
I no nos induescas in sa tentatio;
Ma livra nos de male. Amen.

Country Dialect.

Babbu nostru, qui ses in sos Quelos,
Santifficadu siat su nomine tuo;
Advengiat su renno tuo;
Siat fatta sa voluntade tua, comente in su Quelu gasi in sa terra;
Su pane nostrudeo gni die da nos lu hoe;
Et perdona nos sos deppidos nostros, gasi comente noij perdonamus sus deppidores nostros;
Et non nos lasses ruer in sa tentassione;
Mas libera nos de male. Gasi siat.

Specimens of the *Lingua Sarda* may be found in the following works.

Le Armonie de' Sardi; opera dell' Abate Matteo Madao.

Saggio d' un' opera intitolata, il Ripulimento della lingua Sarda; by the same.

We have but few words to say in conclusion. In speaking of the distinguishing peculiarities of the various Italian dialects, we have necessarily confined our remarks to those changes in orthography and pronunciation, which characterize them severally. There are however other distinguishing marks, which

perhaps may be regarded as less equivocal, than those which we have enumerated. We refer to the idioms and vocabulary of words, which are peculiar to each of these dialects. For very obvious reasons, we could enter into no discussion of these: the curious reader of this article, who may wish for information upon such points, is referred to the various dictionaries which have been published of the Italian dialects, and some of which we have had occasion to mention in the progress of this article.

ART. III.—*Wheaton's History of the Northmen.*

History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans. London. 8vo. 1831.

We are misers in knowledge as in wealth. Open inexhaustible mines to us on every hand, yet we return to grope in the exhausted stream of past opulence, and sift its sands for ore; place us in an age when history pours in upon us like an inundation, and the events of a century are crowded into a lustre; yet we tenaciously hold on to the scanty records of foregone times, and often neglect the all-important present to discuss the possibility of the almost forgotten past.

It is worthy of remark, that this passion for the antiquated and the obsolete appears to be felt with increasing force in this country. It may be asked, what sympathies can the native of a land, where every thing is in its youth and freshness, have with the antiquities of the ancient hemisphere? What inducement can he have to turn from the animated scene around him, and the brilliant perspective that breaks upon his imagination, to wander among the mouldering monuments of the olden world, and to call up its shadowy lines of kings and warriors from the dim twilight of tradition?—

> 'Why seeks he, with unwearied toil,
> Through death's dark walls to urge his way,
> Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
> And lead oblivion into day?'

We answer, that he is captivated by the powerful charm of contrast. Accustomed to a land where every thing is bursting into life, and history itself but in its dawning, antiquity has, in fact, for him the effect of novelty; and the fading, but mellow, glories of the past, which linger in the horizon of the Old

World, relieve the eye, after being dazzled with the rising rays which sparkle up the firmament of the New.

It is a mistake, too, that the political faith of a republican requires him, on all occasions, to declaim with bigot heat against the stately and traditional ceremonials; the storied pomps and pageants of other forms of government; or even prevents him from, at times, viewing them with interest, as matters worthy of curious investigation. Independently of the themes they present for historical and philosophical inquiry, he may regard them with a picturesque and poetical eye, as he regards the Gothic edifices rich with the elaborate ornaments of a gorgeous and intricate style of architecture, without wishing to exchange therefor the stern but proud simplicity of his own habitation; or, as he admires the romantic keeps and castles of chivalrous and feudal times, without desiring to revive the dangerous customs and warlike days in which they originated. To him the whole pageantry of emperors and kings, and nobles, and titled knights, is, as it were, a species of poetical machinery, addressing itself to his imagination, but no more affecting his faith than does the machinery of the heathen mythology affect the orthodoxy of the scholar, who delights in the strains of Homer and Virgil, and wanders with enthusiasm among the crumbling temples and sculptured deities of Greece and Rome; or do the fairy mythology of the East, and the demonology of the North, impair the Christian faith of the poet or the novelist who interweaves them in his fictions.

We have been betrayed into these remarks, in considering the work before us, where we find one of our countrymen, and a thorough republican, investigating with minute attention some of the most antiquated and dubious tracts of European history, and treating of some of its exhausted and almost forgotten dynasties; yet evincing throughout the enthusiasm of an antiquarian, the liberality of a scholar, and the enlightened toleration of a citizen of the world.

The author of the work before us, Mr. Henry Wheaton, has for some years filled the situation of Chargé d'Affaires at the court of Denmark. Since he has resided at Copenhagen, he has been led into a course of literary and historic research, which has ended in the production of the present history of those Gothic and Teutonic people, who, inhabiting the northern regions of Europe, have so often and so successfully made inroads into other countries, more genial

in climate and abundant in wealth. A considerable part of his book consists of what may be called conjectural or critical history, relating to remote and obscure periods of time, previous to the introduction of Christianity, historiography, and the use of Roman letters among those northern nations. At the outset, therefore, it assumes something of an austere and antiquarian air, which may daunt and discourage that class of readers who are accustomed to find history carefully laid out in easy rambling walks through agreeable landscapes, where just enough of the original roughness is left to produce the picturesque and romantic. Those, however, who have the courage to penetrate the dark and shadowy boundary of our author's work, grimly beset with hyperborean horrors, will find it resembling one of those enchanted forests described in northern poetry,—embosoming regions of wonder and delight, for such as have the hardihood to achieve the adventure. For our own part, we have been struck with the variety of adventurous incidents crowded into these pages, and with the abundance of that poetical material which is chiefly found in early history; while many of the rude traditions of the Normans, the Saxons, and the Danes have come to us with the captivating charms of early association, recalling the marvellous tales and legends that have delighted us in childhood.

The first seven chapters may be regarded as preliminary to the narrative, or, more strictly, historical part of the book. They trace the scanty knowledge possessed by Greek and Roman antiquity of the Scandinavian north; the earliest migrations from that quarter to the west, and south, and east of Europe; the discovery of Iceland by the Norwegians; with the singular circumstances which rendered that barren and volcanic isle, where ice and fire contend for mastery, the last asylum of Pagan faith and Scandinavian literature. In this wild region they lingered until the Latin alphabet superseded the Runic character, when the traditionary poetry and oral history of the north were consigned to written records, and rescued from that indiscriminate destruction which overwhelmed them on the Scandinavian continent.

The government of Iceland is described by our author as being more properly a patriarchal aristocracy than a republic; and he observes that the Icelanders, in consequence of their adherence to their ancient religion, cherished and cultivated the language and literature of their ancestors, and brought

them to a degree of beauty and perfection which they never reached in the christianized countries of the north, where the introduction of the learned languages produced feeble and awkward, though classical imitation, instead of graceful and national originality.

When, at the end of the tenth century, Christianity was at length introduced into the island, the national literature, though existing only in oral tradition, was full blown, and had attained too strong and deep a root in the affections of the people to be eradicated, and had given a charm and value to the language with which it was identified. The Latin letters, therefore, which accompanied the introduction of the Romish religion, were merely adapted to designate the sounds heretofore expressed by Runic characters, and thus contributed to preserve in Iceland the ancient language of the north, when exiled from its parent countries of Scandinavia. To this fidelity to its ancient tongue, the rude and inhospitable shores of Iceland owe that charm which gives them an inexhaustible interest in the eyes of the antiquary, and endears them to the imagination of the poet. 'The popular superstitions,' observes our author, 'with which the mythology and poetry of the north are interwoven, continued still to linger in the sequestered glens of this remote island.'

The language in itself appears to have been worthy of this preservation, since we are told that 'it bears in its internal structure a strong resemblance to the Latin and Greek, and even to the ancient Persian and Sanscrit, and rivals in copiousness, flexibility and energy, every modern tongue.'

Before the introduction of letters, all Scandinavian knowledge was perpetuated in oral tradition by their Skalds, who, like the rhapsodists of ancient Greece, and the bards of the Celtic tribes, were at once poets and historians. We boast of the encouragement of letters and literary men in these days of refinement; but where are they more honored and rewarded than they were among these barbarians of the north? The Skalds, we are told, were the companions and chroniclers of kings, who entertained them in their trains, enriched them with rewards, and sometimes entered the lists with them in trials of skill in their art. They in a manner bound country to country, and people to people, by a delightful link of union, travelling about as wandering minstrels, from land to land, and often performing the office of ambassadors between hostile

tribes. While thus applying the gifts of genius to their divine and legitimate ends, by calming the passions of men, and harmonizing their feelings into kindly sympathy, they were looked up to with mingled reverence and affection, and a sacred character was attached to their calling. Nay, in such estimation were they held, that they occasionally married the daughters of princes, and one of them was actually raised to a throne in the fourth century of the Christian era.

It is true the Skalds were not always treated with equal deference, but were sometimes doomed to experience the usual caprice that attends upon royal patronage. We are told that Canute the Great retained several at his court, who were munificently rewarded for their encomiastic lays. One of them having composed a short poem in praise of his sovereign, hastened to recite it to him, but found him just rising from table, and surrounded by suitors.

'The impatient poet craved an audience of the king for his lay, assuring him it was "very short." The wrath of Canute was kindled, and he answered the Skald with a stern look,—"Are you not ashamed to do what none but yourself has dared,—to write a short poem upon me?—unless by the hour of dinner tomorrow you produce a *drapa* above thirty strophes long on the same subject, your life shall pay the penalty." The inventive genius of the poet did not desert him: he produced the required poem, which was of the kind called *Tog-drapa*, and the king liberally rewarded him with fifty marks of silver.

'Thus we perceive how the flowers of poetry sprung up and bloomed amidst eternal ice and snows. The arts of peace were successfully cultivated by the free and independent Icelanders. Their Arctic isle was not warmed by a Grecian sun, but their hearts glowed with the fire of freedom. The natural divisions of the country by icebergs and lava streams insulated the people from each other, and the inhabitants of each valley and each hamlet formed, as it were, an independent community. These were again reunited in the general national assembly of the Althing, which might not be unaptly likened to the Amphyctionic council or Olympic games, where all the tribes of the nation convened to offer the common rites of their religion, to decide their mutual differences, and to listen to the lays of the Skald, which commemorated the exploits of their ancestors. Their pastoral life was diversified by the occupation of fishing. Like the Greeks, too, the sea was their element, but even their shortest voyages bore them much farther from their native shores than

the boasted expedition of the Argonauts. Their familiarity with the perils of the ocean, and with the diversified manners and customs of foreign lands, stamped their national character with bold and original features, which distinguished them from every other people.

'The power of oral tradition, in thus transmitting, through a succession of ages, poetical or prose compositions of considerable length, may appear almost incredible to civilized nations accustomed to the art of writing. But it is well known, that even after the Homeric poems had been reduced to writing, the rhapsodists who had been accustomed to recite them could readily repeat any passage desired. And we have, in our own times, among the Servians, Calmucks, and other barbarous and semi-barbarous nations, examples of heroic and popular poems of great length thus preserved and handed down to posterity. This is more especially the case where there is a perpetual order of men, whose exclusive employment it is to learn and repeat, whose faculty of the memory is thus improved and carried to the highest pitch of perfection, and who are relied upon as historiographers to preserve the national annals. The interesting scene presented this day in every Icelandic family, in the long nights of winter, is a living proof of the existence of this ancient custom. No sooner does the day close, than the whole patriarchal family, domestics and all, are seated on their couches in the principal apartment, from the ceiling of which the reading and working lamp is suspended; and one of the family, selected for that purpose, takes his seat near the lamp, and begins to read some favorite Saga, or it may be the works of Klopstock and Milton (for these have been translated into Icelandic,) whilst all the rest attentively listen, and are at the same time engaged in their respective occupations. From the scarcity of printed books in this poor and sequestered country, in some families the Sagas are recited by those who have committed them to memory, and there are still instances of itinerant orators of this sort, who gain a livelihood during the winter by going about, from house to house, repeating the stories they have thus learnt by heart.'

The most prominent feature of Icelandic verse, according to our author, is its alliteration. In this respect it resembles the poetry of all rude periods of society. That of the eastern nations, the Hebrews and the Persians, is full of this ornament; and it is found even among the classic poets of Greece and Rome. These observations of Mr. Wheaton are supported by those of Dr. Henderson,* who states that the funda-

* Henderson's Iceland. Edinb. 1819. Appendix III.

mental rule in Icelandic poetry required that there should be three words in every couplet having the same initial letter, two of which should be in the former hemistich, and one in the latter. The following translation from Milton is furnished as a specimen.

*V*id that *V*illu diup
*V*ard annum slæga,
*B*öloerk *B*idleikat
*B*armi vitis â.

'Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked;'—

As a specimen of the tales related by the Skalds, we may cite that of Sigurd and the beauteous Brynhilda, a royal virgin, who is described as living in a lonely castle, encircled by magic flames.

In the Teutonic lay, Brynhilda is a mere mortal virgin; but in the Icelandic poem she becomes a Valkyria, one of those demi-divinities, servants of Odin or Woden in the Gothic mythology, who were appointed to watch over the fate of battle, and were, as their name betokens, selectors of the slain. They were clothed in armor, and mounted on fleet horses, with drawn swords, and mingled in the shock of battle, choosing the warrior-victims, and conducting them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, where they joined the banquet of departed heroes, in carousals of mead and beer.

The first interview of the hero and heroine is wildly romantic. Sigurd, journeying toward Franconia, sees a flaming light upon a lofty mountain: he approaches it, and beholds a warrior in full armor asleep upon the ground. On removing the helmet of the slumberer, he discovers the supposed knight to be an Amazon. Her armor clings to her body, so that he is obliged to separate it with his sword. She then arises from her death-like sleep, and apprises him that he has broken the spell by which she lay entranced. She had been thrown into this lethargic state by Odin, in punishment for having disobeyed his orders. In a combat between two knights, she had caused the death of him who should have had the victory.

This romantic tale has been agreeably versified by William Spencer, an elegant and accomplished genius, who has just furnished the world with sufficient proofs of his talents to cause regret that they did not fall to the lot of a more industrious

man. We subjoin the fragments of his poem cited by our author.

'O strange is the bower where Brynhilda reclines,
Around it the watch-fire high bickering shines!
Her couch is of iron, her pillow a shield,
And the maiden's chaste eyes are in deep slumber sealed;
Thy charm, dreadful Odin, around her is spread,
From thy wand the dread slumber was poured on her head.
O whilom in battle so bold and so free,
Like a *Vikingr* victorious she roved o'er the sea.
The love-lighting eyes, which are fettered by sleep,
Have seen the sea-fight raging fierce o'er the deep;
And mid the dread wounds of the dying and slain,
The tide of destruction poured wide o'er the plain.

'Who is it that spurs his dark steed at the fire?
Who is it, whose wishes thus boldly aspire
To the chamber of shields, where the beautiful maid
By the spell of the mighty All-Father is laid?
It is Sigurd the valiant, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his rings.'

BRYNHILDA.

* * * * * *

'Like a Virgin of the Shield I roved o'er the sea,
My arm was victorious, my valor was free.
By prowess, by Runic enchantment and song,
I raised up the weak, and I beat down the strong;
I held the young prince mid the hurly of war,
My arm waved around him the charmed scimitar;
I saved him in battle, I crowned him in hall,
Though Odin and Fate had foredoomed him to fall:
Hence Odin's dread curses were poured on my head;
He doomed the undaunted Brynhilda to wed.
But I vowed the high vow which gods dare not gainsay,
That the boldest in warfare should bear me away:
And full well I knew that thou, Sigurd, alone
Of mortals the boldest in battle hast shone;
I knew that none other the furnace could stem,
(So wrought was the spell, and so fierce was the flame,)
Save Sigurd the glorious, the slayer of kings,
With the spoils of the Dragon, his gold and his rings.'

The story in the original runs through several cantos, com-

prising varied specimens of those antique Gothic compositions, which, to use the words of our author,

'are not only full of singularly wild and beautiful poetry, and lively pictures of the manners and customs of the heroic age of the ancient north, its patriarchal simplicity, its deadly feuds, and its fanciful superstition, peopling the earth, air, and waters with deities, giants, genii, nymphs, and dwarfs; but there are many exquisite touches of the deepest pathos, to which the human heart beats in unison in every age and in every land.'

Many of these hyperborean poems, he remarks, have an oriental character and coloring in their subjects and imagery, their mythology and their style, bearing internal evidence of their having been composed in remote antiquity, and in regions less removed from the cradle of the human race than the Scandinavian north. 'The oldest of this fragmentary poetry,' as he finely observes, 'may be compared to the gigantic remains, the wrecks of a more ancient world, or to the ruins of Egypt and Hindostan, speaking a more perfect civilization, the glories of which have long since departed.'

Our author gives us many curious glances at the popular superstitions of the north, and those poetic and mythic fictions which pervaded the great Scandinavian family of nations. The charmed armor of the warrior; the dragon who keeps a sleepless watch over buried treasure; the spirits or genii that haunt the rocky tops of mountains, or the depths of quiet lakes; and the elves or vagrant demons which wander through forests, or by lonely hills; these are found in all the popular superstitions of the north. Ditmarus Blefkenius tells us that the Icelanders believed in domestic spirits, which woke them at night to go and fish; and that all expeditions to which they were thus summoned were eminently fortunate. The water-sprites, originating in Icelandic poetry, may be traced throughout the north of Europe. The Swedes delight to tell of the *Strömkerl*, or boy of the stream, who haunts the glassy brooks that steal gently through green meadows, and sits on the silver waves at moonlight, playing his harp to the elves who dance on the flowery margin. Scarcely a rivulet in Germany also but has its *Wasser-nixe*, or water-witches, all evidently members of the great northern family.

Before we leave this enchanted ground, we must make a few observations on the Runic characters, which were regard-

ed with so much awe in days of yore, as locking up darker mysteries and more potent spells than the once redoubtable hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. The Runic alphabet, according to our author, consists properly of sixteen letters. Northern tradition attributes them to Odin, who, perhaps, brought them into Scandinavia, but they have no resemblance to any of the alphabets of central Asia. Inscriptions in these characters are still to be seen on rocks and stone monuments in Sweden, and other countries of the north, containing Scandinavian verses in praise of their ancient heroes. They were also engraven on arms, trinkets, amulets, and utensils, and sometimes on the bark of trees, and on wooden tablets, for the purpose of memorials or of epistolary correspondence. In one of the Eddaic poems, Odin is represented as boasting the magic power of the Runic rhymes, to heal diseases and counteract poison; to spell-bind the arms of an enemy; to lull the tempest; to stop the career of witches through the air; to raise the dead, and extort from them the secrets of the world of spirits. The reader who may desire to see the letters of this all-potent alphabet, will find them in Mallet's Northern Antiquities.

In his sixth chapter, Mr. Wheaton gives an account of the religion of Odin, and his migration, with a colony of Scythian Goths, from the banks of the Tanais, in Asia, to the peninsula of Scandinavia, to escape the Roman legions. Without emulating his minute and interesting detail, we will merely and briefly state some of the leading particulars, and refer the curious reader to the pages of his book.

The expedition of this mythological hero is stated to have taken place about seventy years before the Christian era, when Pompey the Great, then consul of Rome, finished the war with Tigranes and Mithridates, and carried his victorious arms throughout the most important parts of Asia. We quote a description of the wonderful vessel Skidbladner, the ship of the gods, in which he made the voyage.

'Skidbladner,' said one of the genii, when interrogated by Gangler, 'is one of the best ships, and most curiously constructed. It was built by certain dwarfs, who made a present of it to Freyn. It is so vast that there is room to hold all the deities, with their armor. As soon as the sails are spread, it directs its course, with a favorable breeze, wherever they desire to navigate; and when they wish to land, such is its marvellous construction, that it can be taken to pieces, rolled up, and put in the pocket.'

'That is an excellent ship, indeed,' replied Gangler, 'and must have required much science and magic art to construct.'—p. 118.

With this very convenient, portable, and pocketable ship, and a crew of Goths of the race of Sviar, called by Tacitus Suiones, the intrepid Odin departed from Scythia, to escape the domination of the Romans, who were spreading themselves over the world. He took with him also his twelve pontiffs, who were at once priests of religion and judges of the law. Whenever sea or river intervened, he launched his good ship Skidbladner, embarked with his band, and sailed merrily over; then landing, and pocketing the transport, he again put himself at the head of his crew, and marched steadily forward. To add to the facilities of these primitive emigrants, Odin was himself a seer and a magician. He could look into futurity; could strike his enemies with deafness, blindness, and sudden panic; could blunt the edge of their weapons, and render his own warriors invisible. He could transform himself into bird, beast, fish, or serpent, and fly to the most distant regions, while his body remained in a trance. He could, with a single word, extinguish fire, control the winds, and bring the dead to life. He carried about with him an embalmed and charmed head, which would reply to his questions, and give him information of what was passing in the remotest lands. He had, moreover, two most gifted and confidential ravens, who had the gift of speech, and would fly, on his behests, to the uttermost parts of the earth. We have only to believe in the supernatural powers of such a leader, provided with such a ship, and such an oracular head, attended by two such marvellously-gifted birds, and backed by a throng of staunch and stalwart Gothic followers, and we shall not wonder that he found but little difficulty in making his way to the peninsula of Scandinavia, and in expelling the aboriginal inhabitants, who seem to have been but a diminutive and stunted race; although there are not wanting fabulous narrators, who would fain persuade us there were giants among them. They were gradually subdued and reduced to servitude, or driven to the mountains, and subsequently to the desert wilds and fastnesses of Norrland, Lapland, and Finland, where they continued to adhere to that form of polytheism called Fetishism, or the adoration of birds and beasts, stocks and stones, and all the animate and inanimate works of creation.

As to Odin, he introduced into his new dominions the religion he had brought with him from the banks of the Tanais; but, like the early heroes of most barbarous nations, he was destined to become himself an object of adoration; for though to all appearance he died, and was consumed on a funeral pile, it was said that he was translated to the blissful abode of Godheim, there to enjoy eternal life. In process of time it was declared, that, though a mere prophet on earth, he had been an incarnation of the Supreme Deity, and had returned to the sacred hall of Valhalla, the paradise of the brave, where, surrounded by his late companions in arms, he watched over the deeds and destinies of the children of men.

The primitive people who had been conquered by Odin and his followers, seem to have been as diminutive in spirit as in form, and withal a rancorous race of little vermin, whose expulsion from their native land awakens but faint sympathy; yet candor compels us to add, that their conquerors are not much more entitled to our esteem, although their hardy deeds command our admiration. The author gives a slight sketch of the personal peculiarities which discriminated both, extracted from an Eddaic poem, and which is worthy of notice, as accounting, as far as the authority is respected, for some of the diversities in feature and complexion of the Scandinavian races.

'The slave caste, descended from the Aboriginal Finns, were distinguished from their conquerors by black hair and complexion * * * * *. The caste of freemen and freeholders, lords of the soil which they cultivated, and descended from the Gothic conquerors, had reddish hair, fair complexion, and all the traits which peculiarly mark that famous race * * *—while the caste of the illustrious Jarls and the Hersen, earls and barons, were distinguished by still fairer hair and skin, and by noble employments and manners: from these descended the kingly race, skilled in Runic science, in manly exercises, and the military art.'

The manners, customs, and superstitions of these northern people, which afterwards, with various modifications, pervaded and stamped an indelible character on so great a part of Europe, deserve to be more particularly mentioned; and we give a brief view of them, chiefly taken from the work of our author, and partly from other sources. The religion of the early Scan-

dinavians taught the existence of a Supreme Being, called Thor, who ruled over the elements, purified the air with refreshing showers, dispensed health and sickness, wielded the thunder and lightning, and with his celestial weapon, the rainbow, launched unerring arrows at the evil demons. He was worshipped in a primitive but striking manner, amidst the solemn majesty of nature, on the tops of mountains, in the depths of primeval forests, or in those groves which rose like natural temples on islands surrounded by the dark waters of lonely and silent lakes. They had, likewise, their minor deities, or genii, whom we have already mentioned, who were supposed to inhabit the sun, the moon, and stars,—the regions of the air, the trees, the rocks, the brooks and mountains of the earth, and to superintend the phenomena of their respective elements. They believed, also, in a future state of torment for the guilty, and of voluptuous and sensual enjoyment for the virtuous.

This primitive religion gave place to more complicated beliefs. Odin, elevated, as we have shown, into a divinity, was worshipped as the Supreme Deity, and with him was associated his wife Freya; from these are derived our Odensday, —Wodensday or Wednesday,—and our Freytag, or Friday. Thor, from whom comes Thursday, was now more limited in his sway, though he still bent the rainbow, launched the thunderbolt, and controlled the seasons. These three were the principal deities, and held assemblies of those of inferior rank and power. The mythology had also its devil, called Loke, a most potent and malignant spirit, and supposed to be the cause of all evil.

By degrees the religious rites of the northern people became more artificial and ostentatious; they were performed in temples, with something of Asiatic pomp. Festivals were introduced of symbolical and mystic import, at the summer and the winter solstice, and at various other periods; in which were typified, not merely the decline and renovation of nature and the changes of the seasons, but the epochs in the moral history of man. As the ceremonials of religion became more dark and mysterious, they assumed a cruel and sanguinary character; prisoners taken in battle were sacrificed by the victors, subjects by their kings, and sometimes even children by their parents. Superstition gradually spread its illusions over all the phenomena of nature, and gave each some occult meaning; oracles,

lots, auguries, and divination gained implicit faith; and soothsayers read the decrees of fate in the flight of birds, the sound of thunder, and the entrails of the victim. Every man was supposed to have his attendant spirit, his destiny, which it was out of his power to avert, and his appointed hour to die;—Odin, however, could control or alter the destiny of a mortal, and defer the fatal hour. It was believed, also, that a man's life might be prolonged if another would devote himself to death in his stead.

The belief in magic was the natural attendant upon these superstitions. Charms and spells were practised, and the Runic rhymes, known but to the gifted few, acquired their reputation among the ignorant multitude, for an all-potent and terrific influence over the secrets of nature and the actions and destinies of man.

As war was the principal and the only noble occupation of these people, their moral code was suitably brief and stern. After profound devotion to the gods, valor in war was inculcated as the supreme virtue, cowardice as the deadly sin. Those who fell gloriously in war were at once transported to Valhalla, the airy hall of Odin, there to partake of the eternal felicities of the brave. Fighting and feasting, which had constituted their fierce joys on earth, were lavished upon them in this supernal abode. Every day they had combats in the listed field,—the rush of steeds, the flash of swords, the shining of lances, and all the maddening tumult and din of battle;—helmets and bucklers were riven,—horses and riders overthrown, and ghastly wounds exchanged; but at the setting of the sun all was over; victors and vanquished met unscathed in glorious companionship around the festive board of Odin in Valhalla's hall, where they partook of the ample banquet, and quaffed full horns of beer and fragrant mead. For the just who did not die in fight, a more peaceful but less glorious elysium was provided;—a resplendent golden palace, surrounded by verdant meads and shady groves and fields of spontaneous fertility.

The early training of their youth was suited to the creed of this warlike people. In the tender days of childhood they were gradually hardened by athletic exercises, and nurtured through boyhood in difficult and daring feats. At the age of fifteen they were produced before some public assemblage, and presented with a sword, a buckler, and a lance: from that

time forth they mingled among men, and were expected to support themselves by hunting or warfare. But though thus early initiated in the rough and dangerous concerns of men, they were prohibited all indulgence with the softer sex until matured in years and vigor.

Their weapons of offence were bow and arrow, battle-axe and sword; and the latter was often engraved with some mystic characters, and bore a formidable and vaunting name.

The helmets of the common soldiery were of leather, and their bucklers leather and wood; but warriors of rank had helmets and shields of iron and brass, sometimes richly gilt and decorated; and they wore coats of mail, and occasionally plated armor.

A young chieftain of generous birth received higher endowments than the common class. Beside the hardy exercise of the chase and the other exercises connected with the use of arms, he was initiated betimes into the sacred science of the Runic writing, and instructed in the ancient lay, especially if destined for sovereignty, as every king was the pontiff of his people. When a prince had attained the age of eighteen, his father usually gave him a small fleet and a band of warriors, and sent him on some marauding voyage, from which it was disgraceful to return with empty hands.

Such was the moral and physical training of the Northmen, which prepared them for that wide and wild career of enterprise and conquest which has left its traces along all the coasts of Europe, and thrown communities and colonies, in the most distant regions, to remain themes of wonder and speculation in after ages. Actuated by the same roving and predatory spirit which had brought their Scythian ancestors from the banks of the Tanais, and rendered daring navigators by their experience along the stormy coasts of the north, they soon extended their warlike roamings over the ocean, and became complete maritime marauders, with whom piracy at sea was equivalent to chivalry on shore, and a freebooting cruise to a heroic enterprise.

For a time, the barks in which they braved the dangers of the sea, and infested the coasts of England and France, were mere canoes, formed from the trunks of trees, and so light as readily to be carried on men's shoulders, or dragged along the land. With these they suddenly swarmed upon a devoted coast, sailing up the rivers, shifting from stream to stream, and

often making their way back to the sea by some different river from that they had ascended. Their chiefs obtained the appellation of sea-kings, because, to the astonished inhabitants of the invaded coasts, they seemed to emerge suddenly from the ocean, and when they had finished their ravages, to retire again into its bosom as to their native home; and they were rightly named, in the opinion of the author of a northern Saga, seeing that their lives were passed upon the waves, and 'they never sought shelter under a roof, or drained their drinking horn at a cottage fire.'

Though plunder seemed to be the main object of this wild ocean chivalry, they had still that passion for martial renown, which grows up with the exercise of arms, however rude and lawless, and which in them was stimulated by the songs of the skalds.

We are told that they were 'sometimes seized with a sort of phrenzy, a *furor Martis*, produced by their excited imaginations dwelling upon the images of war and glory, and perhaps increased by those potations of stimulating liquors in which the people of the north, like other uncivilized tribes, indulged to great excess. When this madness was upon them, they committed the wildest extravagances, attacked indiscriminately friends and foes, and even waged war against the rocks and trees. At other times they defied each other to mortal combat in some lonely and desert isle.'

Among the most renowned of these early sea-kings was Ragnar Lodbrok, famous for his invasion of Northumbria, in England, and no less famous in ancient Sagas for his strange and cruel death. According to those poetic legends, he was a king of Denmark, who ruled his realms in peace, without being troubled with any dreams of conquest. His sons, however, were roving the seas with their warlike followers, and after a time tidings of their heroic exploits reached his court. The jealousy of Ragnar was excited, and he determined on an expedition that should rival their achievements. He accordingly ordered 'the Arrow,' the signal of war, to be sent through his dominions, summoning his 'champions' to arms. He had ordered two ships of immense size to be built, and in them he embarked with his followers. His faithful and discreet queen, Aslauga, warned him of the perils to which he was exposing himself, but in vain. He set sail for the north of England, which had formerly been invaded by his prede-

cessors. The expedition was driven back to port by a tempest. The queen repeated her warnings and entreaties, but finding them unavailing, she gave him a magical garment that had the virtue to render the wearer invulnerable.

'Ragnar again put to sea, and was at last shipwrecked on the English coast. In this emergency his courage did not desert him, but he pushed forward with his small band to ravage and plunder. Ella collected his forces to repel the invader. Ragnar, clothed with the enchanted garment he had received from his beloved Aslauga, and armed with the spear with which he had slain the guardian serpent of Thora, four times pierced the Saxon ranks, dealing death on every side, whilst his own body was invulnerable to the blows of his enemies. His friends and champions fell one by one around him, and he was at last taken prisoner alive. Being asked, who he was, he preserved an indignant silence. Then king Ella said:—"If this man will not speak, he shall endure so much the heavier punishment for his obduracy and contempt." So he ordered him to be thrown into the dungeon full of serpents, where he should remain till he told his name. Ragnar, being thrown into the dungeon, sat there a long time before the serpents attacked him; which being noticed by the spectators, they said he must be a brave man indeed whom neither arms nor vipers could hurt. Ella, hearing this, ordered his enchanted vest to be stripped off, and, soon afterwards, the serpents clung to him on all sides. Then Ragnar said, "how the young cubs would roar if they knew what the old boar suffers," and expired with a laugh of defiance.'—pp. 152, 153.

The death-song of Ragnar Lodbrok will be found in an appendix to Henderson's Iceland, both in the original and in a translation. The version, however, which is in prose, conveys but faintly the poetic spirit of the original. It consists of twenty-nine stanzas, most of them of nine lines, and contains, like the death-song of a warrior among the American Indians, a boastful narrative of his expeditions and exploits. Each stanza bears the same burden:

'Hiuggom ver med hiarvi.'
'We hewed them with our swords.'

Lodbrok exults that his achievements entitle him to admission among the gods; predicts that his children shall avenge his death; and glories that no sigh shall disgrace his exit. In the last stanza he hails the arrival of celestial virgins sent to invite him to the Hall of Odin, where he shall join the assembly of heroes, sit upon a lofty throne, and quaff the mellow beverage

of barley. The last strophe of this death-song is thus rendered by Mr. Wheaton:

> 'Cease my strain! I hear Them call
> Who bid me hence to Odin's hall!
> High seated in their blest abodes,
> I soon shall quaff the drink of Gods.
> The hours of Life have glided by,—
> I fall! but laughing will I die!
> The hours of Life have glided by,—
> I fall! but laughing will I die!!'

The sons of Ragnar, if the Sagas may be believed, were not slow in revenging the death of their parent. They were absent from home on warlike expeditions at the time, and did not hear of the catastrophe until after their return to Denmark. Their first tidings of it were from the messengers of Ella, sent to propitiate their hostility. When the messengers entered the royal hall, they found the sons of Ragnar variously employed. Sigurdr Snakeseye was playing at chess with his brother Huitserk the Brave; while Björn Ironside was polishing the handle of his spear in the middle pavement of the hall. The messengers approached to where Ivar, the other brother, was sitting, and, saluting him with due reverence, told him they were sent by King Ella to announce the death of his royal father.

'As they began to unfold their tale, Sigurdr and Huitserk dropped their game, carefully weighing what was said. Björn stood in the midst of the hall, leaning on his spear: but Ivar diligently inquired by what means, and by what kind of death, his father had perished: which the messengers related, from his first arrival in England, till his death. When, in the course of their narrative, they came to the words of the dying king, "how the young whelps would roar if they knew their father's fate," Björn grasped the handle of his spear so fast, that the prints of his fingers remained; and when the tale was done, dashed the spear in pieces. Huitserk pressed the chess-board so hard with his hands, that they bled.

'Ivar changed color continually, now red, now black, now pale, whilst he struggled to suppress his kindling wrath.

'Huitserk the Brave, who first broke silence, proposed to begin their revenge by the death of the messengers; which Ivar forbad, commanding them to go in peace, wherever they would, and if they wanted any thing they should be supplied.

'Their mission being fulfilled, the delegates, passing through the hall, went down to their ships; and the wind being favorable, returned safely to their king. Ella, hearing from them how his message had been received by the princes, said that he foresaw that of all the brothers, Ivar or none was to be feared.'—pp. 188, 189.

The princes summoned their followers, launched their fleets, and attacked king Ella in the spring of 867.

'The battle took place at York, and the Anglo-Saxons were entirely routed. The sons of Ragnar inflicted a cruel and savage retaliation on Ella for his barbarous treatment of their father.

'After this battle, Northumbria appears no more as a Saxon kingdom, and Ivar was made king over that part of England which his ancestors had possessed, or into which they had made repeated incursions.'—pp. 189, 190.

Encouraged by the success that attended their enterprises in the northern seas, the Northmen now urged their adventurous prows into more distant regions, besetting the southern coasts of France with their fleets of light and diminutive barks. Charlemagne is said to have witnessed the inroad of one of their fleets from the windows of his palace, in the harbor of Narbonne; upon which he lamented the fate of his successors, who would have to contend with such audacious invaders. They entered the Loire, sacked the city of Nantz, and carried their victorious arms up to Tours. They ascended the Garonne, pillaged Bordeaux, and extended their incursion even to Toulouse. They also entered the Seine in 845, ravaging its banks, and pushing their enterprise to the very gates of Paris, compelled the monarch Charles to take refuge in the monastery of St. Denis, where he was fain to receive the piratical chieftain, Regnier, and to pay him a tribute of 7000 pounds of silver, on condition of his evacuating his capital and kingdom. Regnier, besides immense booty, carried back to Denmark, as trophies of his triumph, a beam from the abbey of St. Germain, and a nail from the gate of Paris; but his followers spread over their native country a contagious disease which they had contracted in France.

Spain was, in like manner, subject to their invasions. They ascended the Guadalquivir, attacked the great city of Seville, and demolished its fortifications, after severe battles with the Moors, who were then sovereigns of that country, and who re-

garded these unknown invaders from the sea as magicians, on account of their wonderful daring, and still more wonderful success. As the author well observes, 'the contrast between these two races of fanatic barbarians, the one issuing forth from the frozen regions of the north, the other from the burning sands of Asia and Africa, forms one of the most striking pictures presented by history.'

The Straits of Gibraltar being passed by these rovers of the north, the Mediterranean became another region for their exploits. Hastings, one of their boldest chieftains, and father of that Hastings who afterwards battled with King Alfred for the sovereignty of England, accompanied by Biorn Ironside and Sydroc, two sons of Ragnar Lodbrok, undertook an expedition against Rome, the capital of the world, tempted by accounts of its opulence and splendor, but not precisely acquainted with its site. They penetrated the Mediterranean with a fleet of one hundred barks, and entered the port of Luna in Tuscany, an ancient city, whose high walls and towers, and stately edifices, made them mistake it for imperial Rome.

'The inhabitants were celebrating the festival of Christmas in the cathedral, when the news was spread among them of the arrival of a fleet of unknown strangers. The church was instantly deserted, and the citizens ran to shut the gates, and prepared to defend their town. Hastings sent a herald to inform the count and bishop of Luna that he and his band were Northmen, conquerors of the Franks, who designed no harm to the inhabitants of Italy, but merely sought to repair their shattered barks. In order to inspire more confidence, Hastings pretended to be weary of the wandering life he had so long led, and desired to find repose in the bosom of the Christian church. The bishop and the count furnished the fleet with the needful succor; Hastings was baptised; but still his Norman followers were not admitted within the city walls. Their chief was then obliged to resort to another stratagem: he feigned to be dangerously ill; his camp resounded with the lamentations of his followers; he declared his intention of leaving the rich booty he had acquired to the church, provided they would grant him sepulture in holy ground. The wild howl of the Normans soon announced the death of their chieftain. The inhabitants followed the funeral procession to the church, but at the moment they were about to deposit his apparently lifeless body, Hastings started up from his coffin, and, seizing his sword, struck down the officiating bishop. His

followers instantly obeyed this signal of treachery: they drew from under their garments their concealed weapons, massacred the clergy and others who assisted at the ceremony, and spread havoc and consternation throughout the town. Having thus become master of Luna, the Norman chieftain discovered his error, and found that he was still far from Rome, which was not likely to fall so easy a prey. After having transported on board his barks the wealth of the city, as well as the most beautiful women, and the young men capable of bearing arms or of rowing, he put to sea, intending to return to the north.

'The Italian traditions as to the destruction of this city resemble more nearly the romance of Romeo and Juliet, than the history of the Scandinavian adventurer. According to these accounts, the prince of Luna was inflamed with the beauty of a certain young empress, then travelling in company with the emperor her husband. Their passion was mutual, and the two lovers had recourse to the following stratagem, in order to accomplish their union. The empress feigned to be grievously sick: she was believed to be dead; her funeral obsequies were duly celebrated; but she escaped from the sepulchre, and secretly rejoined her lover. The emperor had no sooner heard of their crime, than he marched to attack the residence of the ravisher, and avenged himself by the entire destruction of the once flourishing city of Luna. The only point of resemblance between these two stories consists in the romantic incident of the destruction of the city by means of a feigned death, a legend which spread abroad over Italy and France.'

The last and greatest of the sea-kings, or pirate heroes of the north, was Rollo, surnamed Ferus Fortis, the Lusty Boar or Hardy Beast, from whom William the Conqueror comes in lineal, though not legitimate, descent. Our limits do not permit us to detail the early history of this warrior, as selected by our author from among the fables of the Norman chronicles, and the more simple, and, he thinks, more veritable narratives in the Icelandic Sagas. We shall merely state that Rollo arrived with a band of Northmen, all fugitive adventurers, like himself, upon the coast of France; ascended the Seine to Rouen, subjugated the fertile province then called Neustria; named it Normandy from the Northmen, his followers, and crowned himself first Duke.

'Under his firm and vigorous rule, the blessings of order and peace were restored to a country which had so long and so cruelly suffered from the incursions of the northern adventurers.

He tolerated the Christians in their worship, and they flocked in crowds to live under the dominion of a Pagan and barbarian, in preference to their own native and Christian prince (Charles the Simple) who was unwilling or incapable to protect them.'

Rollo established in his duchy of Normandy a feudal aristocracy, or rather it grew out of the circumstances of the country. His followers elected him duke, and he made them counts and barons and knights. The clergy also pressed themselves into his great council or parliament. The laws were reduced to a system by men of acute intellect, and this system of feudal law was subsequently transplanted by William the Conqueror into England, as a means of consolidating his power and establishing his monarchy.

'Rollo is said also to have established the Court of Exchequer as the supreme tribunal of justice; and the perfect security afforded by the admirable system of police established in England by King Alfred is likewise attributed to the legislation of the first Duke of Normandy.'—p. 252.

Trial by battle, or judicial combat, was a favorite appeal to God by the warlike nations of Scandinavia, as by most of the barbarous tribes who established themselves on the ruin of the Roman empire. It had fallen into disuse in France, but was revived by Rollo in Normandy, although the clergy were solicitous to substitute the ordeal of fire and water, which brought controversies within their control. The fierce Norman warriors disdained this clerical mode of decision, and strenuously insisted on the appeal to the sword. They afterwards, at the conquest, introduced the trial by combat into England, where it became a part of the common law.*

*A statue or effigy of Rollo, over a sarcophagus, is still to be seen in the cathedral at Rouen, with a Latin inscription, stating that he was converted to Christianity in 913, and died in 917, and that his bones were removed to this spot from their place of original sepulture, in A. D. 1063. The ancient epitaph, in rhyming monkish Latin, has been lost, except the following lines:

Dux Normanorum
Cunctorum,
Norma Bonorum.
Rollo, Ferus fortis,
Quem gens Normanica mortis
Invocat articulo,
Clauditur hoc tumulo.

A spirit of chivalry and love of daring adventure, a romantic gallantry towards the sex, and a zealous devotion were blended in the character of the Norman knights. These high and generous feelings they brought with them into England, and bore with them in their crusades into the Holy Land. Poetry also continued to be cherished and cultivated among them, and the Norman troubadour succeeded to the Scandinavian skald. The Dukes of Normandy and Anglo-Norman kings were practisers as well as patrons of this delightful art; and Henry I., surnamed Beauclerc, and Richard Cœur de Lion, were distinguished among the poetical composers of their day.

'The Norman minstrel,' to quote the words of our author, 'appropriated the fictions they found already accredited among the people for whom they versified. The British King Arthur, his fabled knights of the Round Table, and the enchanter Merlin, with his wonderful prophecies; the Frankish monarch Charlemagne and his paladins; and the rich inventions of Oriental fancy borrowed from the Arabs and the Moors.'—p. 262.

We have thus cursorily accompanied our author in his details of the origin and character, the laws and superstitions, and primitive religion, and also of the roving expeditions and conquests of the Northmen; and we give him credit for the judgment and candor and careful research, with which he has gleaned and collated his interesting facts, from the rubbish of fables and fictions with which they were bewildered and obscured.

Another leading feature in his work, is the conversion of the Northmen, and the countries from which they came, to the Christian faith. An attempt to condense or analyze this part of his work would lead us too far, and do injustice to the minuteness and accuracy of his details. We must, for like reasons, refer the reader to the work itself for the residue of its

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Imitation.

Rollo, that hardy Boar
Renowned of yore,
Of all the Normans Duke;
Whose name with dying breath
In article of death,
All Norman knights invoke;
That mirror of the bold,
This tomb doth hold.

contents. We shall merely remark, that he goes over the same ground with the English historians, Hume, Turner, Lingard, and Palgrave, gleaning from the original authorities whatever may have been omitted by them. He has also occasionally corrected some errors into which they have fallen, through want of more complete access or more critical attention to the Icelandic sagas and the Danish and Swedish historians, who narrated the successful invasion of England by the Danes, under Canute, and its final conquest by William of Normandy.

We shall take leave of our author with some extracts from the triumphant invasion of William, premising a few words concerning his origin and early history. Robert Duke of Normandy, called Robert the Magnificent by his flatterers, but more commonly known as Robert the Devil, from his wild and savage nature, had an amour with Arlette, the daughter of a tanner, or currier, of Falaise, in Normandy. The damsel gave birth to a male child, who was called William. While the boy was yet in childhood, Robert the Devil resolved to expiate his sins by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and compelled his counts and barons to swear fealty to his son. 'Par ma foi,' said Robert, 'je ne vous laisserai point sans seigneur. J'ai un petit bâtard qui grandira s'il plait à Dieu. Choisisez le dès ce présent, et je le saiserai devant vous de ce duché comme mon successeur.' The Norman lords placed their hands between the hands of the child, and swore fidelity to him according to feudal usage. Robert the Devil set out on his pious pilgrimage, and died at Nice. The right of the boy William was contested by Guy, Count of Burgundy, and other claimants, but he made it good with his sword, and then confirmed it by espousing Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders.

On the death of Edward the Confessor, King of England, Harold, from his fleetness surnamed Harefoot, one of the bravest nobles of the realm, assumed the crown, to the exclusion of Edgar Atheling, the lawful heir. It was said that Edward had named Harold to succeed him. William Duke of Normandy laid claim to the English throne. We have not room in this review to investigate his title, which was little more than bare pretension. He alleged that Edward the Confessor had promised to bequeath to him the crown; but his chief reliance was upon his sword. Harold, while yet a subject, had fallen by accident within the power of William,

who had obtained from him, by cajolery and extortion, an oath, sworn on certain sacred reliques, not to impede him in his plans to gain the English crown.

William prepared an expedition in Normandy, and published a war ban, inviting adventurers of all countries to join him in the invasion of England, and partake the pillage. He procured a consecrated banner from the Pope under the promise of a portion of the spoil, and embarked a force of nearly sixty thousand men on board four hundred vessels and above a thousand boats.

'The ship which bore William preceded the rest of the fleet, with the consecrated banner of the Pope displayed at the mast head, its many-colored sails embellished with the lions of Normandy, and its prow adorned with the figure of an infant archer bending his bow and ready to let fly his arrow.'

William landed his force at Pevensey, near Hastings, on the coast of Sussex, on the 28th of September, 1066; and we shall state from the Norman chronicles some few particulars of this interesting event, not included in the volume under review. The archers disembarked first,—they had short vestments and cropped hair; then the horsemen, armed with coats of mail, caps of iron, straight two-edged swords, and long powerful lances; then the pioneers and artificers, who disembarked, piece by piece, the materials for three wooden towers, all ready to be put together. The Duke was the last to land, for, says the chronicle, 'there was no opposing enemy.' King Harold was in Northumbria, repelling an army of Norwegian invaders.

As William leaped on shore, he stumbled and fell upon his face. Exclamations of foreboding were heard among his followers; but he grasped the earth with his hands, and raising them filled with it towards the heavens, 'Thus,' cried he, 'do I seize upon this land, and by the splendor of God, as far as it extends, it shall be mine.' His ready wit thus converted a sinister accident into a favorable omen. Having pitched his camp and reared his wooden towers near to the town of Hastings, he sent forth his troops to forage and lay waste the country; nor were even the churches and cemeteries held sacred to which the English had fled for refuge.

Harold was at York, reposing after a victory over the Norwegians, in which he had been wounded, when he heard of this new invasion. Undervaluing the foe, he set forth instantly

with such force as he could muster, though a few days' delay would have brought great reinforcements. On his way he met a Norman monk, sent to him by William, with three alternatives: 1. To abdicate in his favor. 2. To refer their claims to the decision of the Pope. 3. To determine them by single combat. Harold refused all three, and quickened his march; but finding, as he drew nearer, that the Norman army was thrice the number of his own, he intrenched his host seven miles from their camp, upon a range of hills, behind a rampart of palisadoes and osier hurdles.

The impending night of the battle was passed by the Normans in warlike preparations, or in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament, and the camp resounded with the prayers and chantings of priests and friars. As to the Saxon warriors, they sat round their camp-fires, carousing horns of beer and wine, and singing old national war-songs.

At an early hour in the morning of the 14th of October, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and bastard brother of the Duke, being the son of his mother Arlette, by a burgher of Falaise, celebrated mass, and gave his benediction to the Norman army. He then put a hauberk under his cassock, mounted a powerful white charger, and led forth a brigade of cavalry; for he was as ready with the spear as with the crosier, and for his fighting and other turbulent propensities, well merited his surname of Odo the Unruly.

The army was formed into three columns:—one composed of mercenaries from the countries of Boulogne and Ponthieu; the second of auxiliaries from Brittany and elsewhere; the third of Norman troops, led by William in person. Each column was preceded by archers in light quilted coats instead of armor, some with long bows, and others with cross-bows of steel. Their mode of fighting was to discharge a flight of arrows, and then retreat behind the heavy armed troops. The Duke was mounted on a Spanish steed, around his neck were suspended some of the reliques on which Harold had made oath, and the consecrated standard was borne at his side.

William harangued his soldiers, reminding them of the exploits of their ancestors, the massacre of the Northmen in England, and, in particular, the murder of their brethren the Danes. But he added another and a stronger excitement to their valor;—'Fight manfully, and put all to the sword; and if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain, you gain; what I

conquer, you conquer; if I gain the land, it is yours.' We shall give, in our author's own words, the further particulars of this decisive battle, which placed a Norman sovereign on the English throne.

'The spot which Harold had selected for this ever-memorable contest was a high ground, then called Senlac, nine miles from Hastings, opening to the south, and covered in the rear by an extensive wood. He posted his troops on the declivity of the hill in one compact mass, covered with their shields, and wielding their enormous battle-axes. In the centre the royal standard, or gonfanon, was fixed in the ground, with the figure of an armed warrior, worked in thread of gold, and ornamented with precious stones. Here stood Harold, and his brothers Gurth and Leofwin, and around them the rest of the Saxon army, every man on foot.

'As the Normans approached the Saxon intrenchments, the monks and priests who accompanied their army retired to a neighboring hill to pray, and observe the issue of the battle. A Norman warrior, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the line, and, tossing up in the air his sword, which he caught again in his hand, sang the national song of Charlemagne and Roland;—the Normans joined in the chorus, and shouted, "Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" They were answered by the Saxons, with the adverse cry of "Christ's rood! the holy rood!"

'The Norman archers let fly a shower of arrows into the Saxon ranks. Their infantry and cavalry advanced to the gates of the redoubts, which they vainly endeavored to force. The Saxons thundered upon their armor, and broke their lances with the heavy battle-axe, and the Normans retreated to the division commanded by William. The Duke then caused his archers again to advance, and to direct their arrows obliquely in the air, so that they might fall beyond and over the enemy's rampart. The Saxons were severely galled by the Norman missiles, and Harold himself was wounded in the eye. The attack of the infantry and men-at-arms again commenced with the cries of "Nôtre-Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!" But the Normans were repulsed, and pursued by the Saxons to a deep ravine, where their horses plunged and threw the riders. The *mêlée* was here dreadful, and a sudden panic seized the invaders, who fled from the field, exclaiming that their duke was slain. William rushed before the fugitives, with his helmet in hand, menacing and even striking them with his lance, and shouting with a loud voice:—"I am still alive, and with the help of God I still shall conquer!" The men-at-arms once more returned to

attack the redoubts, but they were again repelled by the impregnable phalanx of the Saxons. The Duke now resorted to the stratagem of ordering a thousand horse to advance, and then suddenly retreat, in the hope of drawing the enemy from his intrenchments. The Saxons fell into the snare, and rushed out with their battle-axes slung about their necks, to pursue the flying foe. The Normans were joined by another body of their own army, and both turned upon the Saxons, who were assailed on every side with swords and lances, whilst their hands were employed in wielding their enormous battle-axes. The invaders now rushed through the broken ranks of their opponents into the intrenchments, pulled down the royal standard, and erected in its place the papal banner. Harold was slain, with his brothers Gurth and Leofwin. The sun declined in the western horizon, and with his retiring beams sunk the glory of the Saxon name.

'The rest of the companions of Harold fled from the fatal field, where the Normans passed the night, exulting over their hard-earned victory. The next morning, William ranged his troops under arms, and every man who passed the sea was called by name, according to the muster-roll drawn up before their embarkation at St. Valery. Many were deaf to that call. The invading army consisted originally of nearly sixty thousand men, and of these one-fourth lay dead on the field. To the fortunate survivors was allotted the spoil of the vanquished Saxons, as the first fruits of their victory; and the bodies of the slain, after being stripped, were hastily buried by their trembling friends. According to one narrative, the body of Harold was begged by his mother as a boon from William, to whom she offered as a ransom its weight in gold. But the stern and pitiless conqueror ordered the corpse of the Saxon king to be buried on the beach, adding, with a sneer, "He guarded the coast while he lived, let him continue to guard it now he is dead." Another account represents that two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the son of Godwin, humbly approached the Norman, and offered him ten marks of gold for permission to bury their king and benefactor. They were unable to distinguish his body among the heaps of slain, and sent for Harold's mistress, Editha, surnamed "the Fair" and "the Swan's Neck," to assist them in the search. The features of the Saxon monarch were recognized by her whom he had loved, and his body was interred at Waltham, with regal honors, in the presence of several Norman earls and knights.'

We have reached the conclusion of Mr. Wheaton's interesting volume, yet we are tempted to add a few words more

from other sources. We would observe that there are not wanting historians who dispute the whole story of Harold having fallen on the field of battle. 'Years afterwards,' we are told by one of the most curiously learned of English scholars, 'when the Norman yoke pressed heavily upon the English, and the battle of Hastings had become a tale of sorrow, which old men narrated by the light of the embers, until warned to silence by the sullen tolling of the curfew,' there was an ancient anchorite, maimed, and scarred, and blind of an eye, who led a life of penitence and seclusion in a cell near the Abbey of St. John at Chester. This holy man was once visited by Henry I., who held a long and secret discourse with him, and on his death-bed he declared to the attendant monks that he was Harold.* According to this account, he had been secretly conveyed from the field of battle to a castle, and thence to this sanctuary; and the finding and burying of his corpse by the tender Editha, is supposed to have been a pious fraud. The monks of Waltham, however, stood up stoutly for the authenticity of their royal reliques. They showed a tomb, enclosing a mouldering skeleton, the bones of which still bore the marks of wounds received in battle, while the sepulchre bore the effigies of the monarch, and this brief but pathetic epitaph:—*Hic jacet Harold infelix.*'

For a long time after the eventful battle of the conquest, it is said that traces of blood might be seen upon the field, and, in particular, upon the hills to the south-west of Hastings, whenever a light rain moistened the soil. It is probable they were discolorations of the soil, where heaps of the slain had been buried. We have ourselves seen broad and dark patches on the hill side of Waterloo, where thousands of the dead lay mouldering in one common grave, and where, for several years after the battle, the rank green corn refused to ripen, though all the other part of the hill was covered with a golden harvest.

William the conqueror, in fulfilment of a vow, caused a monastic pile to be erected on the field, which, in commemoration of the event, was called the 'Abbey of Battle.' The architects complained that there were no springs of water on the site. 'Work on! work on!' replied he, jovially; 'if God but grant me life, there shall flow more good wine among the holy

* Palgrave, Hist. Eng., Cap. XV.

friars of this convent, than there does clear water in the best monastery of Christendom.'

The abbey was richly endowed, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. In its archives was deposited a roll, bearing the names of the followers of William, among whom he had shared the conquered land. The grand altar was placed on the very spot where the banner of the hapless Harold had been unfurled, and here prayers were perpetually to be offered up for the repose of all who had fallen in the contest. 'All this pomp and solemnity,' adds Mr. Palgrave, 'has passed away like a dream! The perpetual prayer has ceased forever; the roll of battle is rent; the escutcheons of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust. A dark and reedy pool marks where the abbey once reared its stately towers, and nothing but the foundations of the choir remain for the gaze of the idle visiter, and the instruction of the moping antiquary.'*

ART. IV.—*Journal of the Landers.*

Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger: with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination. By RICHARD and JOHN LANDER. J. and J. Harper. New York. 1832.

We shall certainly be justified in pronouncing this work one of the most deeply interesting, in its kind, which has appeared in modern times. Independently of the very spirited running style of travellers, quite as good-humored and shrewd as they are energetic, and of the novelty attached to descriptions of new countries and people, and to a personal narrative of unusual vicissitude, it is sufficient to immortalize the Journal and its Authors alike, that it records the discovery of the long-sought termination of the Niger,—the river of Herodotus, 'full of crocodiles and flowing to the east,'—the Nile of Strabo,—the Arabian 'Nile of the Negroes,' pouring into the 'Sea of Darkness,'—the object of more inquiry and the occasion of more effort, perhaps, than any other locality on the face of the globe.

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* Palgrave, Hist. Eng., Cap. XV.

A synopsis of the exertions and theories made and maintained for the solution of this great geographical mystery, from a period of five hundred years before the Christian era to the discovery of 1830, would doubtless furnish matter enough of amusement or improvement to all such as are inclined to be witty or wise at the expense of their grandfathers. For the present, however, we shall be content with ascertaining what has been actually learned and done, having, practically at least, rather more to do with the 'termination' than with the far-flowing and misty tide of speculation, which, like the river itself, has heretofore been the cause of quite as much entertainment as benefit, and of perplexity greater than either.

We say practically;—for we do not apprehend this grand problem to have been solved only for the edification of contending literati, or the gratification of the spectators at large. A broad, rich, magnificent territory has been opened to view; and all its immense population, of a race the easiest on earth to be civilized, on a soil the most fertile the sun shines upon, has been brought forward, as it were, to invite the freeest access of every species of mercantile and moral commerce which the world can offer. Its resources, its necessities, and still more its capacities, are beyond estimate. Is there no field here for the missionary,* and no fund for the merchant? Will our worthy neighbors, the English, claim and command the whole benefit, with the whole credit, of this last continent, as that liberal-minded functionary, Alexander the Sixth, of Rome, once undertook to divide the larger part of the globe between Portugal and Spain? Will they make such a contract of purveyance and pre-emption with 'Mr. Gunn,' 'King Jacket,' Duke Ephraim, or any other potentate of the region round about, that the Niger shall be hermetically sealed, forever, against every thing but a Thames steam-boat or a Liverpool oil-craft? We trow not. The same enterprise and the same energy, which, long before Burke's time, 'infested all seas,' and which, within the year past, have mounted the Missouri, two thousand miles, by the aid of this same machinery of Fulton, will soon traverse alike the Sea of Darkness and the River of Crocodiles. The Felâtahs will turn white

* Since writing the text, we understand that definitive measures have already been taken in this city for the establishment of a school and station on the Niger, as soon as the English expeditions shall have made that design practicable.

with Lowell cottons; Yankee hats will supersede, in Yariba, that elegant ornament of man's head, the cow's tail; Ephraim will add a box of pine nutmegs to his present rare collection of keep-sakes; and his majesty, Jacket, of small-beer memory, will give as much for a wooden clock as he did for a cap made of the worn-out skirts of Mr. Lander's green baize spencer.—But our enthusiasm mounts apace.

The result of the expedition of which the details are given in the volumes before us has been to increase our knowledge of the Niger to such an extent, that at the present time no part of its whole length remains unexplored, with the exception of a few hundred miles between Yàoorie,—a large city and kingdom in about 12° north latitude, the most northerly point of the Landers' route,—and Timbuctoo, which, after having been so long sought for in vain by travellers from all parts of Europe, has been recently visited by the Frenchman Caillié. The continuity of the stream between these termini is placed beyond a doubt by the most conclusive circumstantial evidence. The Niger above Timbuctoo, by Park called the Joliba, has been repeatedly visited in all directions; and the Landers, on the other side, have now succeeded in navigating the entire river below Yàoorie, to its *embouchure* in the Gulf of Guinea, a travelling distance of perhaps a thousand miles.

The Niger is found to run in almost every direction except due west, and this is another of its numerous peculiarities. Rising in about 11° north latitude, among the same mountains which supply the source of the Senegal, it begins with flowing towards the north. At Bammakoo, a large place visited by Mungo Park, the principal stream flows a little north of east to Silla, to which point Park accurately determined its course; thence north-east to Timbuctoo; thence, by conjectural calculation, south-east to Yàoorie; and thence south, south-east, and south-west to its mouth. The description of the river by the traveller just named and others is familiar to all readers. The portion of it explored last, is quite similar, though, of course, with those occasional differences which always distinguish the lower section of a large stream from the upper.

The Landers first saw it at Boossà, where Park and his associates met with their unhappy fate. Here, in its widest part, the breadth did not exceed a stone's-throw, the water being lower than usual, and the travellers were naturally

enough disappointed: a short day's journey north of this, the branch on which the town of Kagogie stands, measures about a mile ;—so much does the character of the stream change within that distance. Even boat navigation was impracticable in this quarter: the travellers ascended by land because a canoe could not be paddled up without 'the greatest difficulty and danger on account of the rocks,'—and hence the misfortune of Park. At Kagogie, it is rendered so shallow by large sand-banks, that 'a child might wade across it.'

At this point, canoes and canoe-men were procured, and the party pursued the stream till they fell into the main branch of the river, and then a new phase is presented us:

'We found it flowing from north to south, through a rich and charming country, which seemed to improve in appearance the further we advanced. We were propelled at a good rate up a channel, which, from half a mile in breadth, gradually widened to rather better than a mile. Beautiful, spreading and spiry trees adorned the country on each side of the river, like a park; corn, nearly ripe, waved over the water's edge; large open villages appeared every half hour; and herds of spotted cattle were observed grazing and enjoying the cool of the shade. The appearance of the river for several miles was no less enchanting than its borders; it was as smooth as a lake; canoes, laden with sheep and goats, were paddled by women down its almost imperceptible current; swallows and a variety of aquatic birds were sporting over its glassy surface, which was ornamented by a number of pretty little islands.'—Vol. I. p. 252.

During the ensuing day, the river widened to two miles, for as great a length as the eye could compass; its regularity and calmness giving it the appearance of a vast canal, while the equally uniform borders resembled a dwarf wall. At a little distance from the margin, they were broken up into hills and hollows, shaded occasionally with the massy foliage of fine trees, and almost covered with villages. But soon afterwards, the banks became black rugged rocks; the hamlets disappeared; and the broad bosom of the river was filled with a motley mass of shallows, quicksands, and islands. Indeed the most navigable and beautiful water just described was 'in most places extremely shallow, though in others deep enough to float a frigate.' The travellers were continually running their canoe upon rocks and sand-banks, and, but for the good-humor of the boatmen, might been have subjected to no small inconveniences.

As it was, delay was their greatest trial. The old chief of one of the villages where they landed enjoined the leader or 'King' of the crew, on re-embarking, to be careful of his charge. 'Careful!' answered the man: 'careful!—do I not know that white men are more precious than eggs?' This conclusive appeal silenced the chief, but not the travellers. They became weary of the man's excessive laziness, and attempted to stimulate him by pointing out the canoes which left him behind. 'Ah!' he replied; 'Kings do not travel like common men; I must go as slow as possible.' Presently they came to what the fur-traders upon our north-western waters call a carrying-place, the stream being altogether impassable. A range of rocks ran directly across, like a dam, so that the water, finding but one narrow passage, rushed through it with an impetuosity which overturned every thing in its course. But having surmounted this difficulty, the remaining distance to Yàoorie was again broad, still, and beautiful as can be imagined. Not a sand-bank or a breaker was perceptible. The borders were green as Eden. The soil approved itself in immense patches of corn, rice, indigo and cotton; groups of laborers toiled briskly among them to the beating of a drum; and the travellers, in fine spirits, with a fresh bland air from the south, moved onward along the edge of two lovely little islands, clothed in verdure, 'which at a short distance looked as charming as the fabled gardens of Hesperia.'

At Yàoorie, as we have already observed, the voyage terminated, and the travellers soon after returned to Boossà. But, lest our description of the river between these two points should be taken as a fair specimen of its whole course, it should be understood, that the Landers were told that there were neither rocks nor sand-banks above Yàoorie or below Boossà. How literally this description is to be construed in regard to the upper section, may be inferred from the details of the subsequent navigation below; in the main, however, it is correct. In its natural bed, at this season, (June,) the river here runs between one and two miles an hour; among interruptions, and in the rainy months, more rapidly. After the 'malca,' or fourteen-days' rain, it is very generally navigated in all directions by the canoe-men with perfect ease and safety: in particular sections where the towns are mostly located, such is always the case. The market of Waree, a little above Boossà, is attended by myriads of people from the neigh-

boring kingdoms, who frequently cover the stream for a considerable distance with vast numbers of small craft. The extraordinary narrowness of the river at Boossà itself, already mentioned, is accounted for by the supposition that a large portion of the water passes through subterranean channels.

It is not a little amusing to learn, that the natives of this region agitate their theories about the Niger with all the pertinacity of the learned in civilized countries. A discussion of the Landers upon this subject was on one occasion interrupted by a shrewd fellow who came forward to assert, that at no great distance from Boossà, the river took a turn to the eastward, and disembogued itself into the lake Tshad in Bornou—which, by the way, was the theory of Major Denham. Sultan Bello, of Nouffie, suggested this inestimable fact, together with the following *explanation* attached to the map which he furnished that gentleman, and which may be seen in the appendix to the English edition of Mr. Clapperton's travels. It will sufficiently illustrate the clearness and extent of that sovereign's information.

'Now the great river Cowára [Niger] comes, and here is its representation. This great river is the largest in all the territories of Hàussa: we know not of its source, nor of any one who has seen it. It rushes and precipitates itself through the country, from left to right, and contains many islands, inhabited by fishermen, herdsmen, husbandmen, and settlers. As to the variety of its animals, birds, and fish, it is only known to the Lord Creator: it has rocks and mountains which break and shatter to pieces all vessels that are driven against them; and its great roaring and noise, with the agitation of its waves, astonish the hearer and terrify the beholder, and at the same time exhibit the wonderful power of the Omnipotent Creator.'

Still more satisfactory, if possible, is the traditional account of some other natives, who stated that 'the river Cowára runs through mountains, and a great many woods and forests; and has mountains on the north and east. This great river issues from the mountains of the Moon; and what we know of it is, that it comes from Sookau to Kiga, &c.* It is remarkable, that amidst all this jumble of nonsense, Clapperton met at Tabra, in Nouffie, with the theory which has proved the true one. He was there told, that the Quorra, another of the Niger's many names, '*ran into the sea behind Benin*, at Funda.'† This description, though accompanied with details

* Clapperton, p. 340. † Ibid.

which, no doubt, prepossessed the traveller against it, happens to be as correct as possible.

But to rejoin our party at Boossà;—the remainder of their expedition was a continuous though much delayed descent of the Niger to its mouth, which occupied them from the first of August, when they left the city just mentioned, until the middle of November. The river was now somewhat swollen, and the current occasionally ran at the rate of five or six miles an hour: in other respects the description already given of the upper section applies with some qualification to the lower, and there is especially the same diversity of wide and narrow, and shallow and deep. The same is true of the scenery. More frequently the banks are low and very fertile; but in the neighborhood of Lever, which was passed in the month of October, they were forty feet above the level, and steep to the water-side. Here, for some dozen miles, the Niger 'rolled grandly along, a noble river, neither obstructed by islands, nor deformed with rocks and stones:'—the width being from one to three miles. Then comes a range of moderate hills. Then Mount Kesa springs up in the middle of the stream, to the height of three hundred feet, almost perpendicular. Then the borders of the river are 'exceedingly flat, low and swampy,' and appeared as though they were partially overflowed; for trees and shrubs were shooting up in many places out of the body of the latter: and this, on the whole, was the prevailing character of the country, especially as the travellers approached the termination. They floated down thirty miles one night, in a terrific storm, for want of a 'bit of dry land,' whereupon to lodge; and they were after all glad to fasten the canoe to the branches of a thorn-tree in the middle of the stream, and to sleep with their legs dangling over the sides of the little vessel into the water. It could not have added materially to the comfort of this situation, that the crocodiles and hippopotami had for some time been plashing and snorting about the canoe, so near, that the Englishmen thumped them with the breech of their muskets, while the poor natives on board absolutely yelled with dismay and consternation. Richard Lander took the liberty to deposit a bullet in or about the nostrils of one; but the game did not prove profitable, for not only all that were afloat before, but a vigorous reinforcement from the mud below, forthwith commenced so close a pursuit that the blacks were under the necessity of howling and paddling

still louder and longer than before, and had much difficulty to escape, at the best. 'However, the terrible hippopotami,' adds Richard, 'did us no kind of damage whatever.' In the course of the twenty-four hours during which this affair took place, the travellers accomplished about one hundred miles of their journey. The river presented a very magnificent appearance, being nearly *eight miles* in width.

By the middle of October, the waters were much higher. The abundant rice-grounds had for some distance been overflowed; but now the villages themselves were frequently in the same situation. No people, perhaps, (unless it may be one in the south of Russia, described by Clarke,) live quite so much, generally, in, under and upon the water, as the natives of this region; but the present emergency was too severe for them. One unfortunate little town was floated off altogether, with the exception of a few huts. The travellers approached this spot as near as possible, to make inquiries about the route. They 'bawled,' and 'hallooed,' till they were tired, to a party of the good citizens who were walking through the *streets*, knee-deep in water; but no answer was given them. Finally, a priest informed them, that the Niger, being unusually full this season, had washed away a considerable portion of their village;—'which,' adds our informant with an air of simplicity, 'was apparent from the great number of frames of huts we had seen stuck in the sand outside, more especially the circular tops of them, *which had a very odd appearance in the river.*' We are inclined to believe, that the citizens were not much flattered with the somewhat particular attention of the travellers at this juncture;—they could hardly entertain them to advantage. Again;—the town of Egga, it is said, is of prodigious extent, and has an immense population; and a large part of that place too was overflowed. Of Brass town, a considerable mercantile place near the mouth of the river, which the travellers reached November 15th, we cannot do better than to give their own account.

'Of all the wretched, filthy, and contemptible places in this world of ours, none can present to the eye of a stranger so miserable an appearance, or can offer such disgusting and loathsome sights, as this abominable Brass town. Dogs, goats, and other animals run about the dirty streets half starved, whose hungry looks can only be exceeded by the famishing appearance of the men, women, and children, which bespeaks the penury and

wretchedness to which they are reduced; while the persons of many of them are covered with odious biles, and their huts are falling to the ground from neglect and decay.

'Brass, properly speaking, consists of two towns, of nearly equal size, containing about a thousand inhabitants each, and built on the borders of a kind of basin, which is formed by a number of rivulets, entering it from the Niger, through forests of mangrove bushes. One of them is under the domination of a noted scoundrel called *King Jacket*, who has already been spoken of; and the other is governed by a rival chief, named *King Forday*. These towns are situated directly opposite each other, and within the distance of eighty yards; and are built on a marshy ground, which occasions the huts to be always wet. Another place, called "Pilot's town" by Europeans, from the number of pilots that reside in it, is situated nearly at the mouth of the First Brass River (which we understand is the "*Nun*" river of Europeans,) and at the distance of sixty or seventy miles from hence. This town acknowledges the authority of both kings, having been originally peopled by settlers from each of their towns. At the ebb of the tide, the basin is left perfectly dry, with the exception of small gutters, and presents a smooth and almost unvaried surface of black mud, which emits an intolerable odor, owing to the decomposition of vegetable substances, and the quantity of filth and nastiness which is thrown into the basin by the inhabitants of both towns. Notwithstanding this nuisance, both children and grown-up persons may be seen sporting in the mud, whenever the tide goes out, all naked, and amusing themselves in the same manner as if they were on shore.'—Vol. II. pp. 253, 254.

But this, as we have already hinted, is by no means to be taken for a specimen of the entire banks of the Niger, even during the rainy season. In many parts the navigation and the scenery, by night as well as day, were really delightful. The islands, which are numerous and sometimes very large, were almost universally the most lovely and fertile spots to be conceived. Patashie, (some forty or fifty miles below Boossà,) an island fifteen miles in length, is said to be 'large, rich and unspeakably beautiful;' it is embellished with superb groves of palm and other noble trees; while the soil is so fertile, and the natives so frugal,—a rare virtue with their race,—that not an acre on the island is left without cultivation.

October 4th, the journal says:

'The banks of the river near Lever are high, being, according to our estimation, about forty feet above the river, and steep to

the water-side. The river itself appeared deep, and free from rocks of any kind; its direction nearly south. We ran down the stream very pleasantly for twelve or fourteen miles, the Niger, during the whole of the distance, rolling grandly along—a noble river, neither obstructed by islands nor deformed with rocks and stones. Its width varied from one to three miles; the country on each side was very flat, and a few mean, dirty-looking villages were scattered on the water's edge. We then came to two small islands; the land appeared more elevated, and in some few places it rose in gentle hills. We observed three remarkable and lofty hills on the eastern side, which rose very abruptly from the plain, and were separated from each other only by a few yards of ground. Both banks of the river were overhung with large shady trees, between which we could perceive the land behind to be open and well cultivated; and, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from the number of towns and villages which were scattered over the country, we should conceive it to be thickly inhabited also.'—Vol. II. p. 43.

October 5th:

'Just below the town of *Bajiebo*, the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches, of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern branch, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and, drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river.'—Vol. II. p. 46.

Richard Lander some where observes, that African scenery, in its best estate, is not to be compared with that of old Albion; and there is truth as well as simplicity in the remark. It is a magnificent, barbarous profusion, on one hand, while on the other, it is the regular and refined beauty of civilization. There, nature runs wild as the Grecian personification of Dian,—her zone unbound, and her ringlets blown loosely by the gale. Here, she is dressed and decked. There, she speaks to the senses; here, to the soul.

Soon after leaving the coast, our journalists say:

'Between six and seven o'clock, A. M., we continued our route through woods and large open patches of ground, and, at about eleven in the forenoon, arrived at the borders of a deep glen, more wild, romantic and picturesque than can be conceived. It is enclosed and overhung on all sides by trees of amazing height and dimensions, which hide it in deep shadow. Fancy might picture a spot, so silent and solemn as this, as the abode of genii and fairies; every thing conducing to make it grand, melancholy and venerable; and the glen only wants an old dilapidated castle, a rock with a cave in it, or something of the kind, to render it the most interesting place in the universe. There was one beautiful sight, however, which we would not omit mentioning for the world;—it was that of an incredible number of butterflies, fluttering about us like a swarm of bees: they had chosen this, no doubt, as a place of refuge against the fury of the elements. They were variegated by the most brilliant tints and colorings imaginable—the wings of some were of a shining green, edged and sprinkled with gold; others were of sky-blue and silver; others of purple and gold, delightfully blending into each other; and the wings of some were like dark silk velvet, trimmed and braided with lace.'—Vol. I. p. 88.

On the same route, across the country:

'We traversed a rich and varied country, abounding plentifully with wood and water. A fine red sand covered the pathway, which we found to be in much better condition than any we had before seen. Sometimes it wound through an open, level tract of fine grazing land; and then again it diverged through forests so thick and deep that the light of the moon, which had arisen, was unable to penetrate the gloom, and we were frequently left in midnight darkness. It would require greater powers than we are in possession of to give an adequate description of the magnificence, solemnity, and desolate repose of the awful solitudes through which we passed this evening. They were enlightened, however, at times by the appearance of glow-worms, which were so luminous that one could almost see to read by their golden splendor; and sometimes by the moon-beams, which trembled upon the leaves and branches of the trees. A fragrance also was exhaled from the forest, more odoriferous than the perfume of primroses or violets; and one might almost fancy, when threading his way through scenery which perhaps cannot be surpassed for beauty in any part of the world, that he was approaching those eternal shades where in ancient time the souls

of good men were supposed to wander. The woods rang with the song of insects and night-birds, which saluted us, with little intermission, till about ten o'clock at night.'—Vol. I. p. 96.

Again:

'The scenery of to-day has been more interesting and lovely than any we have heretofore beheld. The path circled round a magnificent, cultivated valley, hemmed in almost on every side with mountains of granite of the most grotesque and irregular shapes, the summits of which are covered with stunted trees, and the hollows in their slopes occupied by clusters of huts, whose inmates have fled thither as a place of security against the ravages of the *war-men* that infest the plains. A number of strange birds resort to this valley, many of whose notes were rich, full, and melodious, while others were harsh and disagreeable; but, generally speaking, the plumage was various, splendid, and beautiful. The modest partridge appeared in company with the magnificent Balearic crane, with his regal crest; and delicate humming-birds hopped from twig to twig, with others of an unknown species: some of them were of a dark shining green: some had red silky wings and purple bodies: some were variegated with stripes of crimson and gold; and these chirped and warbled from among the thick foliage of the trees.'—Vol. I. p. 130.

Some of these extracts convey a pretty good idea of the soil, climate, productions and population, as well as scenery, of the regions referred to. The former, however, are much more uniform than the latter, from the obvious circumstance, that many of those lands and locations which were most suitable for agricultural and mercantile purposes, for the very same reasons made the least or the worst possible appearance. The inhabitants raise immense quantities of rice, particularly upon tracts suited to that grain. They are also very fond of attending and trafficking at markets and fairs, and the more accessible, therefore, a large town can be made to a log-canoe, the more popular and profitable to all concerned is the rendezvous. Richard Lander observes, in one or two cases, without going into minutiæ, that he 'presumes' the inhabitants understand their own policy in this matter, though he does not seem to have valued it very highly himself.

We have named some of the productions common to the entire length of the route,—rice, cotton, indigo, and corn. The latter grows in great abundance, sometimes to the height of ten or twelve feet; and if the account given of the cultivation

between Boossà and Yàoorie applies generally, it at least indicates that the natives appreciate the worth of the article. On the banks of all the numerous branches of the river, and on all the islands, we are told that 'vast quantities of corn were growing,' which, it being near harvest-time, was nearly ripe, and waved over the water's edge very prettily. Platforms,—closely resembling a gallows, we infer from the engraving,—are every where built in these fields, so as to overlook the grain; and here boys, girls, and now and then a woman with a child at her breast, or even a whole family, station themselves by the day together, in the blaze of a fierce sunshine, for the commendable purpose of acting as scare-crows. Some are content to stand stock-still for hours, looking like statues of ebony. Others amused themselves by plaiting straw or weaving mats, rather to the detriment of the corn, and the gratification, no doubt, of the adversary. A third and probably younger class magnified their office by the free use of slings and stones; beside which, 'pieces of rope were fastened from the platform to a tree at some distance, to which large calabashes were suspended, with holes in them through which sticks were passed [or a handful of pebbles thrown in,] so that when the rope is pulled they make a loud clattering noise.' The Yankees, when *they* mount the Niger, will certainly find a market for the well-known apparatus which they use in much the same manner for the same purpose. Theirs has indeed the advantage of auto-motion, or of being moveable by a light breeze, as well as of glittering in addition to clattering; but the African watchers, on the other hand, yell and howl in a manner dismal enough to frighten an evil spirit, (says Mr. Lander,)—which is no doubt a most desirable improvement to be introduced in these parts, if we had leisure, and liked sunshine. The African corn is so much stouter than ours, that a field of it is a sort of forest for the small game, and this makes them the more troublesome. Our travellers in one instance lament, that the ducks they had been in the habit of shooting for daily food, as they floated down the stream, had utterly balked their benevolent exertions to that end, by shrewdly availing themselves of a rampart of corn-stalks, behind which, like the gallant defenders of New Orleans, they could reconnoitre the enemy's movements with impunity.

Plantains, bananas, yams, beans, and other roots and fruits are exceedingly abundant over almost the whole region of the

Niger; and these alone, without either the game, grain, or fish, which in most places may be as easily obtained with scarcely an effort, would be sufficient to support an immense population. Nor is there a country on earth better adapted to the raising of all kinds of domestic animals. Very generally indeed they *are* raised,—bullocks, mules, sheep, goats and poultry,—in vast numbers. In some districts they have no horses, and have hardly heard of such an animal; but in others they carry the pride and perfection of the breed as far as their more civilized acquaintance. Two or three extracts will confirm some of these statements.

'Rabba [on the Niger, in the latitude of Sierra Leone, 9° N.] is famous for milk, oil, and honey. The market, when our messengers were there, appeared to be well supplied with bullocks, horses, mules, asses, sheep, goats, and abundance of poultry. Rice and various sorts of corn, cotton, cloth, indigo, saddles and bridles made of red and yellow leather, besides shoes, boots, and sandals, were offered for sale in great plenty. Although they observed about two hundred slaves for sale, none had been disposed of when they left the market in the evening. The inhabitants grow abundance of corn and rice, and other productions common to the neighboring countries, and they cultivate the plantain shrub with success. They possess large flocks and herds of the finest description, and their horned cattle are remarkable for their size and beauty. They have also a prodigious number of excellent horses, of which they take the greatest care, and they are universally admired for their strength and elegant proportions.'—Vol. II. p. 82.

Not very far from the mouth of the river, where the inundation chiefly occurred, the following passage appears in the Journal of November 12th.

'We passed the day in much the same manner as yesterday, stopping occasionally at certain villages which are scattered along the banks, for the purpose of bartering with their inhabitants. Plantains, bananas, and yams are cultivated by them to an extraordinary and almost incredible extent, and for the space of nearly twenty miles scarcely any thing else but plantations of these shrubs and vegetables are to be seen. This circumstance has led us to infer that the country is infinitely more populous than its general appearance would seem to indicate. It is flat, open, varied, and beautiful in many places, and its soil is a rich dark mould or loam.'—Vol. II. p. 246.

To show that this description does not apply to the banks of the Niger alone, we shall add a few sketches of the preliminary route from the coast to the river, a distance of several hundred miles, over hills, mountains, forests and plains, which occupied between two and three months. The starting-point was Badágry, a small native kingdom in the British interest, on the northern coast of the Gulf of Guinea, in the same latitude with Liberia, the colony of the American Colonization Society, and not very remote from it. Here, we are told,

'Oranges, limes, cocoa-nuts, plantains, and bananas are produced in abundance in the neighborhood. The better sort of people are possessed of a small kind of bullock, with sheep, goats, and poultry; the chief himself is a drover and butcher, and when in want of money he orders one of his bullocks to be slaughtered and publicly sold in the market. The dwellings of the inhabitants are neatly constructed of bamboo, and thatched with palm leaves. They contain several apartments, all of them on the ground-floor. Some of the houses or huts are built in the *coozie* form, which is nearly round, and others are in the form of an oblong square: all have excellent yards attached to them, wherein lime-trees and others are planted in rows, and it gives one pleasure to look at the cleanliness and taste which prevail in these courts. The land is excessively fertile; and if the natives could only be induced to lay aside their habitual indolence, and the sluggishness of their characters, and devote a little more attention to the improvement of the soil, the country might soon be brought to an extraordinary pitch of beauty and perfection. As it is, vegetation springs forth spontaneously, is luxuriant even to rankness, and is ever pleasingly verdant.'—Vol. I. p. 76.

A fortnight after leaving this place for the interior, and a little beyond the great market-town, Egga, the travellers say,

'We found the path in much better condition than those behind it, and it lay almost entirely through plantations of yams, calavances, and pumpkins, and three or four different varieties of corn, which a number of laborers were employed in weeding, &c. The hoe is the only implement of husbandry in use, and indeed they can well dispense with every other, because the soil during the rainy months is so soft and light that but very little manual exertion in working it is required.'—Vol. I. p. 121.

Next comes Dufo, April 26th:

'The inhabitants appear to be industrious and very opulent,

as far as regards the number and variety of their domestic animals, having abundance of sheep, goats, swine, pigeons, and poultry; among the latter of which we observed, for the first time, turkeys and Guinea fowl. They have likewise horses and bullocks.'—Vol. I. p. 133.

Then, under date of May 10th:

'Leoguadda is almost surrounded by rugged hills, formed by loose blocks of granite; these, added to a quantity of tall trees, always green, and growing within the walls, render the town inconceivably pleasant and romantic. Immense tracts of land are cultivated in the vicinity of the town, with corn, yams, &c.; and abundance of swine, poultry, goats, and sheep are bred by its inhabitants.'—Vol. I. pp. 158, 159.

The palm-tree is too well known to require description. As Lander some where remarks, it seems peculiarly intended by Providence for the untutored and destitute savage. It affords him a pleasant drink, and indeed the common and favorite drink, especially along the coast. The wine, as the juice is called, is obtained precisely as the juice of the maple is in this country for a different purpose. A hole is bored in the trunk of a tree, a spout made of a leaf inserted, and through this the liquor flows into a calabash beneath, which, holding two or three gallons, will probably be filled during the day. It soon assumes a milky appearance, and is generally used in that state; if kept longer, it acquires rather a bitter flavor. The palm-tree also affords a valuable oil, of which immense quantities have been heretofore taken off by foreigners, particularly by Liverpool traders, from the coast and the lower part of the Niger and other rivers. The palm-wood is an excellent material in building the simple dwellings of the natives.

This tree becomes scarce as you advance into the interior, but from the Journal, as well as from Park and Caillié, we learn that its place is well supplied with the *mi-cadania*, or butter-tree, which yields a very savory and nutritious kind of vegetable marrow. The tree is said to resemble the oak. The nut is enveloped in an agreeable pulpy substance, and the kernel is about as large as our chestnut. This is exposed in the sun to dry, after which it is pounded very fine and boiled: the oily particles float; and when cool, they are skimmed off, and made into little cakes fit for immediate use.

Not to pursue the catalogue further, it would really appear

that no country is furnished with greater capacities than the whole of Western Africa, on the banks and in the latitude of the Niger and its vast and various branches, for supporting a prodigious population. Already indeed the soil swarms with human inhabitants, in scarcely a less proportion than the streams with fish, or the forests with game. Immensely large, though not indeed elegant cities, are more frequent than, without so good evidence as we have, could possibly have been believed. Marts, fairs, festivals, and even *horse-races*, (and a most amusing picture is given in the Journal of *one* at Boossà) attended, some of them, by thousands of people, from all quarters, occur regularly, the year round; for no people on earth are more addicted to society, sport, bustle, or traffic.

Considering the abundant means of subsistence, this trading propensity is the only principle upon which we know how to explain a habit the good people in many parts of the country have of exposing for sale, and we presume selling and consuming, all manner of crawling and creeping things for food. Goat's-flesh and goora-nuts may pass muster well enough; but we should distinctly demur to several other matters which seem to be staples in the African market. In the district of Katunga, for instance, (on the inland route,) where open markets are said to be held daily, and are very largely attended twice a week, provisions were offered for sale in abundance; and besides beef and mutton, 'which were made up into little round balls, weighing about an ounce and three quarters, and presenting not the most tempting appearance, we observed an immense quantity of rats, mice and lizards, dressed and undressed, all having their skins on, and arranged in rows.' What idea our good friends would convey by 'dressed and undressed, with their skins on,'—a fashion of dish-abille not generally ratified, we apprehend, among the community referred to,—it is not indispensable to determine. But, what is worse still, though the stalls of the celebrated city of Bòhoo, (on the same route,) are well supplied with provisions, they are so exceedingly dear, for some unknown reason, that 'with the exception of disgusting insects, reptiles and vermin, the lower classes of the people are almost unacquainted' with the taste of fresh meat. If this diet *could* be made acceptable to foreigners, there would certainly be one convenience in it, independently of gratifying the eye and the palate,—that

of being plentiful and always at hand; for the travellers could hardly accommodate themselves with never so short a *siesta* in an African hut, or a nap under the green trees, but they would either wake or dream, presently, with the pleasurable sensation of a scorpion or a lizard leisurely dragging its slow length over the nostrils. Again;—on the lower Niger they eat the solid fat of the hippopotamus, no small mass of which was once sent to our travellers as a special dainty. Fish and yams also were brought on, swimming in oil, the commonest kind used in the lamps of warehouses in England, and of course having an exceedingly ancient as well as fish-like odor. The English civilly declined this delicacy; but Gun [*alias*, King Boy,] was of a different opinion, and, 'declaring it to be the best Liverpool beef that he had seen for a long time, he soon made away with it.' Finally, the savages of Fernando Po island eat monkeys. This is a species of taxation hardly to be tolerated by so intelligent a class of denizens; and we apprehend that, by and by, endurance will be thought no longer a virtue,—especially as the human party seems to be rather the less intelligent if not numerous of the two.

Hyænas and crocodiles appear to be an aristocracy in this part of the world; for the natives, instead of eating them or either of them, or even hanging them up, 'dressed and undressed, with their skins on,' in the stalls, treat them, as well as themselves, with rats. A family which entertained the travellers on the inland route had hospitably kept a crocodile in a sort of pig-pen seven years, upon rations of five rats a day; and the boys valued him so highly, that as the greatest courtesy they could show Mr. Lander, they offered to run down behind the hut and catch him half a dozen young crocodiles of the first water. He was under the disagreeable necessity of declining the favor, not having vehicles to accommodate so large a party. A few other incidents, which occurred about the same time, go to explain the singular dearness of the better kinds of animal food. The people were particularly fond and proud of their swine, sheep and poultry, so that they very generally ate, drank, and slept in common with them; and the pampered animals, having their manners ruined by flattery, insolently nosed the travellers about in all directions, hundreds together. In one case, though the country was covered with them, not a morsel of that excellent food they are in duty

bound to furnish, could be obtained, for love or money. In another, the inhabitants, understanding that Englishmen were much given to devour chickens, and that, 'dead or alive, they would have some,' if they could, forthwith hastened to secure and confine the whole feathered community, the moment the travellers entered the village. The latter would have been chicken-hearted, truly, to resent a merely defensive movement; and they, therefore, with the philosophy which does so much credit to their countrymen in all situations, invariably contented themselves with wild game, yams, new milk, goats-meat, eggs, cocoa-nuts, and small beer.

There can be no better illustration than the territory of the Niger furnishes, of the extraordinary influence which soil, climate, and other external circumstances have, sooner or later, upon the social and civil character of a people. These Africans have had, most of them, no intercourse with civilized nations, and none of them so much as almost all our American Indians. If not greatly inferior, they are not superior to that race in native intellect; and as to their habits of thinking, it is universally characteristic of them that they act altogether from impulse, whereas the Indian is quite as remarkable for acting altogether from principle. But, setting aside the original differences of genius, and the original causes of them, whatever they may be, what a contrast is there in location and the immediate effects of location, between the two! In many respects, indeed, the same causes have led to the same customs. The African cowrie is almost identical, as a *coin*, with the Indian wampum. The medical art of both consists alike of roots, bathing, blistering, and charms. The extreme ignorance and credulity of both are equally imposed on by the mallam and the powah, with all their varieties of grimace, disguise, feigned madness, real impudence, and legerdemain. Both paint, sacrifice, build and use canoes, torture, feast, fast, keep themselves sober when compelled, and get drunk when they can. But in almost all those matters which indicate the gradual advance from perfect savagery to barbarism, and from barbarism to civilization, the talkative, thoughtless, yam-eating, sanguine Africans have exceedingly the vantage-ground of our intelligent and independent fellow-countrymen in the backwoods, with all their demureness, dignity and deliberation.

The latter, until after a long intercourse with foreigners, knew little or nothing of the useful metals; using clam-shells

for knives, bark for baskets, stone for weapons; and even fitting the slow-wrought tomahawk with its handle by hanging it upon the green branch, and waiting for a growth sufficient for the aperture, at the very time when they were trampling under foot the scarce covered iron of Pennsylvania and the gold of Carolina. They had and still have, with few exceptions, no domestic animals but the dog. They wore skins and furs for clothing; and went but half clad at the best, under one of the severest climates on earth. North of Mexico they had no cities,—no towns north of the Cherokees,—no markets, no schools, no division of labor, no diversity of ranks but such as the most radical democracy chose to create, and mainly no arts but those absolutely indispensable to subsistence and simple attack and defence.

We look for the explanation of these things in a stern sky and a sterile soil. The earth produces but little spontaneously, and pays but a small bounty on a difficult and tedious cultivation. The savage, therefore, always indolent, leaves the drudgery of his pitiful agriculture to women, and lives by fishing and hunting, which have at least the charm of adventure. But, to subsist thus, he must have a broad range of woods and waters, especially where the game is very wild and rather sparse. Population is scattered, perhaps in the ratio of an individual to a square mile. Society is broken up. Tribes must be small. Each, in his solitude, must be independent of every other: and after all, such circumstances will not only soon give him a sullen, suspicious, selfish character, but will really leave him very little leisure, and less inducement to use the little he has to any considerable purpose. As to arts, his skins and furs are the best as well as cheapest clothing in his climate; and for other luxuries, what time has he to conceive or contrive them, and what inducement to do so if he could? He builds, hunts, eats, fights, and sleeps: he has followed his instincts and gratified his appetites; no man has heard him complain, or seen him weep or wince under suffering; and this is enough,—'it is good,'—he dies, and is forgotten.

The African is not so satisfied, and has reason not to be so. The earth, air, sea, streams, and woods, around and beneath, pour out to him an easy and healthy subsistence at his very door. He needs little or no vesture or shelter. Of course, he has leisure enough to desire more just in proportion as he demands less. Good living and good health, and genial skies,

stimulate the animal spirits ; and a crowded population, in the same circumstances and with the same sanguine and sociable disposition as himself, furnishes all the opportunity of excitement which his passions and whims may suggest. Restlessness, avarice, ambition, vanity, natural affection, affability, all spring up, and must be gratified. People throng together in towns and cities, and at fairs and festivals in the country. Distinctions of rank arise from distinctions of wealth. The arts are encouraged by all these circumstances together, and by the liveliness to which they all rouse the faculties of invention. The African has no wants to think of, and he imagines as many as possible. He dresses, dances, sings, sports an elegant canoe, prides himself on his horse, goes to market twice a week, drinks too much palm-wine as often, lies down to sleep in the shade, and wakes to follow the same routine of noise, novelty and nonsense, from his cradle to his grave.

Some of the extracts already given from the Journal indicate the extent to which the Niger tribes have carried agriculture, and various mechanic arts. Their canoes in some parts of the country are large, elegant and commodious ; and though made of a single tree, built up with sides of plank, sheds are raised in them, with circular roofs, in which fires are kindled, food prepared, and men, women and children and all manner of domestic animals accommodated,—very much, we suppose, as they once were in the Kentucky arks,—so that 'merchants are enabled to travel, with their wives and household, several days up and down the Niger,' without landing. Iron staples supply the office of pitch, hemp and tar.—Rabba is famous for very beautiful mats and sandals. Other articles are supplied by their neighbors of Zagōzhi, an account of whom will serve to illustrate the general advance of civilization.

'The cloth which they manufacture in common with their countrymen, and the tobes and trousers which they make, are most excellent, and would not disgrace an European manufactory : they are worn and valued by kings, chiefs, and great men, and are the admiration of the neighboring nations, which vainly attempt to imitate them. We have also seen a variety of caps, which are worn solely by females, and made of cotton, interwoven with silk, of the most exquisite workmanship. The people here are uncommonly industrious, be they males or females, and always busy, either in culinary or other domestic occupations.

In our walks we see groups of people employed in spinning

cotton and silk; others in making wooden bowls and dishes, mats of various patterns, shoes, sandals, cotton dresses and caps, and the like; others busily occupied in fashioning brass and iron stirrups, bits for bridles, hoes, chains, fetters, &c.; and others again employed in making saddles and horse accoutrements. These various articles, which are intended for the Rabba market, evince considerable taste and ingenuity in their execution.'—Vol. II. pp. 84, 85.

Even the fine arts are not neglected, and least of all dancing and singing. At Layaba, a little below Boossà,

'In the evening, the inhabitants of the town assembled outside our house, to amuse themselves by dancing and singing in the moonlight; for, notwithstanding all their misfortunes and oppressions, they never refrain from indulging with all their hearts in these sprightly and thoughtless entertainments. Every dancer held in each hand a cow's tail; they were all dressed grotesquely, and a great quantity of strings of cowries encircled their legs and bodies, which made a loud rattling noise by the violence and celerity of their movements. They sang as they danced, and excited, by the oddity of their gestures, loud clappings of applause, and bursts of laughter from all the bystanders. The spectacle was exceedingly ludicrous: we have rarely witnessed so much jocularity and thoughtless gayety; and we have seldom laughed so much at any native exhibition. Though the performers panted from want of breath with their exertions, they yet continued their darling exercises, as is usual with them, till long after midnight.' —Vol. II. pp. 39, 40.

This accomplishment is patronized by all classes and ages. The old chief of Egga is an example of one extreme, and the Kakafungi boys of the other.

'The old man advanced proudly into the ring, with a firm step and a smiling countenance, and casting upon us a glance full of meaning, as if he would have said, "Now, white men, look at me, and you will be filled with admiration and wonder,"—

"He frisked beneath the burden of *five*-score;"

and, shaking his hoary locks, capered over the ground to the manifest delight of the bystanders, whose applauses, though confined, as they always are, to laughter, yet tickled the old man's fancy to that degree, that he was unable to keep up his dance any longer without the aid of a crutch. With its assistance he hobbled on a little while; but his strength failed him, and he was

constrained for the time to give over, and he sat himself down at our side on the threshold of the hut. He would not acknowledge his weakness to us for the world, but endeavored to pant silently, and suppress loud breathings, that we might not hear him.'—Vol. II. p. 115.

'Late in the evening, when our people were asleep, the sound of singing tempted my brother to go out alone, and he soon discovered a little group of thoughtless, happy creatures, amusing themselves by dancing in the moonlight to the sound of a large drum. He described their dance as being very different from that practised in Yarriba; their motions being sometimes swift and violent, and sometimes slow and graceful; their gestures expressive of mild delight rather than vehement passion, and remarkable for propriety. They appeared to be singing something very comic in recitative, and kept time by clapping their hands. My brother's intrusion was of no importance to them, for the party still kept up their dance with as much spirit and good-humor as before.'—Vol. I. p. 225.

The natives have a peculiar taste for instrumental music, if music indeed it be; and no public occasion can be suffered to pass off without as much noise as some ten or twenty lusty fellows can possibly make upon all manner of horns, drums, fifes, bells and clarionets. At Wow,

'Two of the principal persons came out to meet us, preceded by men bearing large silk umbrellas, and another playing a horn, which produced such terrible sounds, that we gladly took refuge, as soon as we could, in the chief's house.'—Vol. I. p. 85.

One potentate condescended to take lessons from John Lander, on the English jews-harp; but, although he spent a whole evening in his awkward attempts, and a ring of his admiring countrymen encouraged every appearance of success with prodigious shouts of applause, the undue size of his majesty's mouth, and the length of his teeth, proved to be obstacles which no ambition could surmount. He wheezed away several hours to no purpose, and abandoned the undertaking. At Katunga, the chief enlivened the *paláver* by employing a stout fellow to whistle; and when he sent out an escort to meet the travellers, Richard Lander says,

'I sounded my bugle, at which the natives were astonished and pleased; but a black trumpeter, jealous of the performance, challenged a contest for the superiority of the respective instru-

ments, which terminated in the entire defeat of the African, who was hooted and laughed at by his companions for his presumption, and gave up the trial in despair. He hung down his head, remained silent, looked extremely silly, and did not venture to put his horn to his mouth again till he imagined his companions had either overlooked, or in some measure forgotten his defeat. Among the instruments used on this memorable occasion was a piece of iron, in shape exactly resembling the bottom of a parlor fire-shovel. It was played on by a thick piece of wood, and produced sounds infinitely less harmonious than "marrow-bones and cleavers."'—Vol. I. p. 162.

In regard to education, it must be admitted that the Africans can boast of little superiority over the Indians. The only thing among them purporting to be a school, so far as we can learn, is attributable to the Mahommedan Mallam; and the entire process, from beginning to end, is only a repetition of prayers, which, however, seem to imply reading, writing and spelling. In this vocation they are truly zealous. The children of the respectable class at Egga, for example, are placed, at a very early age, under the schoolmaster's charge. For several years, they rise every morning between midnight and sunrise, and are studiously employed in copying the prayers by lamp-light, after which they read them to the master successively, commencing with the eldest. The Mahommedans, who constitute a considerable part of the population almost universally, are exceedingly vain of their literary accomplishments, and those of their children, and not unfrequently witness, with great satisfaction, the displays which the latter make of their progress. The general criterion of excellence appears to be in the lungs and larynx; that youth being considered the most promising, and caressed accordingly, who, in reading, can make his shrill bawling cadences heard to the greatest distance in the open air. To this discipline, probably, is owing the extreme vociferousness of the adults, which astounded the Landers so often, and which was so valuable to the proprietors in supplying the office of a speaking-trumpet on the water, and a fish-horn upon land.

The African governments much resemble those of the ancient Virginian Indians, being less democratic than those of our more northern tribes, and less permanent than the Mexican. Generally, the power is hereditary; but the ruling chief is not, by that custom, prevented either from electing one of his family to

succeed him, or from abdicating his authority whenever he sees fit. He has many privileges and perquisites of station, including horses, a body-guard, a band of musicians, a bigger hut, more cows' tails and other paraphernalia, more wine and more beer than any of his subjects; besides which, he exercises as much despotism, with as much impunity, in legislation and the administration of justice, as leaders chosen or tolerated by democracies generally do in other parts of the world.

The old historian, Beverly, says, that a Virginian sachem, at a solemn conference with the English, being *interrupted* in his speech by one of his own subjects who unfortunately forgot custom in a fit of anger, instantly cleaved the offender's head in twain with his hatchet, and then, deliberately wiping the blood from the edge of it, returned the weapon to his girdle, and gravely proceeded with his speech. Even our northern chiefs assumed both judicial and executive powers with as little hesitation. King Philip shot down a man who proposed peace with the English. Tecumseh, whose manners were far from ferocious, being insulted at Vincennes, by a deaf Pottawatamie called the Dead Chief, took no notice of him at the time, nor even looked in his face; but, after finishing a conversation with a white man, gave orders to his satellites which saved all further trouble,—the Dead Chief being never afterwards heard of.

So that famous Seneca, the Little Farmer, meeting, during the last war, in the streets of Buffalo, in a spy's disguise, one of the tribe who had been living in Canada, ordered his attendants to kill him on the spot. They refused, and murmured loudly against the command. Fire flashed in the eye of the old warrior. 'I am ashamed,' said he, 'I am ashamed that a Seneca will refuse to do justice. I will show you who the chief is.' He addressed the spy, and bade him prepare for death. The poor fellow knew him but too well. He drew his blanket over his head, with an Indian's dogged resignation, and sat down. The Farmer brained him at the same moment.*

Just such is the African manner of doing business. Our travellers often complained to the chiefs of the intolerable curiosity of the people, who thronged about their miserable little lodging-places, night and day, whenever they undertook

* We have this anecdote from a gentleman well acquainted with the Senecas during the last twenty years.

to sit or sleep, till they were scarcely able to breathe. 'Cut their heads off,' said the chiefs, and the influence of the Englishmen was sometimes necessary to prevent the adoption of that summary course. Their priests and other favorites take the same liberties. At Ephraim-town, the village-doctor was tied neck and heels with one of the Duke's wives, and thrown into the river, as a punishment for making more visits to the lady his patient than was thought politic by his Grace. In another case, a boy was sentenced to death for stealing a bit of Manchester cotton from his sovereign; and at the same village the travellers were relieved from too much society by a guard of stout cudgellers, who laid about among the visiters in a manner which soon left little to be desired.

This union of despotism and democracy, the extremes of which always meet, is a principal cause of the *slavery* which is another universal characteristic of the African policy, more peculiar to themselves than any yet mentioned. Messengers sent to collect tribute or taxes, in default of payment seize upon any stragglers from the community in debt, for slaves, with as little ceremony as a Yankee constable escorts a rioter to the penitentiary. Hard labor out of prison is more obvious than hard labor within; and all culprits, therefore, who are not executed, become vassals, or villeins, much after the old fashion of England.—This class includes a large number of sorcerers, wizards and witches, who at other times are dealt with according to the civilized code in such cases provided. Still another source of slavery is war, whereby, population being abundant, and warlike arts and arms quite harmless, many more prisoners are taken than drops of blood shed; and these too must be disposed of in the cheapest and safest way. Hundreds are sometimes enslaved thus at one time, though an instance is alluded to in the Journal, wherein a violent contest of seven years, between two rival potentates, resulted in no other loss on either side than the capture of one old woman. The slaves are generally well treated, the most unfortunate being those miserable wretches who are conveyed down the river for the supply of the trade on the coast. Occasionally, they constitute as much the larger part of the whole population, as in ancient Athens, or in some of the West Indies at this day; in one kingdom, no less than four-fifths.

On the whole, the Africans of the Niger are certainly much above absolute barbarism; and yet, in many points wherein,

according to our theory, their external advantages have not operated equally in their favor, they are degraded proportionally beneath even those whom they otherwise excel. Their dwellings are generally almost unfit for the swine and vermin who hold them in joint-tenancy with themselves. Sacrifices, tortures, the dooming of widows, polytheism and polygamy are more or less in vogue. The people are ferocious in some parts, filthy in others, and extremely simple, credulous and superstitious in all. In array and revenue alone, the rulers have an advantage over the Indian chiefs; in personal dignity and domestic comfort they are not to be compared. An English shed is a palace, in contrast with their best houses; and, indeed, the travellers thought most of them much less tolerable than an indifferent 'pig-sty.' One of the best was precisely in the shape of the roof of a barn inverted, with only a hole through the inward apex for the emission or admission of smoke, light, rain, air and scorpions. Leaving various other minutiæ to the reader's imagination, we may say of the African *cities* that their size is their chief recommendation, and confirm the remark by extracting our travellers' sketches of Bajiebo and Zagōzhi. Both are situated on the Niger.—The former being one of the most populous marts on its whole length, we allow it the precedence in description.

'For dirt, bustle and nastiness of all kinds, this place, we think, can scarcely be exceeded. For two hours after our arrival we were obliged to wait in a close and diminutive hut, till a more convenient and becoming habitation could be procured for our reception, and the pleasure of the chief with regard to us should be known. Here we were visited by a number of the inhabitants, consisting both of Falátahs and Noufanchie (Nouffie people). Among the former was a sagacious and intelligent old man, who has travelled a long, long way on the Niger, even beyond Timbuctoo; and he states, that that town is several miles from the banks of the river. We were sadly incommoded by these visiters, who scarcely allowed us to move or breathe; which, joined to the heat of the weather and the insufferable stench, rendered our situation truly comfortless and distressing.

'We were at length removed from this horrible hole, and conducted to a hut in the heart of the town, in which wood fires had been burning the whole of the day, so that the wall was almost as warm as the sides of a heated oven, insomuch that it could hardly be endured. Yet, to render it more unpleasant still, a large, closely-woven mat was placed before the door-way, in

order to prevent a thousand eyes from staring in upon us: this excluded every breath of air.'—Vol. II. pp. 43, 44.

As for Zagōzhi,

'The town is built on a bog, for such it appears to us, and it lies so close to the water, that in fact hundreds of huts are literally standing in it. So little regard do the people appear to have for what is termed comfort, that they suffer the walls of their dwellings either to fall to pieces, or permit large chinks and holes to remain in them, which freely admit the wind and rain; while the floors, which are made of earth or clay, are so soft and damp, that a slender stick may easily be thrust into them by the hand to any depth.'—Vol. II. p. 83.

We cannot dismiss these exceedingly entertaining volumes, without a passing acknowledgment of that noble liberality which, for the last half century in particular, has distinguished the British Government, and not less the Association for promoting African discovery, in their movements upon that continent. Some of them indeed have been attended with deplorable calamity, and many have ended in disappointment; but the more honor, for these very reasons, belongs to the perseverance which has at length triumphed over all obstacles. Hereafter, the Niger will be as accessible a haunt of the steam-boat, as the Missouri has just been shown to be to the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and for some time to come, accessible to a much better purpose. An immense trade will be carried on with the Africans, opening a new and vast avenue for foreign manufactures and foreign navigation. Such, at least, should be the ultimate result; for where is there, on earth, a people more easily to be civilized, or a country filled with such inexhaustible materials for industry, wealth and commerce? The slave-trade, indeed, must be swept from the coast, before many advances can be made. But what surer mode can be adopted for that end, than to seal those prolific sources of the curse which exist in the indolence and ignorance of the abused natives, and to fortify them in better habits by the protection and the interest of a legitimate traffic? Certain it is, under present circumstances, that no more promising system is likely to be set in motion; and certain it also is, that the evil in question never was more flagrant than it has been during the last fifteen years. Something has been done; enough indeed by the Liberian Colony alone, to indicate the true course to be pursued. But na-

tional legislation, and a few cruisers and prize-courts of limited jurisdiction, are not destined to accomplish the object. Nothing short, we conceive, of such a final civilization as will make agriculture and honest trade more honorable and profitable in the eyes of the natives than the traffic in slaves, and nothing less than an actual occupation of the exposed coast meanwhile, can be reasonably expected to rescue this rich and fair region from the ferocious iniquity which has been so many ages gloating over its barbarism, and gorging itself with its blood.

ART. V. *American Forest Trees.*
Sylva Americana. By D. J. BROWNE. Boston. 1831.

The word *Sylva* can never be pronounced, without recalling the memory of Evelyn, who, retired and unambitious as he was, has long been numbered among the benefactors of mankind. It was no small service, to recommend the cultivation of ornamental trees, as a happy and elevating employment for men of leisure and fortune. Many a desolate village has been covered with beauty, and many a fiery street of the city shaded, in consequence of the enthusiasm inspired by his memory and example. Much too has been added to the glory of the visible world and the sources of philosophical contemplation, by taking these lords of the forest from their retirement, and placing them before the eye: for what nobler object can there be, than a tree which has battled with the storms of ages, and still calmly waves from it the assault of the mightiest gales, standing in lofty independence, and throwing wide its protecting arms, as if it were offering shelter and shade to generations yet to come? It is true there are many, to whom they would have little value, if regarded merely as materials and suggestions of thought; but there are none, to whom their usefulness does not make them important. Man must resort to them to build and furnish his dwelling, and then solicit their friendly shield to defend him from the summer sun. In winter, he must resort to them again; and they are ready to cast away their verdure 'to let in the sun,—and to light up his dwelling with their cheerful fires;' like feudal vassals, willing either to live or die in the service of their chief. Even nations also

are compelled to lean their mighty arms for support upon the neglected trees of the wood; the oaks which Evelyn planted, aided to bear the thunder of England in the bright chain of victories which ended at Trafalgar. It is consoling to think how much can be done by men in private stations for the benefit of their country and mankind. They are apt to feel as if their power was too limited to carry any responsibility with it; as if their voice died away upon the air when they spoke, and they could give no impulse beyond the reach of their arm; and yet here is an example of a man of private station and moderate fortune, who lived two centuries ago, and who is still successfully exhorting men to make themselves useful and happy in the way which he recommends, so that his advice and example are still forming characters, inspiring labors, and securing services to mankind which would otherwise be wholly lost. We should be glad to know the name of the statesman of that age, of any party, Cromwell or Clarendon, whose influence is thus felt at the present day, either in the world at large, in his own country, or in any human breast.

In this country, the example of Evelyn is likely to do more in future than in his own, unless some great change takes place in the internal condition of England. We are told that ten years ago there were but twenty thousand landholders in England, setting aside the Clergy and Corporations. The mere tenants at will have no interest or ambition to plant trees, without the hope that their descendants will sit under the shade; or rather, the reflection that they have no spot of ground which they can call their own, prevents their taking an interest in any kind of improvement. In this country the state of society is as different as possible: there are hardly twenty thousand in any territory of equal extent with England, who are not proprietors of land, or freeholders. There the nobility and gentry, if they chance to be men of taste, are too much engrossed with politics, or the pleasures of the capital, to find much gratification in pursuits of this kind; there are some who set a worthy example, but there cannot be many to follow it. The success of Sir Henry Stuart, in Scotland, who converted a barren heath into a noble forest, might strike the imagination of thousands; but the great proportion of those who would be most desirous to imitate him, would probably be those who were not proprietors of land sufficient for a grave. Owing

to our different circumstances, we are confident that such writers will do more for this country than their own. Our climate is more favorable to this kind of vegetation; we need it to generate and preserve moisture, and to shelter us from our summer suns, which burn with fiercer heat; we have more room to allow them, and our forests are so crowded, that there is less temptation to hew it down for the fires. But all such considerations are less effectual, than the pride which every man feels in his own paternal acre. Even if he have but one, he desires to have it such as to attract the passing stranger's eye, and to bear a comparison with the estate of his richer neighbor in taste and beauty.

We speak of the natural tendency to improvement; we do not mean to say that this taste is by any means universal, even in this portion of our land. The suggestion of Cicero, that every man thinks he can live a year, is true here as well as elsewhere. He is therefore willing to plant his field or garden, from which he can reap the fruit, while he feels less inducement to plant trees which he may never live to enjoy. We have inherited little taste of this kind from our fathers. Besides that their whole life was a warfare with the forest, and that land was not considered cleared till it was bare as the sea-shore, it was evidently no particular object for them to cultivate trees near their mansions, as a convenient stalking-horse for the Indian marksman. Their children, as a matter of course, followed their example, though the necessity for it no longer existed. Even now, the pioneer of civilization begins his improvements, as he calls them, by cutting down every tree within gunshot of his dwelling; and when, at length overpowered by the solicitations of his wife or daughter, he reluctantantly proceeds to plant, the result of his labors appears in a few long leafless poles, standing in solemn uprightness waiting for the miracle of Aaron's rod. But it is sufficiently evident that a better taste is growing among us, owing partly to the exertions of individuals, and partly to the natural tendency of growing prosperity and ambition. Our forests offer us treasures, such as few lands can rival and none can possibly exceed. We are told that in the United States there are one hundred and forty species of forest trees of the larger size, while in France there are but thirty of the same description, of which eighteen enter into the composition of the forests, and seven only are employed in building. The wild splendor of our

woods in autumn, their green lights and shadows in spring, the heavy grandeur of their evergreen masses with the snow above them in winter, or the fine outline of their naked arms against the sky, never fail to strike the most careless observer of nature: interest follows the first emotions of surprise; that interest deepens as he becomes acquainted with the wondrous revelations which science opens in every plant that the earth bears, and his natural impulse is to surround himself with these noble works of heaven. And this is easily accomplished; for though, as Evelyn says, 'the aspen takes it ill to have his head cut off,' this is not the case with most other trees, which submit to the operation with perfect indifference, and even after being mangled in root, branch, leaf and flower, will flourish and reward the hand that transplants them. Or, if his native trees are too common to be beautiful in his eyes, he has only to send to foreign countries, and as there are few trees like the home-sick palm-tree, which 'will not quit its place of birth,' they will come, regardless of the voyage, and grow contentedly in a climate very different from their own. This interest, so easily satisfied, when once awakened is not likely to decline, and this labor is suited to prevail extensively, because, like virtue, it is its own direct, immediate and sufficient reward.

But apart from the interest which an employment of this kind easily and naturally awakens, these objects acquire a strong hold on the affections: man learns to love his contemporary trees. We have often thought that the mysterious feeling awakened in the Swiss soldiers by hearing the Ranz des Vaches, was owing to the distinctness with which the strong features of their native scenery were impressed upon their minds: the frowning rock, the dashing river, the cloudy ridge were clear and visible forms in their memory, and the breath of a song was sufficient to touch the delicate spring, and make the whole vision start up into their souls. In the same way the memory of the absent fastens itself to the tree which shaded his father's door, which still retains all its greenness in his imagination, though the children who once played in careless happiness beneath it have long since been separated, both in place and heart, and the aged man who sat in his arm-chair, looking thoughtfully upon them, has long ago rested in the grave. We may any where observe that natives of places which have any remarkable objects of this kind, feel a stronger local attachment, —more pleasure and pride in their home, and far more interest

in public improvement, than those who have no such landmarks for the memory: for example, the elm on the common of our city, which is said to have been carried there on a man's shoulders in 1721, is now not more deeply covered with foliage than with venerable and pleasing associations.

The fact is that these must be the monuments of our country. Mrs. Trollope, disappointed at not meeting with Parisian manners in our western steam-boats, looked out for baronial castles upon the Alleghany mountains, and was indignant to find that no such vestiges of civilization appeared. Doubtless we should rejoice to have them; but since the privilege is denied us, we do as well as we can without them. But this defect, great and serious as we confess it is, cannot reasonably be charged upon popular institutions; and the pious thankfulness which she expresses at being delivered from republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his high military cap, remarked that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low-crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head. These things are evidently chargeable to circumstances over which we have no control. And yet had we such ornaments on every height, we fear that too many who regard comfort more than taste would remark, like her countryman at Rome, that 'the ruins were much in need of repair.' But we must endeavor to prepare ourselves against the coming of all future Trollopes, by providing such monuments as our forlorn condition admits,—not such as the elements of nature waste, but such as they strengthen and restore. Almost all other monuments leave us in doubt whether to regard them as memorials of glory, or of shame. The Chinese wall is a monument of the cowardice and weakness of those who raised it: they built walls, because they wanted hearts to defend their country. The Pyramids of Egypt are monuments certainly of the ignorance, and most probably of the superstition of their builders: the cathedrals are monuments of a corrupt religion, and the same baronial castles, the want of which we never deplored till now, are monuments of a state of society in which every thing was barbarous, and are witnesses by their still existing, that the art of war, the only science thought worth regarding, was but wretchedly understood. To us it seems that Chaucer's oak and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, the oak of Alfred at Oxford, and the one in Torwood forest, under which Wallace first gathered

his followers in arms, are as worthy and enduring memorials of great names and deeds, as any that can be hewn from the rock and built by the hands of men. The tower, as soon as it is completed, begins to decay ; the tree, from the moment when it is planted, grows firmer and stronger for many an age to come.

We are the more earnest to recommend this cultivation to our readers, because in this country it can seldom be more than an incidental employment: there are few so situated as to be able to make it the great business of their lives. We are often told that this was the employment of man in paradise: it was so, but those who say it should remember, that the air of paradise did not prove favorable to moral energy and virtue ; it was made clear, in the case of our first parents, that a state of peaceful enjoyment and unmixed prosperity will never answer for man. He must have labor of body and mind; he must have duties and trials ; he must associate with his fellows, in the race with the swift, and the battle with the strong ; he must have his powers unfolded in the broad sunshine of social life, and his feelings disciplined by those disappointments and sorrows which abound in the places where man contends with man, before he can ever become that useful, happy and glorious being which our religion tends to form. We do not recommend this cultivation, therefore, as an epicurean indulgence, but rather as the employment of hours which would be otherwise lost. When Dumbiedikes charged his son 'to be aye sticking in a tree when ye have naething else to do,' he probably, considering the habits of his son and heir, thought it equivalent to a charge to make it the business of his life. We would give the same advice to our readers, understanding, however, that they have other employments, like Evelyn, who, though in a private station, was one of the most active and useful men of his day.

We would not say that this cultivation is more important than that of fruit trees, but they carry their own recommendation with them : the most unrelenting destroyers of forest trees spare the others, because they can be of service only when living, and are of no value in the market when dead. The virtues of the trees of the forest are not felt by all, though they are open to every eye. The cultivation of fruit trees is left to the care of men, because they have an inducement to engage in it which can be universally understood. Their seeds are generally such as the peach-stone or the apple-seed, which can-

not spread without human care : they are meant to be gathered, and not to vegetate beneath the tree on which they grew ; while the trees of the forest, which would be less likely to find friendly hands to render them this service, are provided for by the parental care of nature ; their seeds are light, easily dislodged from the tree, in some instances provided with wings to bear them away on the winds of heaven, where they can be arrested in their flight, borne down to the earth, and beaten into the ground by the summer shower. The difference in their forms is also well worth observing. The trees which offer their fruits to men are generally low and easily climbed ; they grow with less towering height and less gigantic proportions : while the trees of the forest, which stoop to no burdens, rise and spread, as if glorying in their independence of man. It may generally be observed, also, that the law of compensation prevails in this and all other departments of nature. The flowers of the field are more beautiful than the vegetables of the garden ; and, in like manner, the difference between the trees of the forest and those of the garden is that of sovereigns and slaves. As much interest as could be expected or desired is now taken in the cultivation of fruit trees, and it will soon be well rewarded. Evelyn expressed a wish, that every man might be compelled by law to set out fruit trees on the borders of the public roads, for the benefit of the wayfarers ; but there is much reason to doubt, whether this class of worthies would confine themselves within the limits indicated by the law of Moses, reasonable as it is : ' when thou comest unto thy neighbor's vineyard, thou mayest eat grapes thy fill at pleasure, but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel ; ' or rather, they might be too much taken up with obeying the first of these provisions to pay much attention to the last. We shall be content, therefore, to see the highways fringed with trees which will not lead them into temptation, and will offer a still more abundant shade.

We are glad to see works offered to the public, which call their attention to the subject ; and since the great point is to excite a general interest in it, the author judges well, who calls attention to the whole subject,—to the physiology, as well as cultivation of trees. To study Botany according to the common practice, is an inversion of the order of nature ; some knowledge of the organization of plants is absolutely necessary to prepare the student to pursue the study with interest and

success: and it is well known to those who have paid any attention to the subject, that all the improvements in the practical department, in successful planting and cultivation, have been made by men who were most intimately acquainted with vegetable physiology; who knew the use and importance of the various parts and organs, the nature and effects of soil, climate and season, and various other circumstances which require to be taken into view, but are in general unknown or disregarded. Nothing can be more grotesque and inhuman than the common process of a husbandman in transplanting a tree. His first step is to behead it, which, however intended, is an act of kindness to put it out of its pain: he then deprives it of the organs of respiration, both buds and leaves; and last of all buries the root with as much haste and carelessness as if it were one of the cholera victims. So wonderful an exploit was it considered, to preserve the spark of life in a transplanted tree, that, as some of our readers may remember, a worthy in this region many years ago became celebrated for his powers, being supposed to have some gift of nature, like Sullivan for horse-breaking, or Prince Hohenlohe for healing. Every tree was supposed to gain life and vigor from his touch; and such was the fame of his success, that he was summoned to all parts of the State, to practise in these desperate cases. In the wane of life, when the season of profit was over, he revealed his secret to a friend, and it appeared that his miraculous power in saving trees from death, consisted in rescuing them from the hands of their murderers. He did not suffer the tree to be deprived of its head, so important a part of the system of all living things; he gave a decent burial to the roots, and secured the stem by a stake from being shaken by the winds; but, more than all the rest, he was careful never to undertake the important trust except when the wind was west and the moon was new. We do not consider the astronomical and meteorological part of his prescriptions quite so essential as he did, but we would recommend an acquaintance with vegetable physiology as essential to success. How little this is generally understood, any one may ascertain by a few inquiries of those whose business makes them familiar with the woods. We remember once requesting an individual who had passed his life among trees, to take a basket and gather some of the seeds of the elm, for the purpose of forming a small plantation. He seemed doubtful for some time whether the request was made in

jest or earnest; and at last confessed that he had passed thirty years of his life, without knowing till that moment that the elm had any seed.

Beside the importance of this study just alluded to, it is a delightful one even for those who have no practical acquaintance with trees; it contains some of the most wonderful marks of design and preparation, of Divine creative skill and seemingly intelligent action, where there is no mind within to direct it, which can be found in any part of nature, eloquent and ample as it is in its testimony to Him who made it. We shall not enter into the comparison between the properties of plants and the instinct of animals, our knowledge of both being quite too imperfect; but to us, whether from accidental prejudice or not we cannot say, none of the contrivances of the animal world seem so surprising, as the manner in which vegetables, confined as they are to a single spot, are able to gather food for their subsistence, to protect and restore themselves from injury, to prepare for all the changes of season and climate, and at the same time to exert a constant action for the benefit of man, and in fact of all nature. The root, for example,—nothing can be more surprising than the manner in which it forms itself and spreads, so as to give the tree precisely the support and subsistence which it requires. If the soil or season be dry, it increases its nourishment by throwing out more fibres. The fibres themselves turn and move in the direction where moisture is most readily found, so that in the well-known instance of the plane-tree mentioned by Lord Kaimes, the roots actually descended the wall from a considerable height, in order to find subsistence in the ground below. The fibres continually suck from the soil with their spongy mouths water impregnated with whatever substances the tree requires; and even after the stem is dead, they continue this action for a time, that the gathered moisture of the roots may accelerate their decay. The manner in which the stem rises and hardens itself to resist the elements, is equally striking. The new wood of the sapling is compressed by the new layer which covers it in each succeeding year, being thus compelled to shoot upwards, and at the same time to grow firm and strong. While the wood is thus formed by accessions from without, the bark increases by layers from within, which swell it till it bursts, and becomes the rough external garment of the tree. The new layers of wood contain the channels through which sap is conveyed to

the leaves, like blood to the lungs of man. The leaves, formed of the fibres of the stem spread out and connected by a delicate net-work of green, are filled with veins and arteries, through which the life-blood flows. They are formed in the summer, to expand in the following year; packed up in their buds with wonderful neatness and precision, covered with brown scales to preserve them from the frosts of winter, and, if need be, coated with varnish, which excludes the air and moisture through the season of danger, and melts in the warm sun of the next year's spring, allowing the verdure to break forth at once and cover the tree. The early sap steals up the moment the sweet influences of Pleiades loose the bands of nature. When this has opened the buds and nourished the young leaves, the maturer sap rises, holding the food of the tree in solution, and passes directly to the leaves. These retain what they want and dismiss the rest by evaporation, which, like the insensible perspiration of man, is necessary to the health of the tree, but cannot take place without the friendly action of the sun. In the leaves, the sap is prepared to form part of the substance of the tree, and is then distributed by vessels passing principally through the bark and partly through the latest formation of wood. It is from this returning sap, that the various gums and similar substances drawn from trees are secreted, as tears and saliva in the human system are secreted from the blood. The manner and effect of respiration through the leaves, is not the least singular part of these operations. They absorb oxygen from the atmosphere during the night, to combine with the carbon in the sap and convert it into carbonic acid; the action of the light decomposes the acid, and, while the carbon is deposited in the returning sap, the oxygen is exhaled in the air. This is only returning what the leaves had borrowed from the air: it however would be sufficient to prevent injurious effects from vegetation, similar to those which animals suffer from the air which they have breathed in a confined room for any length of time; and it shows that the presence of plants, though injurious in the hours of darkness, is perfectly harmless throughout the day.

So far from being deleterious in its effects, the respiration of plants, of the million trees, herbs and flowers is actually beneficial to the air: they are constantly purifying the atmosphere, tainted as it is with the breath of animals and the presence of decay. For the oxygen they give to the air is not merely

what they borrowed: they repay the debt with interest. The oxygen, which was drawn from the soil in the sap, is exhaled at the same time with the other. It is matter of wonder to notice the effects produced both by its presence and departure. When it is exhaled in the sunshine, the carbon, deposited in the leaf and combining its dark blue with the yellow tissue, produces green, from the first pale tinge of spring to the rich deep summer shade; and when, as in the closing year, the leaves absorb oxygen by night, and lose the power of exhaling it by day, it destroys the green and produces the wild and fanciful wreaths by which autumn veils for a season the sad reality of its decay;—a splendid confusion of tints which is seen to more advantage in our country than in any other, and is not the least part of the beauty by which trees recommend themselves to man.

It is interesting to observe the manner in which trees, as the year declines, prepare themselves to resist the cold and to battle with the winter storms. They seem like vessels closing their ports, tightening their cordage, and taking in their sails, when only the veteran seaman would know that a tempest is on the way. They drop their leaves, bind close their trunks and suspend their vital movements, as soon as they hear the first whispers of the gale. The substance of the tree retains an even temperature throughout the year: it draws the sap from a depth, where it is colder in summer and warmer in winter than the external soil. The bark, too, a slow conductor of heat, serves to retain its warmth; and the tree seems to make this preparation, as if it knew that, should the cold penetrate and burst its vessels, it will surely die. It gets rid of its superfluous moisture as soon as possible, the danger of frost being increased in proportion to the water which it contains; for, as our cultivators know from the sad experience of the last winter, a sudden cold after a wet season is very apt to be fatal; but, except in extraordinary times, they contrive to secure themselves so effectually, that the severest winter cannot destroy them. Meantime the fallen leaves, unlike all other vegetable decay, seem to aid in purifying the air. Any one who has walked through a forest after the fall of the leaf, must have observed the sharp peculiar smell of its decay. In short, every thing about these lords of the wood is striking to a thoughtful mind. Their graceful and majestic forms are pleasing to the eye; their construction and internal action excite the curiosity

and worthily employ the mind; they breathe health and fragrance upon the air, and in many, probably many yet undiscovered ways, declare themselves the friends of man.

We will not dwell further on particulars of this kind, which many of our readers already know, though they well deserve attention; but we can urge men to do something for themselves more successfully, perhaps, if we show what is done for them by the liberal care of nature. And this appears in the manner in which the seeds of trees preserve their living principle, and resist decay. They may be transported to any distance, and preserved for almost any length of time. This, however, is not peculiar to the seeds of trees; those of frailer plants are equally suited in this respect to the convenience of man. If buried too deep in the ground for the heat to act upon them, they do not vegetate; but if, years after, accident brings them nearer the surface, they are ready to spring and grow. This is often seen in gardens, where long-lost plants are recovered in this way; and fields, where grain has not been sown for nearly half a century, have been covered with it in consequence of being ploughed deeper than usual. We are told that wheat, taken from an Egyptian mummy, has vegetated and is now growing; and even a bulbous root, which more resembles a bud than a seed, has grown readily after having been preserved in a similar way for not less than two thousand years. It is in this way, undoubtedly, that we must account for the fact which has been thought so difficult to explain, that when a forest is cleared away in the summary manner so common among us, it is succeeded by an entirely different growth. The seeds must have remained treasured under the soil,—a benevolent provision of nature, to cover the place with verdure, as fast as man makes it a desolation. And the same kindness appears in the provision made for the geographical distribution of trees. We have already alluded to the winged seeds, which any one may observe in the plane-tree, or in fact in most of the trees of the wood. Elevated as they are, the wind acts freely upon them, and bears them in every direction. Birds also are the means of distributing many which could not be dispersed in the air: they swallow the berries, and restore the seeds uninjured. So wide and rapid is their flight, that young grapes are sometimes found in the crops of pigeons, caught here at a season when our vines are hardly in leaf. The trees often seen growing where no human hand could have

planted them, are generally such as have been sown by birds. Tavernier remarks, that birds from distant islands swallow the ripe nutmeg, and throw it up undigested; so that a tree springs from it, more luxuriant than such as are planted by human hands. All animals bear a part in this great work of nature. The Indians believed that the squirrel employed his leisure hours in planting nuts for the benefit of man. Mice are equally philanthropic and unwearied in their exertions. It would be a shame to men, if they should do nothing for themselves, when all nature, living or inanimate, is thus engaged in their service. Trees transplanted from one soil and climate to another require care undoubtedly, but they will do much to naturalize themselves. Men certainly have done something, and wherever they have exerted themselves have been rewarded with perfect success. Though Providence has given to every region the vegetation most essential to its wants, a great proportion has been added to every civilized country by human care. Cæsar is said to have brought the chestnut from Sardis into Europe, an act by which he rendered more service to mankind, than by all his battles and victories. Many of the finest of our ornamental trees were originally imported; as for example, the Chinese Ailanthus, which endures our severest winters without protection. But so long as the treasures of our own forests are neglected, we would not recommend to our readers to go abroad for that variety which they can easily find at home. They can follow the example of the old British planters, and search out the virtues of what they already possess. 'The loppings and leaves of the Elm,' says one of them, 'when dried in the sun, are preferred to oats, by cattle.' 'Beech leaves, gathered about the fall, before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world.' 'The keys of the ash, when young and tender, make a delicate pickle; its bark is the best for tanning nets, its wood for drying herrings and for burning in a lady's chamber.' There are many discoveries yet to be made, by which attention may be rewarded.

The manner in which the wants of men are provided for is finely illustrated in this department of nature. Every thing appears when and where it is wanted. Sharon Turner has pointed out a pleasing instance of this in the sacred history of the world. Seeds, as is well known to cultivators, vegetate best in darkness, and till this change is commenced, are injured if not destroyed, by the presence of the sun. Accordingly, in

the history of creation, we find what would generally be thought an inversion of the order of nature: the vegetation is said to have begun before the sun made its first appearance in the sky; that luminary was not created till its action was needed to develope the leaves and flowers. Similar examples of prospective care may be found in our country, where great changes are crowded into narrow spaces of time. When civilized man first came to these regions, the forests were ready to feed his gigantic fires; and the same process which was necessary to clear the land for cultivation supplied him with comfort for his miserable dwelling, which could hardly be warmed by any thing less than a conflagration. Before the field could be subdued, the forests abounded with game, and the rivers with fish. But the moment these resources were no longer needed for food, the beasts began to retire from the forests and the fish from the streams, as a sort of intimation to man, that they supported him only so long as he could not live by his own exertions. And now, in the populous parts of our country, where the hands of all can be profitably employed, and such resources would be no better than temptations, there is nothing left to invite or reward any sportsman, save only the forlorn and desperate fisherman, who wanders, like a ghost on the banks of the fabled river below, exulting in a nibble and beside himself with joy at the capture of a minnow. But civilization diminishes the wood; and then, those who spend fortunes in the discovery of expedients for cheap fuel,—who, as was said of Count Rumford, 'will not be content till they can cook their dinner with the smoke of their neighbor's chimney,' though they do not often benefit themselves, certainly aid to prevent ravages and waste of the woods. Meantime the treasures of coal begin to come to light; not perhaps in every part of the country, but where they are within the reach of all; for the free communication which all public improvement requires between all parts of the land demands its rail-roads and canals, and does not cease till the boat or the car can lay down its burden almost at every man's door.

It would seem, from the accounts of geologists, that we are indebted to vegetation for a great proportion of the materials which are now generally used for fires. In the peat bogs of Scotland and Ireland, the remains of large trees are very abundant: they must have originally fallen with age, and by damming streams, made the soil unfit to support vegetation;

so that whole forests fell and were buried under gradual accumulations of vegetable matter. When the levels of Hatfield Chase were drained, vast numbers of trees of all kinds were found buried under the soil, which were overthrown probably by the Romans, in order to drive out the natives who had taken shelter in them. In the peat mosses of Scotland, the pines which have been buried for ages, embalmed in their turpentine, retain their freshness; similar remains are found in various parts of England. In many of these bogs are seen the marks of successive formations: the oak is found in the lowest stratum, and in some parts of Scotland, where at the present day oaks are dwarfish if they grow at all, they are found of very large dimensions. This stratum of peat is said to be very little inferior to coal. In the second stratum, there is a much greater variety of wood; but birch and hazel are the prevailing kinds. Where there is a third stratum, the principal portion of the wood is alder. Though the peat is but little valued in this country where other fuel still abounds, there are regions in which it is very important; and we find, according to the suggestion we have made, that in countries where woods have been wasted so that now they are almost gone, and where the transportation of coal would be expensive, if possible, these remains of ancient forests have been kept by the arrangement of Providence, as a buried treasure, within the reach of man's wants, but safe from his devastations.

Many of our readers know that coal, with the exception of anthracite, is supposed also to be of vegetable origin. Geologists are not agreed upon this subject; but in some formations there are evident remains of vegetable matter, and some believe they can trace the successive changes from bituminated wood to coal. De Luc believes that the coal formations are the peat bogs of the ancient world, which had become inundated with sea water. The fossil peat, he says, differs from coal only in not having been mineralized, and not having ferruginous masses in the strata above it. It is believed that the same action of water which changed vegetable matter into peat, can, after considerable time, produce the further change to bitumen, and that the whole process can be traced from the vegetable to peat, peat to lignite, and lignite to coal. Thus it appears, that a great proportion of men are now making use of the remains of an earlier vegetation, which has been preserved for their benefit by the unmerited liberality of nature.

We say the unmerited liberality of nature, because men are strangely wanting to themselves in these respects. It is natural enough, that the first settlers of a forest region should take summary measures to clear the soil for cultivation; but to keep up a wild waste, both with axe and fire, long after the soil is subdued, is not so natural for those who have common sense to govern their actions. The western hunters, who would kill the buffalo for his tongue, are not more merciless than the 'lumberers' of Canada. A party engaged in a lumbering expedition provide themselves with axes, provisions, and cattle, and proceed to the spot chosen for their winter encampment, which of course is established where the pine timber most abounds. Here they build their log-hut in the usual extemporaneous manner, with a hole in the roof for a chimney, and pine branches for beds, on which they sleep with their feet towards the fire. The person employed as cook, provides the breakfast before day-light, if that name can be given to the meal, which they never partake till they have paid their morning devotions to the bottle. After breakfast, they separate into gangs, one of which cuts down the trees, another hews them, and the third conveys them to the water. Thus they are employed, till the streams are swelled by the melted snow in the spring, when they make the logs into rafts, and are compelled to be so much in the water that they contract a determined hostility to that element, which lasts as long as they live. This however is not very long; for their employment is almost as fatal to themselves, as to the trees they hew. Parties of this kind are fast destroying the best vegetation of the northern forests; but careless as they are, they are not half so destructive as the clearing fires. Kindled without regard to any thing beyond the immediate purpose of clearing a few acres, it does not occur to the engineer, that it may possibly spread beyond them; he takes it for granted that the fire, like the other agents he employs, will be likely to do less rather than more than he requires. Thus it often spreads into a conflagration which the floods cannot drown, and the growth of centuries sinks in a day, a scorched and blackened ruin.

This process is conducted on a smaller scale, as the country advances; not because men grow more thoughtful in regard to future wants, but simply because less is left to destroy. Even now, whoever visits the northern parts of New England at certain seasons, is almost sure to see flames climbing the

hill sides, and long red lines of fire reflected in the waters by night. Beside the vast tracts of forest, which are thus perhaps necessarily sacrificed,—beside the immense quantities of wood, annually built up in houses and vessels and consumed in fires, our steamboats are every year increasing in numbers, and making vast demands upon the forests of the country. And yet, though the remark is frequently made, that all this must have an end, no one ever seems to feel that our forests are not inexhaustible. In the reign of Edward first, the nobility of England, whose delicate senses were offended by the use of coal, procured an order from the King that nothing but wood should be used. Perhaps at that day, such an order might be obeyed, but there has not been a period since, when the comfort, prosperity, and even existence of England, have not rested upon her mineral treasures. The time must come, when our drafts upon the forests of our country must be dishonored, unless some attention is paid to this neglected subject. Wood must be used for various purposes, which anthracite coal has not yet been found to answer. If many tracts, which are now given to unprofitable cultivation, were allowed to cover themselves with this vegetation again, the husbandman might labor to more advantage in narrower bounds, and the country would not be obliged to give up an article, the want of which it would be extremely difficult to supply.

Some other countries, which have begun to feel the inconveniences of this privation, have bestowed a degree of attention upon this subject, which would seem incomprehensible to many of our countrymen. The Germans have established forest schools, in which are taught all things relating to this kind of vegetation, and the culture and management of forest trees. This system it would be impossible to introduce among us at present, at least upon a similar scale; for the Germans, thorough in every thing, include a considerable range of sciences in the forester's education, embracing not only what are indispensable, but all that can aid him in his pursuits; whereas among us, an acquaintance with the art of wood-chopping would be the only qualification required by public opinion. In France, where the forests supply nearly all their fuel in the form of wood or charcoal, a very rigid system of economy is enforced by law. In England, during the existence of the Republic, the forests were hewn down without mercy, and sold by men in power for their own advantage; in France, on the contrary, during

the Revolution, the public forests escaped the fury of the storm. In consequence of their enactments, and the strictness with which they are observed, it is calculated that the supply will always equal the demand. In England, this matter is left to individuals, with the single exception of securing the largest timber for the navy; and in this country also, the only way to produce a change in this respect, is to impress the necessity of such attention upon the people at large. Our government has lately shown some little regard to the preservation of timber. It is said that every ship of the line requires all the good wood which can be found on fifty acres of woodland. As the ships decay long before the forest can grow again, and our navy must be constantly increasing, it is certainly time that something efficient should be done. Our government, however, is a mere expression of the popular sentiment; and unless some conviction of the necessity of care should generally prevail, it is in vain to expect our rulers to regard such matters. Even if they should, they have no power to compel: the individual must be wrought upon by a regard to the public good; a principle, which acts but seldom and sparingly, unless connected with some small hope of personal advantage. There are many who show, though they do not avow the feeling of him, who said, that he should think it time to do something for posterity, when posterity had done something for him.

The business of cultivating trees and supplying their places as they are cut away, is not one that can be wholly left to nature; for, liberal as she is, she seems sometimes to grow weary of offering her bounties where there are none to regard them, or none who will regard them. Forest trees, hardy as they are when they have reached a considerable height, are tender in their infancy, and require considerable care. If such care is given, they reward it liberally; but if it is not given, there are cases in which whole forests have perished, and left a wilderness where they stood. The earth needs them to shelter it from the extremes of cold and heat, to maintain and treasure the moisture, and to produce certain changes in the air; and wherever they perish, the earth suffers, not only their loss, but the loss of all the advantages which they afford to vegetation of all other kinds, to say nothing of the loss to man. The bogs of Ireland, desolate as they are now, were once covered with wood, and the same change has taken place in Lapland and the northern islands. In America, many vast tracts at the

north, which are now desolate, were, according to Indian traditions, which there is no reason to doubt, once covered with gigantic trees. Scotland in modern times has been noted for its deficiency in this kind of verdure. When Dr. Johnson lost his walking-stick, and was assured by way of consolation that it would be found again, he refused to be comforted, thinking that no doubt it would be found, but that it was equally certain he should not find it; for how could it be expected, that any one who had possessed himself of such a stick of timber in Scotland, could restore it? It would imply supernatural virtue; and yet, in these very regions, not only the trunks and roots of trees are found in the bogs, but the roots of large oaks and even mouldering trunks are found on the surface, where they are unacquainted with the living tree. It is believed, that not only the soil, but the climate, has suffered a serious change by reason of this loss. It probably was owing to neglect, which produces the same effects with wanton violence upon the face of nature; and we know not why other countries may not suffer in the same way, if they do not pay some regard to these blessings, which, if divinely planted, still need the care of man.

It was the apprehension with which Evelyn witnessed the waste and neglect of the English forest trees, which induced him to write his Sylva, a work which turned the public attention to the subject. The government had become alarmed at the growing want of timber, which was employed in furnaces, glass-houses and mechanical works of various kinds, when coal would have answered every purpose; and was still more diminished by the practice of cutting down forests to raise money from exhausted estates, which was done by those who would never have thought of doing any thing to supply the wants of future generations. By pointing out the wonders which were hidden in every tree; by making men sensible of their importance to health and comfort, as well as to national defence and glory; by showing to the eye of taste how easily it might secure perpetual gratification with small expense or labor; by teaching rich men that here was a way in which they might secure a growing inheritance to their children, while at the same time they served others,—he undoubtedly produced a vast change in the general feeling, and not only prevented waste of the resources which already existed, but was the means of providing new, to meet the wants of coming ages. Though we have as yet had no one in this country to prepare a similar

work, suited to our circumstances and recommended by the authority of patient and successful example, we are ready to welcome every attempt of the kind. The work before us is not precisely what we should have desired, but is well planned and in many parts well executed, and we have no doubt will be widely circulated and will aid to produce the effect we are desirous to see. We hope that the time is not far distant, when the streets and squares of our cities will be crowded with forest trees, and will proudly display to the stranger how much they are indebted to our native woods; when the resting-places of the dead, which are now too often left in a state of desertion and neglect, which offends every delicate and sacred feeling, will have trees looking down in thoughtful majesty above them; when the roads through our country shall offer shelter and shade to the traveller, provided by the voluntary care of land-holders, and not the stern compulsion of law; when each dwelling, however humble, shall have its patriarchal tree spreading its protecting arms above it, to be hung with tender and sacred recollections, not like garlands which wither, but like the dodder on the oak, which strikes a thousand roots and draws its nourishment from the tree. Whenever this shall be, the change will not be more favorable to the aspect of nature, than to the character and feelings of men. This is the excellence and glory of such improvements, that man, as he becomes more refined, improves the face of nature, and nature in its turn acknowledges the obligation by softening, purifying and exalting the feelings of man.

This work commences with a dissertation on Vegetable Physiology, in which the striking facts of that science are stated with clearness and precision: they are necessarily compressed into small limits, that the work might not be too large for the popular taste, but not so much condensed as to be obscure. But while some parts of the work deserve high praise, others appear as if they had been executed by a different hand. In the account of trees, for example, it is said of the White Spruce, 'its trunk is more tapering than the Black Spruce, and like which, is a regular pyramid, but less branching and tufted.' This is certainly an error in printing, but it is strange that it should not have been discovered: it is an unfortunate one, because we find shortly after, in the account of the same tree, 'It flowers in May and June, which are succeeded by reddish cones.' A similar expression is repeated in the description of other

trees. We see nothing in the rest of the work, which would make us charge these things upon the author; they appear to have proceeded from a different hand; but as no haste in the preparation nor any other circumstance can excuse him from the responsibility, we would advise him, when this work reaches a second edition, to revise it in every part. If we believed that these things indicated the attainments of the author, we should have no hesitation in speaking of them in a tone of censure; but as they strike us differently, though we cannot account for their existence, we feel bound to say as much; while at the same time we are aware that they are found in the part of the book which the reader would first open, and are among the first things that would strike his eye.

The author has generally followed Michaux in his account of the trees of our forest. We are much indebted to this intelligent foreigner, who visited America twice to complete his undertaking; the first time as an enthusiast in science, and again in a public capacity, being employed by the French Government, with a spirit which did them honor, to explore the forest mines of our country. His work, though splendid and expensive in its execution, was extremely popular in its plan, and seems to have been prepared more with a regard to the useful arts of life than to scientific distinctions. The act of another government has thus rendered eminent service to our land. He offers hints for the improvement of our forests, by pointing out what kinds should be encouraged and what destroyed, saying, that of two tracts of forest trees, the one from which the bad sort should be cut away would be worth fifty per cent. more than the other, when both should be cleared some years after. Neither is this a matter in which every cultivator can decide for himself, without the aid of scientific observers. We know, on good authority, that with all the experience of the English planters, they were, for a long time, sorely deceived in the oak, their favorite tree, having mistaken the *Quercus Sessiflora* for the *Quercus Robur;* a serious error indeed; for the timber of the former is loose and liable to decay, while that of the latter is the firm staff which supports the arm of English power. The meaner species is supposed to have been introduced from the continent, where most of the oaks are of that description. The Quarterly Review assures us that the impostor was vigorously propagated in the English forests, and that there was good reason to believe that the outcry respecting dry-rot,

which was constantly heard from the English dockyards, was owing to this unconscious and unhappy substitution. It is said that the real Scotch fir has been supplanted in the same way; the seed of the spurious kind, as is usual in such cases, being much more abundant and growing more easily than that of the true. We know not why similar errors may not prevail among ourselves, where we are less on our guard and where there are less sagacity and skill interested to detect them. At any rate, the tree which is suited to one soil would degenerate in another, and we need the scientific observer to inform us what kinds can be cultivated to most advantage. Doubtless there are many cases, in which labor is lost and hope disappointed, by the attempt to raise plantations in soils unfriendly to them, but favorable to some other growth; and the mistake is not discovered till it is beyond repair, or till the hands that made it are in the dust.

Among the great variety of oaks in our country, are some very beautiful and useful trees. None however, except the all-important Live Oak, is equal to the English Oak; and the probability is that the latter, which has been successfully introduced, will soon be extensively cultivated. We do not know that it loses any part of its excellence in our soil, and by retaining its leaf till December, it is ornamental through a greater portion of the year than ours. The White Oak, which most resembles the European oak, is the kind most valued for its uses. It is not equal to the Live Oak for ship-building, though it is much employed for that purpose; but for all the ordinary demands of life it is incomparably more important, and, as usual in such cases, is more within the reach of all; the Live Oak not being found north of Virginia, but the White Oak growing in more or less abundance in every part of the United States. Michaux describes twenty-six species of this tree; but so various are the popular names, one might suppose that our country afforded more than twice that number. Almost all are used for important purposes of life; but the White Oak is most valued for fuel as well as other uses, and therefore, considering the improvident manner in which it is cut away, will cease to abound in coming years. None of these species are extensively cultivated for ornament or shade, though nothing can exceed the beauty of their leaves. The reason is, that they are not easily transplanted; and the common impression is, that their growth from the acorn is exceedingly slow. We have cultiva-

ted the English Oak, which grows rapidly from the seed; and we suspect that this is one of those prejudices which subsist for ages, because no one attempts to ascertain whether they have any foundation.

Such an impression, generally prevailing, has done much to discourage the cultivation of the White Elm, which is the most graceful and majestic of our trees. White Elm we call it, in submission to Michaux, whom the author of this work has followed, though we strongly doubt whether our readers ever heard it distinguished by that name. It is better suited for ornamental purposes, because less valued for the domestic and mechanical, and because it is exceedingly rapid in its growth; so that we have known many instances, in which those who transplanted or spared the sapling have lived to sit under the towering and gigantic shade. The Red or Slippery Elm is also a fine tree, and as it delights in a dry station, while the other prefers a damp alluvial soil, is well calculated for places where the common elm could not be cultivated to advantage. The intervale grounds near the Connecticut river afford some of the noblest specimens of the common elm, some of them many feet in diameter, and of the finest forms, which have risen to their glory almost within the memory of man. This tree affords a beautiful example of the provision of nature, by which the ends of the roots, the mouths of the plant, are liberally supplied with moisture. They spread beneath the surface as far as the circle where the drooping branches lean toward the ground; and the rain or dew which gathers on the leaves and branches is drained from the tree, and falls to the ground in the precise place where the roots are ready to receive it. Whether a tree be wanted to shade a dwelling, to fringe a road, or to ornament a public square, we know none better suited to the purpose than this: its appearance is grand and solemn, but without gloom. The foreign elm, which is cultivated in many parts of our country, is better to shade a burial place, on account of the depth and blackness of its foliage; and since the Weeping Willow is liable to be destroyed by our northern winters, and therefore, beautiful as it is, cannot be recommended for that purpose in this region, there is no tree more proper and expressive than the foreign elm to overhang the cities of the dead.

The various kinds of ash afford trees of great value, and also of beautiful foliage and forms. The Mountain Ash, which

is so generally cultivated, is of a different family, though somewhat resembling it in the quality of its wood. It was formerly in high repute as a spell against witchcraft; but now it is valued simply for its beauty, which it retains in the desolate season of the year, when its red berries, if judiciously planted among evergreens, afford a splendid contrast of their fiery glow with the deep and death-like shade. The White Ash is used for every purpose in which strength and elasticity are required. The Blue Ash answers similar purposes in the Western States, but is unknown along our shores. The Black Ash is a familiar tree in our Northern States, and grows abundantly in damp soils; but being less durable than the other, is used for making potash, for which its ashes are wonderfully well adapted. The Red Ash supplies the wants of our Southern States. Perhaps it would not be well to recommend the ash as an ornamental tree; and the same may be said of every other, the wood of which is in much demand. There are always those whose taste, if they have any, is not allowed to stand for a moment in the way of gain; and if the father should have sufficient public spirit and refinement to plant for the benefit of his successors, his children, influenced by the most universal and most despicable of all the passions, may be very easily tempted to defeat his designs for the benefit of others. Avarice is as inconsistent with any cultivation or indulgence of good taste and feeling, as light with darkness, or life with death. In other countries reverence for antiquity is stronger than ours, where the same spot is seldom the residence of successive generations. Here, trees have few traditional associations to protect them, and are very easily sacrificed, unless the law of taste, enacted by public feeling, makes it barbarism and sacrilege to cut them down.

The maple is the tree to which our forests are most indebted for their splendor in the decline of the year. For the reason just mentioned, the White Maple, called in the Atlantic States the Soft, and in England the Sir Wager Maple, is to be preferred as an ornamental tree; the wood being little esteemed, and the sap, though used for sugar, being less abundant than in the other kinds, and the silvery white of the lower surface of the leaf contrasting finely with the bright green above. It is sometimes in our region confounded with the *Acer Rubrum*, which passes under the various names of Red-flowering, Swamp, Soft and Scarlet-flowering Maple. This latter tree is much admired in

Europe, and well deserves it. Its blossoms are among the earliest ensigns of the spring, spreading out their deep red clusters in such profusion, as to cover the tree long before a single leaf appears. The fruit which succeeds is of the same color and beauty, particularly on the banks of ponds and low grounds, where its brilliant scarlet never fails to attract the traveller's eye: again in the autumn the same tinge dyes the fading leaves, and gives them the appearance of flames kindling along the borders of the wood. This, however, is almost too valuable for other purposes to be recommended as an ornamental tree; for, beside its general uses, which are well known, one of its varieties affords the Curled Maple, which is so much used for gun-stocks and household furniture. In old trees, the fibres, instead of being straight, are undulated, and give the wood that wavy shade which becomes so rich under the cabinet-maker's hands. But of all the kinds of maple, the *Acer Saccharinum* is most valued, and perhaps forms the noblest tree. It is variously known by the name of Hard, Rock and Sugar Maple, in the United States, and is called *Erable Sucré* by the Canadians, who were in the habit of extracting the sugar, and sending it to France to be refined, nearly two centuries ago. In order to procure the sap, the tree is bored to a small depth with an auger, and tubes are inserted, through which the sap flows into troughs or buckets; and so abundant is it, that a tree of ordinary size will yield, in the course of the season, nearly thirty gallons. The most extemporaneous preparations are all that are commonly made for this operation, consisting simply of a large boiler and an axe to cut the wood. The sap is boiled with a brisk fire, and as the quantity diminishes by evaporation the kettle is kept constantly supplied, till the syrup is in a state to crystallize, when it is strained and permitted to cool and harden. The molasses is made by discontinuing the boiling sooner, and in the usual way by drainings from the sugar. As the sap flows at the beginning of March, this work is done when the husbandman's time is not required for other labor; and it is certainly an example of the usual bounty of nature thus to supply his wants, before the increase of population and internal improvement brings the products of other countries to his door. The supply of course diminishes when no longer required, and the tree is then cultivated for its clean and cool shade, which is always beautiful, but never so striking as in the waning year. It must, however, be rescued for this purpose from the hands

of the artisan ; for beside that it affords him a variety of Curled Maple, resembling that of the *Acer Rubrum*, it furnishes also the Bird's-eye Maple, as it is called, formed by a peculiar inflexion of the fibre. The Black Sugar Maple, or Sugar tree, which is often confounded with this by botanists and cultivators, does not differ from it much externally, except in the darker color of its leaves. The Mountain Maple is little more than a large shrub, and the Striped Maple, or Moose-wood, though a tree of fine appearance, is too small to be of much value either for its wood or shade. The others, when transplanted, have not so secure a hold on life as the elm, but many prefer them as affording a deeper shade.

Among the fruit-bearing trees are some admirably suited to ornamental purposes, such as the chestnut, which is stately and noble, and particularly striking when its blossoms 'burst from their forest bowers.' But the people of New England would as soon think, to use their ancient proverb, of employing a chestnut-burr for an eye-stone, as a fruit tree for purposes of shade. But this and the *Juglans Squamosa*, or Shell-bark Hickory, are well adapted for this purpose, and their fruit would form no material objection to them, if the experiment were fairly tried. The latter is the common Walnut, which supplies our tables, children and squirrels. We suspect that some readers will be surprised to learn from this work that 'it is unknown north of Portsmouth in New Hampshire, and even there, its vegetation being impeded by the rigors of the climate, its stature is low and its fruit small.' With due submission to Michaux, we are persuaded that we have gathered this fruit near that parallel of latitude with much satisfaction in our younger days, and climbed trees of that description considerably higher than we propose ever to climb again. It is sometimes called the Shag-bark, but the name Shell-bark Hickory is not in common use in New England. The *Juglans Cathartica*, or Butter-nut, is very generally cultivated, partly for the sake of its fruit, and partly for its shade. Its branches spread in a horizontal direction to a considerable distance, and at last rest upon the ground, affording a spacious tent under which troops of children may pursue their sports, completely sheltered from the sun.

There are those who will have nothing but a cheerful shade; and this is offered them by the *Platanus Occidentalis*, better known by the names of Sycamore or Button-wood, a tree of

vast dimensions and very rapid growth in Massachusetts, though here it never approaches the size which it reaches near the rivers of the West. Much as the Oriental Plane-tree is admired in Europe the American is thought to give a finer and more ornamental shade. But as this abounds in New England, it is less esteemed than the Liriodendron, also a tree of bright and cheerful foliage, with the additional grace of flowers. This is not common in Massachusetts, though it grows wild near Connecticut river. Michaux speaks of its most common name as Poplar, but we must confess that we have never heard that name applied to it in any region of the earth to which our travels have extended. Whitewood is its most general name at present, but this is giving way to Tulip-tree. This magnificent plant has the double merit of being rare in our cities, and at the same time easily obtained, and its cultivation will probably at no distant time supersede that of the Plane-tree.

For a cheerful shade, none would exceed the *Robinia Pseudacacia*, known by the name of Locust or Yellow Locust; the velvet green of its foliage is delightful to the eye, and its rapid growth recommends it to those who desire a quick and airy shade. But it is melancholy to one who regards such things, to pass through New England and see the fate of this tree; hard and solid as the wood is, it is eaten throughout and in all directions by the larva of a moth, so that its trunk is ragged and decaying in appearance, and its branches broken by the wind. There are plantations which have escaped at present; but the evil is so general that we despair of preserving the tree, since not even the semblance of a remedy has yet been suggested by practical experiment or scientific research. This is the more to be regretted, from the nature of the soil which the tree prefers. It chooses such as are light and barren, and therefore unfit for most others, and seems to thrive luxuriantly in the sands, and annually pays its ground-rent, by covering the soil with its leaves, which form the most fertilizing substance known in agriculture. Michaux transferred the Locust to France, where it grows without injury from this destroyer; and thus foreign lands seem likely to enjoy the benefit of this invaluable wood, after it is lost to its parent country. Its use in ship building, in which it is found stronger than Live Oak, and lighter than the Red Cedar, while it is as durable as either, and in making fences, where its posts will outlast all others, cannot be supplied. The Rose-flowering or Glutinous Locust, a tree which

produces its rich flowers sometimes twice in the season, is suffering under the attacks of the same destroyer, and we shall probably be obliged to surrender one of the finest ornaments of our gardens. The Sweet Locust, or Three-thorned Acacia, has escaped thus far, and will be cultivated for its elegant foliage and its rapid growth, though it affords no shelter from the sun. Where a light screen is wanted to obstruct the sight in a measure, while it admits the sun and air, this will be found a very desirable tree. It is now cultivated for hedges in many parts of New England, but we are assured by some, on whose judgment we rely and who have tried the experiment, that such hedges are wanting in the two most essential properties of a hedge, and afford neither beauty nor protection. It does not compare with the *Rhamnus Catharticus*, or Buck-thorn, a plant first applied to this purpose by E. H. Derby, Esq. of Salem, in this State. Whoever has seen hedges of this plant, properly managed, will allow that neither the Haw-thorn nor any other can bear comparison with it in any respect for which a hedge is wanted. It was said of Evelyn, that 'he had the honor to be the first who brought the *Alaternus*, (a species of *Rhamnus*) into use and reputation, for the most beautiful of hedges and verdure in the world, and propagated it from Cornwall to Cumberland.' We have no doubt that the Buck-thorn will come into general use before many years, and he who first suggested it will be acknowledged to have rendered good service to our country.

The more delicate trees of our southern climates have been much cultivated in New England, but we are inclined to think, to but little advantage. The Catalpa, where it has room to spread and lean its long branches toward the ground, is certainly ornamental, particularly in the time of its large and showy flowers; but if a gale come to try the strength of the boughs, or a severe wind lift the bark, the planter regrets that he had not given the same care to the hardier tree. The Magnolias are liable to similar objections, in our northern climates; since, though they do sometimes flourish, those that escape are few in number compared with those that are destroyed, excepting the *Tripetala* and *Glauca*, the former of which grows with tolerable security under the shade of large trees, while the latter, a fine shrub, will endure our seasons in almost every exposure. In fact the only place in Massachusetts where it grows wild, is in a swamp on Cape Ann, where it must be exposed to more

zephyrs than a tender plant could well bear. If gay flowers are desired, why not cultivate the *Pavia Lutea* or *Ohioansis*, the latter of which, though an evident horse-chestnut, still goes by the name of Buck-eye? Our country is remarkable for the variety of names given to almost every tree; thus for example, the *Magnolia Glauca*, just mentioned, is called the Small Magnolia, Swamp Sassafras, Sweet Bay, White Bay, Swamp Laurel, and Beaver-wood, titles as numerous as our most modest learned societies confer upon their honorary members. The *Pinus Australis*, a tree unknown to New England, passes under the names of Yellow, Pitch, Long-leaved, Broom, Southern, Red, and Georgia Pitch-pine, while, as if for the sake of a pleasing variety, our common White Pine, *Pinus Strobus*, is variously denominated Weymouth, Sapling, Apple and Pumpkin.

In our opinion, no tree of our forests, except the grandest object it exhibits, a hemlock leaning with age, is so magnificent as the tree last mentioned. Its form is bold and towering, and its foliage distinguished for its soft and peculiar green; nothing exceeds it for height and gigantic proportion. Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, mentions one which was cut down near the Merrimac, and measured seven feet eight inches in diameter. The height sometimes reaches one hundred and eighty feet. Happily for its security, this tree does not abound in resin; that article in New England is found in the *Pinus Rigida* or Pitch-pine, which has no beauty to recommend it to the eye. The tapering spire and light green of the Larch, known also by the names of Hacmatac and Tamarac, make it a graceful addition to plantations, particularly in damp soils. The name Hacmatac is also given to the *Thuya Occidentalis* or *Arbor Vitae*, which grows in Maine and New Hampshire. This in turn is often called White Cedar, a name which belongs to the *Cupressus Thuyoides*, which in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina is called the Juniper, while in New England the name Juniper is given to a shrub, *Juniperus Communis*, which never rises into a tree. Thus is introduced a confusion as agreeable as that by which the names Partridge, Quail, and Pheasant, are transposed in different parts of the country. That elegant tree, the *Abies Balsamifera*, is not only known by its most proper and expressive name, the Silver Fir, but also by that of Fir Balsam and Balm of Gilead; while this last name is applied to the *Populus Candicans*, a tree as unlike as possible to the former, and which certainly does not

need it, being already equipped with the titles of Black Poplar, Tacmahac and Heart-leaved Balsam. But we have no time to dwell longer upon this part of our subject. It is sufficient to say that our forests will afford the planter every thing he can desire; and by contrasting the light glancing ripple of the aspen leaves with the dark and steady calm of the evergreen, or the deep glossy oak-leaf with the silken pine; by blending lights and shadows, and contrasting graceful and delicate with lofty and commanding forms; by requiring the mighty to shelter the weak, and placing the humble under the protection of the high; by adapting the vegetation to the character of the ground, and the hill, plain or valley, in which it is to grow; and, though last, not least, by mingling the trees in such a manner as to secure the richest variety of autumnal colors, he may produce effects, which, though not the result of lavish expense and laborious preparation, shall enchant the eye, and improve the heart.

The great proportion of those who pay attention to the business of planting in this country, seem to do it mechanically, with the single object of collecting trees in sufficient numbers, and without regard to the circumstances just mentioned, or in fact to any principles of taste. If the enclosure be small, it is bordered by trees in regular file and at equal distances, arranged with military precision; or if the improvements are made in a wider field of action, the trees are gathered by a press-gang and left to themselves, as if they could choose positions best suited to their habits and natures. Those who can embrace forests in their plans are few in number; and where any conduct their improvements on this extended scale, the woods are still so extensive in our country, that they are seldom obliged to resort to the slow process of transplanting. A forest is a grand and imposing object, whether rising on the hill side like the galleries of an amphitheatre, or resting on the smooth and even plain; and reminds us of the ocean, not only by the hollow sound that sweeps through its caverns, but by the bays and indentures that vary the line of its borders. But in this country we need groves more than forests, and clumps and thickets more than groves; and the manner of arranging these, so as to lose the stiffness and formality of art, to secure the favorable points of prospect, and to shut out whatever might offend the eye, and to bring together in their best proportions the variety of colors and forms in nature, are refinements which at present

have excited but very little attention, though there is hardly an estate of the least pretension, in which they are not called for. Scarcely any one ever thinks of what is called the composition of the scene.

As this branch of the subject does not come within the design of the work before us, we shall not dwell upon it here. If a man desire to improve the appearance of his estate, he naturally wishes to enjoy the result of his labors as early as possible; and if his object be to improve the village road and burial place, or the streets and squares of the city, he will not have patience to plant the seed, nor will any trees, except such as have gained considerable strength and size, be able to endure the rough treatment to which they are necessarily exposed in public places. But the business of transplanting trees already grown is so laborious, expensive and slow,—so much care is required, and so little given, without the constant presence of a superintending eye; so many trees wither and die at once and so many linger on in a sickly and discouraging state, holding places which might be better filled, and, after all the care that has been given them, disappointing the planter's hopes at last, that those who commence the undertaking with enthusiasm are apt to give it over in despair. It is therefore very important to establish and make known some rules upon the subject, which shall prevent such waste of labor, money and time; and if this could be done, it would secure to the public the benefit of many such improvements; for there are those who would have spirit enough to make them, if they could do it with a reasonable assurance that their exertions would not be thrown away. We believe that there is much more public spirit existing every where, than we see displayed in this or any other way; for no man attempts an enterprise with vigor unless he is confident of success, and so many endeavors of this kind have failed, that few have any very inspiring hope of raising arches of shade, which shall make those who come after him approve his taste and bless his friendly hand.

The art of transplanting is old enough to be better understood than it is. It is one of those things which, because it is easily done, is seldom well done. It is well known that the Greeks and Romans were in the constant habit of removing trees and even plantations of considerable size, without observing any other rule than that which is now in common use among our planters, who trim the branches in proportion to

what the roots have suffered in the operation. Count Maurice, of Nassau, when governor of Brazil, chose a naked island for his residence; and by removing trees in great numbers, some of them fifty years old and more, soon covered it with verdure and beauty. Similar attempts were made in Europe, some of them of a still bolder character, the trees being transplanted in mid-summer. Evelyn observes that huge oaks had been removed in France before his day. Louis XIV. was a great transplanter both of trees and men, but unfortunately he removed the trees with as little regard to principle, as he manifested in removing the men. In these attempts, a ball of earth was carried with the tree, which added considerably to the weight, particularly when the earth was frozen. All these improvements required great expense and labor, and were ways in which the wealthy showed their power rather than suggestions of taste and a love of nature.

The well-known experiment of Sir Henry Stuart was the first attempt at decided improvement, and like most other valuable discoveries was not owing to accident, but was the result of scientific inquiry into the subject. It seemed as unnatural to him to mangle and hew the tree before its removal, as to amputate the limbs of an emigrant before he leaves his country. It is true there must be sufficient root to convey support to the stem and leaves, but if the root be preserved unmutilated, so may the stem and branches; and it may be so preserved, either by taking up the whole or by cutting off the ends of the larger roots in the preceding spring. They soon throw out fibres, and convey the same nourishment as before, though they spread in a narrower circle. Being thus contracted into a small space, it requires less time to dig round and raise them; and, as the place to receive the tree is previously made ready, the whole operation is finished with but small expense of labor or time. This suggestion, simple and natural as it seems, was entirely new, and the success with which it has been followed by himself and others, will inspire many to follow his example. On his own estate he supplied, by his own energy, both the woods and waters. It was originally destitute of both, but now affords the varieties of grove and forest, promontory and island, lake and river, produced, not by resisting but by following the dictates of nature, whose unceasing endeavor it is to remove barrenness, to extend and strengthen vegetation, and who spreads her bright green wreaths even over the ruins made by the desolating hands of man.

But, in the face of these successful experiments, we must confess that we agree with the author of this work, that the best way of raising trees is from the seed. When sown in a favorable soil, they grow so rapidly that they will almost overtake those which have been transplanted, which, though they live and flourish, do not always recover their vigor. Any one may observe how soon the tree which springs from the chance-sown seed rises and throws its shadow over his garden, and he may be sure that it will not grow less rapidly when the seed is sown with care. We have seen those who have raised their shade about them in this way, and their patience has been well rewarded in a space of time which seemed surprisingly short even to themselves. Doubtless if it were possible to procure young trees raised for the purpose, a few years might be saved; but our nurseries will not afford them; and to take trees from the forest, for the purpose, is like forcing owls into the sun. We would recommend it therefore to the planter to arm himself with that patience, which is said to belong to the husbandman; to sow the seed with both hands, and to take encouragement from the thought, that if he does not enjoy the results of his labors, others will. But these should be generous labors; they belong to liberal spirits, they imply a certain degree of refinement; such refinement as makes men willing to exert themselves without money and without price.

We take the liberty to recommend to every man who has an inch of ground, to fill it up with a tree. There are many who will do nothing of the kind, because their territories are small. We can assure them that they will find the truth of what Hesiod said to agriculturists thousands of years ago, that half an estate is more than the whole. Within these limits, however small, they produce effects which will fill even themselves with surprise. If their enclosure be within the city, where the object is to make the most of their possessions, they should remember that if they cannot have verdure on the soil, they can have it in the air; and if in the country, that nothing gives a more unfavorable and at the same time correct impression of the character of a landholder, than the aspect of an estate which presents no trees along its borders, to shelter the traveller from the sun. Every cottage should have its elm, extending its mighty protecting arms above it. The associations and partialities of children will twine themselves like wild vines around it; and if any one doubt that he will be better and hap-

pier for such, he little knows the feeling with which the wayfarer in life returns from the wilderness of men to the shadow,

> 'Where once his careless childhood strayed,
> A stranger yet to pain.'

We wish it were in our power to do something to call the general attention to the subject of respect to the dead. It gives a painful feeling, to pass through a city or village in our country, and to see the shameful desolation and neglect of the burial place, which, if no longer consecrated by religious acts, should certainly be held sacred by the heart. And yet, were it not for the monuments which here and there appear above the golden-rod and the aster, we should not know these from any other barren fields. A vile enclosure of unpainted wood is all that protects them from violation; and if any tree cast a friendly shadow over it, we may be sure it is one planted by the hand of nature, not of man. We have seen places of this kind in the country, which the fathers of the hamlet seemed to have chosen with a taste seldom found among the early inhabitants of any region, on the banks of rivers, or the borders of deep forests, where every thing around favored the contemplation to which the mind in such places is, and ought to be led, and have found evidence there of the degeneracy, not the improvement of their children, who had disappointed their designs, and suffered all to run to waste and barrenness, whether from want of refinement or from avarice, we did not know. It is perfectly surprising that none should be found to take away this reproach. Some of the most uncivilized nations are ages before us in their regard for these delicate and sacred feelings. They would not permit the young and beautiful, the aged and honorable, to be cast into a place so neglected, when even a dog who had been faithful would deserve a more honored grave. Our own evergreen cypress is as suitable as the Oriental to surround the place of death; and were it not so, we have many other trees whose character of form and foliage is well suited to the sad and thoughtful expression, which the common feeling requires such places to bear.

There is no need of urging the claims of this kind of improvement upon the inhabitants of our cities. They are in general sufficiently attentive to their public grounds; but one thing is a little remarkable in their proceedings; they confine themselves to a single tree. Can any mortal inform us why a spot

like the common of our city, for example, where thousands of trees might stand without interfering with the public or each other, should not afford specimens of other trees beside the elm? It is a noble tree, perhaps the finest that could be chosen; but the polished foliage of the oak, the light green of the plane-tree and willow, the various forms and shades of the maples, larches, and pines would break the uniformity of the scene, and relieve the eye. Moreover, groups of trees might be scattered here and there to advantage, without injury to the public; for if they should occasionally break the ranks of the train-bands, we apprehend that no serious consequences would endanger the defence of our country. Places for which nature has done much, require the more of man, because they offer him a vantage ground to begin his improvements, and constantly upbraid him if he neglects them.

ART. VI.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

A General View of the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By the Right Honorable Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, LL. D. F. R. S. M. P. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1832.

Since the decease of Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh has been generally considered as the first living writer on Moral Philosophy in the English language. Until the publication of the work before us, his reputation as such had not been justified by any extensive, elaborate or scientific work, and was rather imperfectly sustained by his Introductory Lecture on the Law of Nations, by various anonymous publications in the leading periodical journals, and by the fame of his brilliant and powerful conversation. Political and professional pursuits had probably occupied much of the time which he would otherwise have devoted to what seems to have been through life his favorite study. The present volume will not entirely supply the deficiency which was felt before, and hardly does full justice to his great talents and various learning. It is, however, a very interesting and valuable production. We were preparing to give it the notice to which it is so well entitled by its intrinsic importance and the celebrity of the author, when intelligence was received in this country of his untimely death.

We call it untimely, for although he was somewhat advanced in years, and had nearly reached the ordinary term of human life, his intellectual and literary activity appeared to be constantly increasing. This fact had encouraged the expectation that he was destined to enjoy a protracted, fruitful and glorious old age. The lamented event which has disappointed these hopes augments our interest in the work before us, which now remains the only formal record of his mature opinions upon the most momentous of all subjects. Before we proceed to notice it, it may not be improper to offer a brief sketch of the leading events of his life.

Sir James Mackintosh was born in the small parish of Dorish, in the county of Inverness, in Scotland, on the 24th of October, 1765. His family was a branch of one of the principal Highland clans, and his father, who was a captain in the army, had little to bequeath to him but an honorable name. Through the kindness of some of his relations, who discerned the early promise of his future greatness, he was enabled to pursue the studies necessary to a liberal profession; and in the year 1787, he took the degree of doctor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. Some of our fellow-citizens, who were then pursuing their studies at that seat of learning, recollect him as a youth of ardent curiosity, wide research, engaging manners and brilliant conversation. Although the necessity of providing for his personal wants had compelled him to choose a profession, the superior attractions of polite literature and philosophy prevented him from studying it with any great earnestness, and it is understood that his attention to medicine was little more than formal. He, however, wrote and submitted to the medical faculty, on taking his degree, a Latin dissertation on muscular action, which was probably his first literary production, and which has since been republished. We are not informed in regard to its merit. Soon after leaving the university, he repaired to London, ostensibly for the purpose of practising as a physician.

It is probable, however, that he had no very serious intention of making the practice of medicine the occupation of his life; for we find him, immediately after his arrival at London, entering with zeal into political controversy. The King, George III., was at that time suffering under his first attack of insanity, and the great question of the day was the Regency.

Mr. Pitt, the minister, maintained that the power of the Prince of Wales as Regent should be strictly limited; while Fox, the leader of the opposition, and who enjoyed the confidence of the Prince, struggled to obtain for him nearly the whole extent of the Royal prerogative. Mackintosh made his *début* as a political writer, by the publication of a pamphlet in support of the views of Fox. The work attracted very little notice; and the author, disgusted perhaps at the indifference of the public, turned his thoughts for a time more intently upon his profession. For the purpose of increasing his qualifications for it, he visited Leyden, then the most celebrated medical school in Europe, and afterwards travelled in some other parts of the Netherlands. Soon after his return to London, his father died and bequeathed to him a small landed property in Scotland. Whether in consequence of this change of circumstances, or for some other reason of which we are not informed, he now quitted the profession of medicine, and entered his name as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn; where, after the usual course of preliminary studies, he was regularly admitted to the bar. In 1799 he married Miss Stuart, a Scottish lady, residing at London, without beauty or fortune,—but of great intelligence and most amiable character.

That year will be forever memorable in the annals of the world, as the one which brought with it the opening of the French Revolution. The public mind in all parts of Europe was agitated by the same causes which produced the crisis in France. Mackintosh, like most other persons of his age, temperament and position in the world, sympathized ardently with the friends of reform, and waited with eager impatience for a suitable opportunity to take the field as a literary combatant on their side. This opportunity was soon afforded by the publication of Edmund Burke's celebrated Reflections on the French Revolution. Burke, though he had been through life an ardent, consistent, and doubtless most sincere champion of popular principles of government,—though he had sustained with all his might the cause of this country against the British ministry, during the controversies that preceded our war of Independence,—did not feel himself obliged to patronize Revolution, merely as such, wherever it broke out;—and looking at that of France by the lights of his long experience, deep learning and admirable sagacity, he thought he saw in it a tendency to anarchy, disorganization and national ruin, rather than

reform and liberty. With him, no opinion was ever adopted in a moderate or half-way form. Having taken up an unfavorable notion of the French Revolution, he thundered it forth to the world in his Reflections with a power of reasoning and a splendor of eloquence, which he had never reached before, and which no other political writer has perhaps ever equalled. It was, however, to borrow a figure from Lord Byron,—

——'A thundergust against the wind.'

The current of public opinion continued for a long time to set with overwhelming force in England, as it did every where else, in favor of the revolution; and the mighty champion who had thrown down the gauntlet on the other side was forthwith met by a host of volunteers of all ages, sexes and characters. The first answer that appeared, was a pamphlet by Mary Wolstonecraft, the renowned advocate of the Rights of Woman. It was on this occasion that Paine published his well-known Rights of Man. While preparing that work, Paine heard from a common friend that Mackintosh was also engaged upon an answer to Burke, and is said to have sent him the following polite message:—'Tell your friend Mackintosh that if he do not make haste, my work against Burke will be published; after which nothing more on that subject will be read.' Such, however, was the fatuity of the public, that neither the labors of the political stay-maker,—such was the profession of Paine,—nor those of his fair customer, were thought to supersede entirely the necessity of further reply to the terrible Reflections. In the spring of 1791, Mackintosh published his answer, under the title of '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, or a Defence of the French Revolution and its English admirers against the accusations of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, including some strictures on the late production of Mr. De Calonne.'

This work evinces a remarkable degree of talent, although it possesses very little substantial and permanent value. The style is excellent, and distinguished the author immediately as one of the most powerful and elegant writers in the language. In this particular he sustains very well the dangerous comparison with his giant antagonist. To say this, is, of course, to give him the highest praise. As respects the substance, he appears to less advantage. At the present day, when we have all acquired upon this subject the tardy and worthless wisdom which follows

the event, it is but too plain that the combatants are no other than Philip intoxicated and Philip sober. In talents, learning, eloquence, zeal, uprightness of purpose, warmth of heart, they are very well matched; but Mackintosh gives us the frothy effervescence of an immature mind which is still in a state of fermentation, while in Burke we have the pure, ripe, golden, glowing nectar. Mackintosh glances hastily at the surface of society. Burke penetrates the mass, and spreads before us, with unerring truth and sagacity, the principles that hold it together and regulate its internal action. Burke found at the time very little sympathy either among reflecting men or with the body of the people; and even now, although his practical conclusions have been confirmed by the event, and are generally acquiesced in, the public mind has no where,—no, not even in England,—reached the elevation of his theory. If it had, we should not witness the scenes that are now acting on the theatre of Europe. Independently of the feebleness of his general reasoning as compared with that of Burke, the work of Mackintosh was unfortunate in being for the most part a defence of the specific form of government established in France by the States General at the opening of the Revolution. This cobweb constitution, for which the too sanguine friends of liberty had vainly predicted a perennial durability, was swept into nothing the next year; and with it disappeared in a great measure the point and value of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. In the mean time, however, the work had attracted much attention,—had passed rapidly through three editions, and had rendered the author a person of consequence among those who shared his principles and feelings.

As this work is rather scarce and not likely to be soon republished, we present the following extract as a specimen of its style and principles. The views it expresses in regard to the British Constitution, which the author himself very soon abandoned, have become, within two or three years, by the late singular revolution of feeling in England, almost universal, and have actually led to the adoption of the momentous and once so much derided measure of *Parliamentary Reform*. What their further consequences will be, the history of the next ten years will determine.

'Who can, without indignation, hear the House of Commons of England called a popular representation? A more insolent and

preposterous abuse of language is not to be found in the vocabulary of tyrants. The criterion that distinguishes laws from dictates, freedom from servitude, rightful government from usurpation, the law being an expression of the general will, is wanting.

'We are boldly challenged to produce our proofs; our complaints are asserted to be chimerical, and the excellence of our government is inferred from its beneficial effects. Most unfortunately for us, most unfortunately for our country, these proofs are too ready and too numerous. We find them in that "monumental debt," the bequest of wasteful and profligate wars, which already wrings from the peasant something of his hard-earned pittance; which already has punished the industry of the useful and upright manufacturer, by robbing him of the asylum of his house, and the judgment of his peers; to which the madness of political Quixotism adds a million for every farthing that the pomp of ministerial empiricism pays; and which menaces our children with convulsions and calamities, of which no age has seen the parallel. We find them in the black and bloody roll of persecuting statutes that are still suffered to stain our code; a list so execrable, that were no monument to be preserved of what England was in the eighteenth century but her statute book, she might be deemed still plunged into the deepest gloom of superstitious barbarism. We find them in the ignominious exclusion of great bodies of our fellow-citizens from political trusts, by tests which reward falsehood and punish probity, which profane the rights of the religion they pretend to guard, and usurp the dominion of the God they profess to revere. We find them in the growing corruption of those who administer the government,—in the venality of a House of Commons which has become only a cumbrous and expensive chamber for registering ministerial edicts,—in the increase of a nobility arrived to a degradation, by the profusion and prostitution of honors, which the most zealous partisans of democracy would have spared them. We find them, above all, in the rapid progress which has been made to silence the great organ of public opinion, the Press, which is the true control on ministers and parliaments; who might else, with impunity, trample on the impotent formalities that form the pretended bulwark of our freedom. The mutual control, the well-poised balance of the several members of our legislature, are the visions of theoretical, or the pretext of practical politicians. It is a government, not of check, but of conspiracy,—a conspiracy which can only be repressed by the energy of popular opinion.'

At about the same time when Mackintosh was writing his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, or shortly after, M. de Châteaubriand,

then an exile from his country, also wrote and published at London a work, entitled an Essay on Revolutions, which has almost the same general characteristics with the *Vindiciæ*, but is even more extravagant both in substance and style. The similarity between these two productions shows how naturally they resulted from the influence of the existing state of political affairs upon the public mind. The authors of both, under the guidance of the great teacher, Experience, afterwards reformed their political theories, and without going, —as is too often the case with disenchanted enthusiasts,—to the opposite extreme, have sustained through life, in word and in action, the reputation of moderate and yet vigorous, consistent and persevering friends of liberty.

In the case of Mackintosh, the natural operation of Experience in correcting the wild enthusiasm of youth, was aided by the effect of a personal acquaintance with his illustrious opponent. Not long after the publication of the *Vindiciæ*, a person who was desirous to obtain, through the influence of Burke, an employment under Government, prevailed upon Mackintosh to write a letter in his favor to the philosopher of Beaconsfield. Mackintosh, although at that time personally unknown to Burke, executed the task in his powerful and elegant manner. Burke, of course, replied, and a correspondence followed, which ended by an invitation to Mackintosh to visit him at his villa. The proposal was accepted, and after passing a few days and nights in this more than Tusculan retreat, the champion of the French Revolution returned to London, and frankly avowed to his confidential associates, that he was a convert to the opinions of his great antagonist. Few literary documents would be more interesting, than an ample record of the conversations that were held during this visit by these two illustrious friends of liberty and virtue. Instead of the shock between two opposite forms of ignorance and prejudice, which constitutes the staple of most controversies, and can of course end in nothing but mutual exasperation, we should have seen a polite and friendly encounter of men of equal wit and learning, comparing the somewhat various results of an equally honest inquiry, and concluding,—as such comparisons might be generally expected to terminate,—in mutual agreement. Such a work would furnish political and moral lessons, more directly applicable to the exigencies of the present time, than any existing treatise with which we are acquainted.

Unfortunately there are,—so far as we are informed,—no traces of these conversations in existence. The general scope of the argument on both sides may easily be conjectured from the writings of the two parties, and an attempt to throw it into the form of dialogue, in the manner of Plato and Cicero, would furnish a very agreeable employment to any one who loves to exercise his mind upon the noblest objects of meditation and study.

Although Mackintosh adopted at this time the moderate and rational view of liberal principles, to which he adhered through life, he made no public avowal of any change of sentiment, sent in no adhesion to the ruling powers of the day, and received from them no proofs of satisfaction or confidence in the shape of emolument or office. His conversion is therefore entirely free from any suspicion of interested motives. The alteration that had taken place in his opinions was in fact unknown to the public, who continued to class him, as the author of the *Vindiciæ*, with the most violent adherents of the revolutionary party. Hence, when he applied soon after for the use of the great hall of Lincoln's Inn, for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on the Law of Nations, the society of lawyers, who held the property of the building, refused to grant his request, on the ground that they did not choose to convert their apartment into a theatre for the promulgation of Jacobinism. Even the intercession of Mr. Pitt did not remove the difficulty; and it was not till Lord Loughborough, who, as Chancellor, had some authority in the matter, interfered, that a favorable answer was finally secured.

This course of lectures was fully attended by a most respectable audience, and established the high reputation which the author had acquired for talent and eloquence, while it exhibited him in the light of a more correct and profound thinker than he had shown himself in his previous productions. It is, we believe, substantially the same which he has since delivered in his capacity of Professor of Public Law at the East-India College. The Introductory Lecture was published at the time, and is one of the most valuable and important of his printed works. We cannot doubt, that the whole course will be brought before the world; and if the other Lectures compare at all in merit with the first, the work must become at once the standard and text-book of the great sciences of Natural and National Law.

Mackintosh had been, as we have remarked, admitted to the bar, but whether from disinclination or want of aptitude for the details of legal practice, it does not appear that he was much employed. We hear very little of his exertions in this field, excepting from his defence of Peltier, in the year 1802. Peltier was a French emigrant, who published a newspaper at London, in which he had inserted a pretty severe article upon Bonaparte, then in the freshness of his honors as First Consul. The peace of Amiens had just been concluded, and Bonaparte, not thinking it consistent with the friendly relations between the two countries, that he should be libelled at London, prevailed upon the ministry to bring Peltier to trial. Mackintosh appeared as his advocate, and delivered on the occasion an oration in defence of the liberty of the press, which is certainly one of the most elaborate and finished specimens of modern eloquence. We are not sure, that there is any single speech in the English language, which can fairly be compared with it. The subject was in fact *unique*, and afforded the finest possible scope for the talent of the advocate, who, having been, on the other hand, particularly adapted by his taste and trained by discipline and study to the line of argument which it required, was uncommonly well fitted to do justice to it.

This effort produced a strong impression at the moment in favor of the author's powers. Although it did not effect the acquittal of Peltier, who was too clearly within the scope of the law to escape a verdict, it was highly complimented by the court, and was read with great admiration when it appeared in print. It would probably have introduced Mackintosh into a larger and more lucrative course of practice. In the mean time, however, he found himself without fortune, with a large and increasing family, and of course in circumstances that did not permit him to wait very patiently for the results of the slow progress of his professional fame. Soon after his appearance in this great cause, he accepted the place of Recorder of Bombay,—the first judicial office in that colony,—which promised an ample income and literary leisure, at the cost of expatriation, and too probably, as the event proved, the loss of health. On this occasion, Mackintosh received the honor of Knighthood. He had previously lost his first wife, and espoused, in second nuptials, Miss Allen, of Pembroke, who, with several children, accompanied him on his voyage to the East.

It is not very honorable to the discernment of the govern-

ment, that they should have permitted the expatriation for so many of the best years of his life, of one of the master spirits of the country, whose proper sphere of action was the centre of business at home: and it is much to be regretted, that private considerations rendered it expedient for Sir James to consent to the proposal. While he remained abroad, he discharged his official duties with great distinction, and contributed, by his high intellectual and moral qualities, to elevate the standard of civilization in the remote colony where he resided. He founded a literary society at Bombay, as Sir William Jones had done at Calcutta; but did not engage with the same ardor in the study of the oriental languages and literature, with which his acquaintance was very limited. After a residence in India of about ten years, he found his health impaired by the effect of the climate, and returned to England with his fortune very little if at all improved, and with a liver complaint which adhered to him for the rest of his life, and finally conducted him to an untimely grave.

Soon after his return to England, Sir James was placed in parliament for one of the nomination boroughs, and was regularly returned to every succeeding parliament for the rest of his life. These boroughs, however irregular in principle, were practically a very convenient method of securing to the public the services of many of the best qualified men, who would otherwise have found it difficult to obtain a seat. In parliament he acted uniformly with the whigs on the great points of foreign and domestic policy, such as Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and the like; but always professed their principles in a moderate and judicious shape. On the questions connected with neutral rights, which grew out of the relations between Great Britain and this country, he cooperated actively and ably with his friend, Mr. Brougham, in support of the liberal side. After the close of the war, he took occasion, in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, to compliment the American commissioners at Ghent, upon their 'astonishing superiority' over their opponents. In other speeches and in his writings, he has often spoken in friendly and favorable terms of this country. This candid,—perhaps partial disposition, in one whose opinion was authority, coming into contrast as it did with the meanness and illiberality of many of his contemporaries, had so much endeared the name of Sir James Mackintosh to our citizens, that he was generally

styled in the newspapers whenever he was mentioned, *the friend of America.* A report, which was spread soon after the entrance into power of the present ministry, that he was coming out to reside among us as British minister, was heard with much satisfaction, and there cannot be a doubt that his reception would have been of the most gratifying character. We are not informed whether there was any foundation for this report, but at this time his health was probably too much impaired to admit of his encountering the trials of a long voyage and a new climate.

The questions upon which he spoke in parliament most frequently were those of foreign policy and international law. His eloquence was of a dignified, manly and imposing character. His manner was not particularly graceful, and he had a slight Scotch accent; but his language was flowing, copious, energetic and elegant, and above all carried with it to the minds of his hearers the rich gifts of profound and original thought. The delightful combination of philosophy and taste was exhibited by Mackintosh in higher perfection than it had been by any parliamentary orator since the time of Burke, not excepting even Canning, who yet exemplified it in a very remarkable degree. The eloquence of Sir James was far more finished than that of Brougham, although the latter, from his superior activity and industry, possessed a greater share of political influence, and has finally made a much more brilliant fortune in the world. Sir James, however, had the state of his health permitted, would have probably been Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Lord Grey, and after having been nailed for much of his life to the north wall of opposition, and suffered a good deal from pecuniary embarrassments, would have found the evening of his days gilded and cheered with the southern sun of power and fortune. This was denied him, and the only temporal reward which he received for his labors and studies was a great but dowerless fame. It is indeed rather lamentable that in a country where jobs and pensions were quite *à l'ordre du jour*, there should have been found no employment that could afford a competency at home to a person whose genius was an honor to the age, and with the advantage of an easier position in the world would have enabled him to realize more completely than perhaps any of the moderns have yet done, the beautiful union of talents, virtues and graces, that distinguished the character of the

illustrious Roman orator, to which his own bore in its leading traits a marked resemblance.

His passionate devotion to letters undoubtedly co-operated with the feeble state of his health, after his return to Europe, to diminish his professional and political activity. He projected early in life a great work on the history of his country, and collected materials with much assiduity, but does not appear to have commenced the execution of the task until a short time before his death. He then undertook an abridgement of the history of England, for the Cabinet Cyclopedia, of which he afterwards extended the plan, so that, had he finished it, it would probably have furnished a pretty complete account of the period subsequent to the Revolution of 1688. Unfortunately he lived to publish only two volumes, and to prepare a third, which he is said to have left in manuscript, making less than half of the entire work, which would have reached to eight. These three volumes, with the work before us and a life of Sir Thomas More, constitute, we believe, in addition to those which we have already mentioned, the whole of his acknowledged productions. They form a scanty product for so long and careful a cultivation of so rich a soil. It is understood, that Sir James was also the author of some of the best articles in the Edinburgh Review. His writings, whether fugitive or studied, are uniformly distinguished by original thought, and a noble and elegant flow of language. Even his private letters, some of which have crept into print, have the air of finished compositions. We trust that measures will be taken immediately for collecting the whole of his works, acknowledged or anonymous, with such of his manuscripts as are in a state for publication, and as large an amount of his correspondence as can be procured. In the mean time, we learn with pleasure that it is intended by some of our own booksellers to publish immediately a selection from his works in this city.

Although Sir James possessed a great aptitude and talent for literary composition, it is understood, notwithstanding, that the intellectual exercise in which he most delighted was conversation. This was probably the field in which he exhibited his fine powers and various learning with more satisfaction to himself than in any other; and it must be owned, that for those who are capable of it, the pleasure of animated and intellectual conversation is hardly inferior to the high excitement of public speaking, and very far beyond the solitary delights of the pen.

Sir James was regarded, by the elevated and brilliant circle with which he was connected, as the great living master of moral and political philosophy; and delivered his oracles at the dinner table or in the fashionable saloon, with the authority, and nearly the power, but without the rudeness of the great moralist of the preceding generation, whose savage deportment excluded him from polished society.* Sir James was remark-

* The writer of this article had the honor of a personal introduction to Sir James Mackintosh, while on a visit to London, in the year 1817, and, during that and some other subsequent visits, enjoyed a good deal of his society. He was much struck with the copiousness, elegance, originality and point of Sir James's conversation, and made a memorandum, at the time, of a few of his remarks, which, with some omissions, is here inserted.

'Shakspeare, Milton, Locke and Newton, are four names beyond competition superior to any that the continent can put against them.—It was a proof of singular and very graceful modesty in Gray, that after bestowing upon Shakspeare a high eulogium in the Progress of Poetry, he did not, when proceeding to the character of Milton, rashly decide upon their relative merit. Every half-read critic affirms at once, according to his peculiar taste or the caprice of the moment, that one or the other is the superior poet; but when Gray comes to Milton, he only says,—

> "*Nor second* he that rode sublime
> Upon the seraph wings of ecstacy."

'Dryden he assigns to an inferior class,—

> "Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
> Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
> Two coursers of inferior race," &c.'

The writer observed that the German critics call Dryden a man walking upon stilts in a marsh.—*Sir James*—'Depend upon it, they do not understand the language.—Shakspeare's great superiority over other writers consists in his deep knowledge of human nature. Châteaubriand says of him, '*Il a souvent des mots terribles.*' It has been thought by some that those observations upon human nature which appear so profound and remarkable, may, after all, lie nearest to the surface, and be taken up most naturally by the early writers in every language; but we do not find them in Homer. Homer is the finest ballad writer in any language. The flow and fullness of his style is beautiful; but he has nothing of the deep, piercing observation of Shakspeare.'

The writer mentioned that he had been at St. Paul's, and spoke of the statues of Johnson, Sir William Jones, and others that he had seen there. *Sir James*—'It is a noble edifice, to be sure, and we have some great men there; but it would be too much to expect that the glory of the second temple should equal that of the first. One country is not sufficient for two such repositories as Westminster Abbey.—Boswell's Life of Johnson has given a wrong impression of him in

able, on the contrary, for the affability and ease of his manners. His moral qualities corresponded very well with the elevation of his intellectual character. His feelings were naturally lofty and generous. He drew from his own consciousness that

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some respects. When we see four large volumes written upon a man's conversation, through a period of forty years, and his remarks alone set down, of all those made at the time, we naturally take the idea that Johnson was the central point of society for all that period. The truth is, he never was in good society; at least in those circles where men of letters mix with the fashionable world. His brutal, intolerant manners excluded him from it, of course. He met good society, to be sure, at the Literary Club and at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.—Gibbon was asked why he did not talk more in the presence of Dr. Johnson. "Sir," replied the historian, taking a pinch of snuff, "I have no pretensions to the ability of contending with Dr. Johnson in brutality and insolence."

'Sir William Jones was not a man of first-rate talent,—he had great facility of acquisition, but not a mind of the highest order. Reason and imagination are the two great intellectual faculties, and he was certainly not pre-eminent in either. His poetry is indifferent, and his other writings are agreeable, but not profound. He was, however, a most amiable and excellent man.'

Speaking of the poets of the day, Sir James observed,—'I very much doubt whether Scott will survive long. Hitherto nothing has stood the test of time, but labored and finished verse, and of this Scott has none. If I were to say which of the poets of the day is most likely to be read hereafter, I should give my opinion in favor of some of Campbell's poems. Scott, however, has a wonderful fertility and vivacity.' It may be proper to add that the allusion is here exclusively to the poetry of Scott. The Waverley novels were not generally attributed to him at the time when the remark was made.

'Rogers's Pleasures of Memory has one good line,—

"The only pleasures we can call our own."

It is remarkable that this poem is very popular. A new edition of it is printed every year. It brings the author in about 200*l.* per annum, and yet its principal merit is its finished, perfect versification, which one would think the people could hardly enjoy. The subject, however, recommends itself very much to all classes of readers.'

The writer commended highly the language of Sir William Scott's opinions. *Sir James*—'There is a little too much elegance for judicial *dicta*, and a little unfairness in always attempting to found the judgment upon the circumstances of the case, perhaps slight ones, rather than general principles. Sir William is one of the most entertaining men to be met with in society. His style is by no means so pure and classical as that of Blackstone, which is one of the finest models in the English language. Middleton and he are the two best in their way of the writers of their period. Middleton's Free Inquiry is an instance of great prudence and moderation in drawing conclusions respecting particular facts from general principles.

conviction of the reality of benevolent sentiments, which, as we shall presently see, he has so well expressed in the work before us. He wanted the restless activity which prompts some men to constant exertion, and the steady prudence which

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His premises would have carried him much further than he has gone. There are many fine passages in his Life of Cicero.'

Sir James said that he had received from Mr. Wortman a collection of specimens of American eloquence, and that Mr. Wortman had given it as his opinion, that the faculty of eloquence was more general in America than in England, though some individual Englishmen might perhaps possess it in a higher degree. The writer remarked that he thought our best orators but little inferior to the best orators of the present day in England; and mentioned Mr. Otis, Mr. Randolph, and Mr. Pinkney. *Sir James*—'I have not seen any of Mr. Otis's speeches. I have read some of Randolph's, but the effect must depend very much on the manner. There is a good deal of vulgar finery. Malice there is, too, but that would be excusable, provided it were in good taste.—

'Mr. Adams's Defence of the Constitution is not a first-rate work. He lays too much stress upon the examples of small and insignificant States, and looks too much at the external form of governments, which is, in general, a very indifferent criterion of their character. His fundamental principle of securing government, by a balance of power between two houses and an executive, does not strike me as very just or important. It is a mere puerility to suppose that three branches, and no more nor less, are essential to political salvation. In this country, where there are nominally three branches, the real sovereignty resides in the House of Commons. Two branches are no doubt expedient, as far as they induce deliberation and mature judgment on the measures proposed.'

The writer mentioned Mr. Adams's opinion, (as expressed in a letter to Dr. Price) that the French Revolution failed because the legislative body consisted of one branch, and not two. *Sir James*—'That circumstance may have precipitated matters a little, but the degraded situation of the *Tiers Etat* was the principal cause of the failure. The entire separation in society between the *noblesse* and the professions destroyed the respectability of the latter, and deprived them in a great degree of popular confidence. In England, eminent and successful professional men rise to an equality in importance and rank with the first nobles, take by much the larger share in the government, and bring with them to it the confidence of the people. This will forever prevent any popular revolution in the country.—The Federalist is a well written work.—

'The remarkable private morality of the New England States is worth attention, especially when taken in connexion with the very moral character of the poorer people in Scotland, Holland and Switzerland. It is rather singular that all these countries, which are more moral than any others, are precisely those in which *Calvinism* is predominant.' The writer mentioned that Boston and Cambridge had in a great measure abandoned Calvinism. *Sir James*—'I am rather surprised at that;

leads them to husband regularly, with strict economy, the fruits of their labors. Had he combined these humbler virtues with his higher endowments, his lot in life would have probably been somewhat different. It was, however, a sufficiently

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but the same thing has happened in other places similarly situated. Boston, Geneva and Edinburgh might once have been considered as the three high places of Calvinism, and the enemy is now, it seems, in full possession of them all. The fact appears to be a consequence of the principle of reaction, which operates as universally in the moral as in the physical world.—Jonathan Edwards was a man of great merit. His Treatise on the Will is a most profound and acute disquisition. The English Calvinists have produced nothing to be put in competition with it. He was one of the greatest men who have owned the authority of Calvin, and there have been a great many. Calvin himself had a very strong and acute mind.—Sir Henry Vane was one of the most profound minds that ever existed, not inferior, perhaps, to Bacon. Milton has a fine sonnet addressed to him,—

"Vane, young in years, in sage experience old."

His works, which are theological, are extremely rare, and display astonishing powers. They are remarkable as containing the first direct assertion of the liberty of conscience. He was put to death in a most perfidious manner. I am proud, as a friend of liberty, and as an Englishman, of the men that resisted the tyranny of Charles I. Even when they went to excess, and put to death the king, they did it in a much more decorous manner than their imitators in France. Thomson says of them, with great justice, in his florid way,—

"First at thy call, her age of men effulged," &c.

'Eloquence is the power of gaining your purpose by words. All the labored definitions of it to be found in the different rhetorical works amount in substance to this. It does not, therefore, require or admit the strained and false ornaments that are taken for it by some. I hate these artificial flowers without fragrance or fitness. Nobody ever succeeded in this way but Burke. Fox used to say, "I cannot bear this thing in any body but Burke, and he cannot help it. It is his natural manner."—Sir Francis Burdett is one of the best of our speakers, take him altogether, voice, figure and manner. His voice is the best that can be imagined. As to his matter, he certainly speaks above his mind. He is not a man of very superior talents, though respectable.—Plunkett, if he had come earlier into Parliament, so as to have learned the trade, would probably have excelled all our orators. He and counsellor Phillips (or O'Garnish, as he is nicknamed here,) are at the opposite points of the scale. O'Garnish's style is pitiful to the last degree. He ought by common consent to be driven from the bar.—Mr. Wilberforce's voice is beautiful; his manner mild and perfectly natural. He has no artificial ornament; but an easy, natural image occasionally springs up in his mind that pleases very much.—Cicero's orations are a good deal in the flowery, artificial manner, though the best specimens in their way. We

enviable one. He ranked with the highest class of England's intellectual peerage, and possessed the richest of all treasures in a heart overflowing with benevolent affections. Without affectation or fanaticism, he was sincerely and deeply religious. If there be,—as we all believe and hope,—another and a better world, where the wise and good repose together from the troubles of this, we cannot doubt that Mackintosh is now among its favored tenants,—enjoying the communion of the high and gifted minds whom he always so much loved and admired, the Platos, the Stewarts, the Burkes, the Ciceros, —and dwelling in the nearer presence of that Sublime Spirit, whose ineffable glories he has so eloquently though faintly shadowed forth in so many splendid passages of his writings. If his friends lament the change, it must be for their sakes, and not for his.

'If that high world that lies beyond
Our own, *surviving Love endears*,
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, excepting tears,
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light, Eternity!'

Having taken this hasty survey of the political and literary

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tire in reading them. Cicero, though a much greater man than Demosthenes, take him altogether, was inferior to him as an orator. To be the second orator the world has produced is, however, praise enough.—Pascal was a prodigy. His *Pensées* are wonderfully profound and acute. Though predicated on his peculiar way of thinking, they are not on that account to be condemned. I dislike the illiberality of some of my liberal friends, who will not allow any merit to any thing that does not agree with their own point of view. Making allowance for Pascal's way of looking at things, and expressing himself, his ideas are prodigiously deep and correct.—Most of the apparent absurdities in theology and metaphysics are important truths, exaggerated and disfigured by an incorrect manner of understanding or expressing them; as, for instance, the doctrines of transubstantiation and of total depravity.—Jacob Bryant was a miserable writer, though for particular purposes it was thought expedient at one time to sustain his reputation. He was guilty of a gross absurdity in attempting such a work as his principal one without any oriental learning, which he did not even profess. Yet Sir William Jones called him the principal writer of his time. This opinion quite takes away the value of Sir William's critical judgment.'

career of Sir James Mackintosh, we proceed to notice in the concise form which alone the space remaining to us will now permit, the work before us.

The first question in the theory of Ethics, is that which arises between those who admit, and those who deny the reality of moral distinctions. This was almost the only one agitated in the ancient schools of philosophy. Socrates, who is known to us by the charming dialogues of Plato and Xenophon, assumed the reality of virtue and illustrated its beauty, without engaging in any metaphysical speculations upon its nature. The Stoics, with some variations of form, pursued substantially the same course. Epicurus, on the other hand, denied the reality of virtue, and placed the only principle of action in pleasure. His followers in modern times, from Gassendi and Hobbes to Bentham, have professed the same theory. With them there is of course no question about the nature of a distinction, which they do not believe to exist. To those who admit the reality of moral distinctions, the further questions arise, In what do they consist; and by what faculties do we take cognizance of them? A correct solution of these questions would furnish the leading points in the theory of morals. None has yet been offered which has commanded the general assent of enlightened men; and strange as it may seem, the theory of this first and most important of all the sciences is yet unsettled. The history of Ethical Philosophy is therefore the history of the attempts which have been made,—thus far without success,—to solve the great problems alluded to above.

In the work before us, which was prepared as a preliminary dissertation to one of the volumes of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, Sir James Mackintosh begins by briefly stating, in two introductory chapters, the objects of Ethical Science and the difficulties that are encountered in the prosecution of it. He then, in two more chapters, takes a hasty retrospect of the history of the Ethical Philosophy of the ancients and of the moderns, after which, he proceeds to the principal subject of the work, which is the history of philosophy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The subject divides itself into three principal parts.

1. The revival of the Epicurean doctrine by Hobbes and his followers, of whom the principal were Hume, the French metaphysicians, and Bentham.

2. The attempt of Cudworth and Clarke to found the reali-

ty of moral distinctions on a natural *fitness of things* cognizable by the understanding; and,

3. The attempts of various philosophers, from Shaftesbury to Stewart, including particularly Hutcheson and Butler, to prove the existence of a *moral sense* or feeling, by which we naturally and without any exercise of the understanding distinguish the right and wrong of actions, as we distinguish colors by the eye, and sounds by the ear.

The most natural mode of arranging the matter would perhaps have been to class together the writers who have respectively favored each of these different systems. Sir James has however not adopted this method, but has followed a strictly chronological one, beginning with Hobbes, and taking up the following writers in the order of time in which they wrote, without regard to their opinions. At the close of his summary of the opinions of each of the principal writers, he annexes his own observations on them, under the head of *Remarks*. In these remarks, he states and concisely developes a theory upon the general principles of Ethical Philosophy, which, if not entirely original, has never been proposed before in precisely the same form. The work bears throughout the marks of hasty preparation, and is no doubt chargeable with great deficiencies. The most remarkable of these is the absence of any notice of the ethical theories of the modern Germans, for which Sir James apologises on the ground of want of time and room. Probably his acquaintance with this branch of the subject was hardly sufficient to have enabled him to treat it satisfactorily to himself or the public. The omission is, however, fatal to the value of the work as a complete treatise, since the German branch of the subject is unquestionably the most important of all. The French writers are also passed over almost without notice. The work is, in fact, a view of the progress of Philosophy in England, and does not include a more copious notice of foreigners than would probably have been introduced, had it been professedly confined to the author's country. This would perhaps have been the fairer and more judicious course. Even when considered as thus limited, the subject is still treated in a very concise way, the work being, as it is entitled, merely a general view.

Notwithstanding these deficiencies, it will be read with deep interest by students of moral science, and by all who take an interest in the higher departments of intellectual research, or enjoy the beauties of elegant language applied to the illustra-

tion of 'divine philosophy.' It gives us, on an important branch of the most important of the sciences, the reflections of one of the few master minds, that are fitted by original capacity and patient study to probe it to the bottom. It is highly interesting, whether we agree with him or not, to know the opinions of such a man upon the character of the principal ethical writers and upon the leading principles of the science. These opinions are exhibited with every advantage of language and manner. It is difficult to imagine how the union of power, dignity and grace, which may be supposed to constitute a finished style, can be carried further than it is in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh. The moral tone is also of the purest and most agreeable kind. The work breathes throughout a temperate enthusiasm in the cause of humanity, and a spirit of perfect toleration for opposite opinions, even of an exceptionable cast. The author asserts the reality of benevolent affections, and proves their existence in his own heart by exercising charity towards those who differ from him even on vital questions. He condemns the heresy, but gives the heretic full credit, as far as it seems to be deserved, for sincerity and talents. He exercises also the—if possible—still more rare and difficult justice of a full, manly and generous acknowledgment of kindred merit in others. He does not labor under the impression, so natural to ambitious mediocrity, that every word of praise bestowed upon another, is a leaf of laurel torn from his own garland. He enlarges with an overflowing fullness of heart, we may say, even to exaggeration, upon the merits of contemporaries. Under the influence of this generous and amiable impulse, he has probably overrated the deserts of Bentham, Brown and Stewart. But how much more noble is an error of this kind, than the petty jealousy which can see nothing in living excellence of any kind but an object of attack, as the wasp approaches the fairest fruits only for the purpose of piercing them to the core! It is indeed refreshing and delightful, to find one of the most powerful minds of the age uniting the best feelings with the highest gifts of intellect, and exemplifying in his own person the moral graces which he undertakes to teach. Such examples justify the more honorable view of human nature, and prove that the selfish and vicious, who habitually deny the reality of benevolence and virtue, draw a false general conclusion from their own individual case; forgetting that their consciousness gives them no authority except to 'speak for themselves.'

The form of the work is, therefore, such as will recommend it very strongly to the general reader, and will render it a useful and delightful study even to those who habitually take no interest in metaphysical researches. In the few observations which we propose to add upon the substance, we shall first notice some of the remarks of the author upon the theories of other writers, and conclude by a brief examination of his own.

In entering on the field of inquiry which properly belongs to his subject, Sir James encounters at the threshold the startling paradoxes of the well-known philosopher of Malmesbury, Hobbes.—If the works of writers of eminence were examined with reference to their personal history, it would probably be found that their peculiarities, whether of style or doctrine, are, —more frequently than we should perhaps imagine,—the results, in one form or another, of their own personal experience, and are of course very much colored by the circumstances under which they happened to live. The philosophy of Hobbes seems to have been a reaction against the wild excesses of the popular revolution that occurred in England in the seventeenth century. Alarmed at the horrors that were perpetrated by his countrymen as soon as they had shaken off the restraint of royal authority, Hobbes embraced the idea that the law, as proclaimed by government, is the only source of moral distinctions. If it be right to pay a debt, and wrong to commit murder, it is, according to Hobbes, only because one of these actions is commanded and the other prohibited by law. The disgust which he felt at the political forms under which the excesses of the Commonwealth had been committed, produced in his mind a preference for absolute monarchy, which was his system in politics; and the fanatical fury of the British reformers led him to adopt the notion that religion, as well as morals, ought to be entirely under the control of government. He denied the reality of benevolent affections, and considered personal pleasure or advantage as the only imaginable motive of action. Such were the leading points of his theory, which he proclaimed with a confidence that arrested the public attention, and an elegance of language that enlisted the public taste on his side. The style of Hobbes is thus characterized by our author.

'A permanent foundation of his fame consists in his admirable style, which seems to be the very perfection of didactic language. Short, clear, precise, pithy, his language never has more than

one meaning, which it never requires a second thought to find. By the help of his exact method, it takes so firm a hold on the mind, that it will not allow attention to slacken. His little tract on *Human Nature* has scarcely an ambiguous or a needless word. He has so great a power of always choosing the most significant term, that he never is reduced to the poor expedient of using many in its stead. He had so thoroughly studied the genius of the language, and knew so well how to steer between pedantry and vulgarity, that two centuries have not superannuated probably more than a dozen of his words. His expressions are so luminous, that he is clear without the help of illustration. Perhaps no writer of any age or nation, on subjects so abstruse, has manifested an equal power of engraving his thoughts on the minds of his readers. He seems never to have taken a word for ornament or pleasure; and he deals with eloquence and poetry, as the natural philosopher who explains the mechanism of children's toys, or deigns to contrive them. Yet his style so stimulates attention, that it never tires; and to those who are acquainted with the subject, appears to have as much spirit as can be safely blended with reason. He compresses his thoughts so unaffectedly, and yet so tersely, as to produce occasionally maxims which excite the same agreeable surprise with wit, and have become a sort of philosophical proverbs; the success of which he partly owed to the suitableness of such forms of expression to his dictatorial nature. His words have such an appearance of springing from his thoughts, as to impress on the reader a strong opinion of his originality, and indeed to prove that he was not conscious of borrowing; though conversation with Gassendi must have influenced his mind; and it is hard to believe that his coincidence with Ockham should have been purely accidental, on points so important as the denial of general ideas, the reference of moral distinctions to superior power, and the absolute thraldom of religion under the civil power, which he seems to have thought necessary, to maintain that independence of the state on the church with which Ockham had been contented.'

The tremendous paradoxes of Hobbes excited a strong sensation throughout Europe, and have given occasion, directly or indirectly, to most of the works that have since appeared on Ethical Science. Sir Robert Filmer, Harrington, Clarendon, Bishop Cumberland, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury, Baxter and Hutcheson, all undertook to refute him with different weapons, and for different immediate purposes. The great work of Cudworth, entitled the *Intellectual System*, was written as an answer to Hobbes, but it was directed against his

theological and metaphysical, rather than his ethical theories. The notions of Cudworth on the last subject were explained in several essays which he left in manuscript, and of which one only, the *Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, has been published. The rest (not much to the credit of British taste and liberality) are still locked up in the repositories of the British museum. In the Immutable Morality, Cudworth gives the introduction only to his ethical system, in which he describes the distinction between right and wrong, as inherent in nature, and independent of any power whether human or divine. 'The distinction of right from wrong is discerned by reason; and as soon as these words are defined, it becomes evident that it would be a contradiction in terms to affirm that any power, human or divine, could change their nature, or in other words make the same act just and unjust, at the same time. They had existed eternally in the only mode in which truths can be said to be eternal, in the Eternal Mind, and they are indestructible and unchangeable, like that superior intelligence.'

The system of Clarke seems to be substantially the same with that of Cudworth, as far as we can judge of the latter from the imperfect development of it in the Immutable Morality. Clarke maintains that the law of nature consists of the relations established by nature among the individual beings composing the universe, and that human actions are right or wrong, accordingly as they conform to or disagree with these relations. Thus the relation existing by nature between parents and children is that of love, or in other words, parents naturally love their children and children their parents. A conduct conformable to this relation is right, and one opposed to it is wrong. The ideas of the relations which constitute the law of nature, existed eternally in the Divine Mind. God, for example, foreknew from eternity that the relation of love would naturally exist between parents and children, whenever the human race should be created. There is therefore an original and eternal *fitness* in a conduct conformable to this relation. This fitness creates an *obligation* independent of the will of God, or of the effect of the action upon the welfare either of the agent or of the public. Reason acknowledges the obligation, and decides that there is the same absurdity in an action which contradicts this natural *fitness of things*, as there is in a proposition that contradicts the ordinary relations of numbers, or the evidence of the senses.

Such appears to be the general outline of the theory of Clarke; and so far as it assumes that the essential characteristic of virtue is conformity to the law of nature, we consider him as stating a true and important principle. Sir James Mackintosh takes exception to this doctrine. 'The murderer,' he observes, 'who poisons by arsenic, acts agreeably to his knowledge of the power of that substance to kill, which is a relation between two things, as much as the physician, who employs an emetic after the poison, acts upon the belief of the tendency of that remedy to preserve life, which is another relation between two things.' With submission to Sir James's authority, we must needs say, that this objection appears to us to be but little better than a quibble. The murderer takes away life; the physician preserves it. The question is, whether their acts are respectively conformable or opposed to the relation naturally existing between the agent and the person acted on. Whether they conform to or contradict other relations between other persons or things, such as that between certain mineral substances and the human stomach, is entirely foreign to the purpose, or rather is a wholly absurd inquiry which admits of no answer. It might be argued with more plausibility, that the murderer, or in general any person who commits an immoral action, must act under the influence of some motive, which is of course the result of some of the natural relations in which he is placed; and that if he violates one law he obeys another. If, for example, I steal the property of my neighbor, in order to increase my own personal gratifications, I obey the law of nature, which leads me to seek my personal gratifications; and the act, though immoral, is still conformable to a law of my nature. But the ready answer to this is, that the action, so far as it conforms to the law of nature, is not vicious. Considered merely as an attempt to increase my own personal gratifications, its character is innocent. The immorality lies in doing this at the expense of the happiness of another, and the action, considered in its operation upon the happiness of this other person,—under which view alone it is immoral,—does violate the law of nature which has established among men the relation of society, and the kindly feelings that belong to it.

The main principle of Clarke, viz.—that the essential characteristic of virtue is conformity to the law of nature, seems to us, therefore, substantially correct as well as highly important, and it is, as we conceive, not affected by the objections of

Sir James Mackintosh. The other part of the theory of Clarke, viz. that the obligation to obey the law of nature results from the fact that the ideas of the relations which compose it have existed from all eternity in the mind of the Deity, seems to us to be much less plausible. We see not why we are bound to obey a law because it was foreseen by God, before such a law existed, that it would exist at a future period. The divine foreknowledge of the law of nature,—which we of course believe as a fact,—has nothing to do with the obligation we are under to obey this law. We are bound to obey the law of nature, not because the Deity foresaw, but because he established it. Every being, animate or inanimate, physical or moral, must of necessity obey the law of its nature; that is, it must exist and act in the way in which God intended that it should exist and act, and not in any other. The necessity of obeying the physical laws of nature is physical and absolute; that of obeying the moral laws of nature is simply moral. We have the physical power of violating them; but even while we are in the act of doing this, the law still retains its empire over us, and punishes us for the act we are committing, by inflicting upon us the painful feelings, that are by the will of Providence naturally connected with the violation of it. The will of God is, therefore, the real source of moral obligation.

Sir James Mackintosh, in several passages of the work before us, denies this principle as maintained by some preceding writers, and appears to regard it as of a dangerous and even irreligious character. 'The doctrine of Ockham,' he observes, in allusion to this principle, 'which by necessary implication refuses moral attributes to the Deity, and contradicts the existence of a moral government, is practically equivalent to atheism. As all devotional feelings have moral qualities for their sole object; as no being can inspire love or reverence otherwise than by those qualities which are naturally amiable and venerable, this doctrine would, if men were consistent, extinguish piety, or, in other words, annihilate religion. Yet so astonishing are the contradictions of human nature, that this *most impious of all opinions* probably originated in a pious solicitude to magnify the sovereignty of God, and to exalt his authority even above his own goodness. Hence we may understand its adoption by John Gerson, the Oracle of the Council of Constance, and the great opponent of the

spiritual monarchy of the Pope, a pious mystic, who placed religion in devout feeling.' Sir James Mackintosh elsewhere describes the same principle as a *monstrous position* and *the most pernicious of all moral heresies.* It is remarkable that he applies to an opinion which, whatever he may have supposed to be implied in it, is at least apparently respectful to religion, and which has been and is entertained by the most learned and pious men, a more severe censure than he has any where bestowed upon avowed atheism.

The feeling that prompted these remarks seems to have been excited by the injudicious manner, in which some writers have attempted to illustrate the doctrine in question. Ockham, for example, as quoted by Sir James, affirms that 'if God had commanded his creatures to hate himself, the hatred of God would be the duty of man.' This no doubt is revolting enough: but the error lies in the supposition of fact, which is incoherent and absurd. The principle implied, that it is the duty of man to do the will of God, instead of being, as Sir James represents it, a monstrous position, is one of the most familiar truisms of natural and revealed religion. It is evident, in fact, that there are only two possible suppositions in regard to the economy of the universe; one, that it exists *of necessity* as it is, which is atheism; the other, that it is the work of a Supreme Intelligent Principle. If the latter be true,—as we all believe,—then it is not less evident that the laws which regulate the movements and actions of the beings composing this universe, and which we commonly call the *law of nature*, are merely an expression of the will of God. When Sir James tells us that 'the relations of things, though conceived by the Eternal Mind, are, if such inadequate language may be pardoned, the law of his will as well as the model of his works,' we must be permitted to say that his language, though certainly not so intended by its illustrious author, is not merely inadequate, but irreverent and absurd; obnoxious in fact to the precise objection which he makes himself to the opposite opinion, to wit, that it is equivalent to atheism. To say that the relations of things as they now exist were a law to the will of God, is to say, in other words, that God was under the *necessity* of creating the universe in the form in which it now exists, and in no other. But if the universe exist of necessity as it is, the intervention of a Supreme Intelligent Principle as its Creator,

Lawgiver, and Preserver, becomes superfluous, and in good philosophy cannot be admitted. The supposition is therefore, as we have said, equivalent to atheism.

We shall not at present enlarge upon this subject, which is of too transcendant and sacred a character to be treated cursorily in connexion with other topics. The question lies at the bottom of Ethics, and though satisfactorily answered in general terms by various writers, has not yet, we think, been thoroughly examined and illustrated in a scientific way. An inquiry into it, conducted in a proper spirit and with the necessary talent and research, would tend very strongly to settle the now disputed foundations of the theory of morals.

The system of Clarke, which places the essence of virtue in conformity to the law of nature,—supposing it to be correct, which Sir James denies,—is yet, as he justly remarks, defective and incomplete, inasmuch as it omits entirely the consideration of *feeling*. The existence of *moral sentiments* is one of the most certain and obvious facts in our constitution; and these must be explained and accounted for in every complete and consistent ethical system. The deficiency of Clarke and his followers in this respect was supplied by Shaftesbury, Butler, Hutcheson, and the subsequent writers who maintain the theory of a *moral sense*,—a term which was first introduced by Hutcheson. This theory supposes the existence of a distinct faculty, entirely independent of the understanding or the affections, by which we recognize moral distinctions. Sir James adopts this supposition under a form in some degree peculiar to himself, upon which we shall presently make some remarks. Our limits will not permit us to follow him in detail through his commentaries on all the writers alluded to. They will be found uniformly instructive and entertaining.

Of President Edwards he speaks in the following terms.

'This remarkable man, the metaphysician of America, was formed among the Calvinists of New England, when their stern doctrine retained its rigorous authority. His power of subtile argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed among men, was joined, as in some of the ancient Mystics, with a character which raised his piety to fervor. He embraced their doctrine, probably without knowing it to be theirs. "True religion," says he, "in a great measure consists in holy affections. A love of divine things, for the beauty and sweetness of their moral

excellency, is the spring of all holy affections." Had he suffered this noble principle to take the right road to all its fair consequences, he would have entirely concurred with Plato, with Shaftesbury, and Malebranche, in devotion to "the first good, first perfect, and first fair."'

The passage here quoted from Edwards seems to have made a deep impression upon Sir James's mind. We remember to have heard him cite it in conversation, with the strongest expressions of approbation. It is certainly one of the most eloquent and beautiful enunciations of religious truth to be found in the language. In general the style of Edwards is uncommonly good, and when his subject affords opportunity for the display of such qualities, will be found to be in a high degree impressive and eloquent. His merit in this respect is, we incline to think, not generally appreciated at the present day in this country. We should regard it as one symptom of a favorable change in the public taste, to learn that his works were more generally read, and more highly valued than they are now.

Berkeley, the good and great Bishop of Cloyne, is a particular favorite of our author, who commences his account of him in the following terms.

'This great metaphysician was so little a moralist, that it requires the attraction of his name to excuse its introduction here. His *Theory of Vision* contains a great discovery in mental philosophy. His immaterialism is chiefly valuable as a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity; showing those to be altogether without it, who, like Johnson and Beattie, believed that his speculations were sceptical, that they implied any distrust in the senses, or that they had the smallest tendency to disturb reasoning or alter conduct. Ancient learning, exact science, polished society, modern literature, and the fine arts, contributed to adorn and enrich the mind of this accomplished man. All his contemporaries agreed with the satirist in ascribing

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Adverse factions and hostile wits concurred only in loving, admiring, and contributing to advance him. The severe sense of Swift endured his visions; the modest Addison endeavored to reconcile Clarke to his ambitious speculations. His character converted the satire of Pope into fervid praise. Even the dis-

cerning, fastidious, and turbulent Atterbury said, after an interview with him, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman." "Lord Bathurst told me, that the Members of the Scriblerus Club being met at his house at dinner, they agreed to rally Berkeley, who was also his guest, on his scheme at Bermudas. Berkeley, having listened to the many lively things they had to say, begged to be heard in his turn, and displayed his plan with such an astonishing and animating force of eloquence and enthusiasm, that they were struck dumb, and after some pause, rose all up together, with earnestness exclaiming, "Let us set out with him immediately." It was when thus beloved and celebrated that he conceived, at the age of forty-five, the design of devoting his life to reclaim and convert the natives of North America; and he employed as much influence and solicitation as common men do for their most prized objects, in obtaining leave to resign his dignities and revenues, to quit his accomplished and affectionate friends, and to bury himself in what must have seemed an intellectual desert. After four years' residence at Newport in Rhode Island, he was compelled, by the refusal of Government to furnish him with funds for his College, to forego his work of heroic, or rather godlike benevolence; though not without some consoling forethought of the fortune of the country where he had sojourned.

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The first four acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> TIME'S NOBLEST OFFSPRING IS ITS LAST."

Thus disappointed in his ambition of keeping a school for savage children, at a salary of a hundred pounds by the year, he was received, on his return, with open arms by the philosophical queen, at whose metaphysical parties he made one with Sherlock, who, as well as Smalridge, was his supporter, and with Hoadley, who, following Clarke, was his antagonist. By her influence he was made bishop of Cloyne.

'Of the exquisite grace and beauty of his diction, no man accustomed to English composition can need to be informed. His works are, beyond dispute, the finest models of philosophical style since Cicero. Perhaps they surpass those of the orator, in the wonderful art by which the fullest light is thrown on the most minute and evanescent parts of the most subtile of human conceptions. Perhaps he also surpassed Cicero in the charm of simplicity, a quality eminently found in Irish writers before the end

of the eighteenth century; conspicuous in the masculine severity of Swift, in the Platonic fancy of Berkeley, in the native tenderness and elegance of Goldsmith, and not withholding its attractions from Hutcheson and Leland, writers of classical taste, though of inferior power. The two Irish philosophers of the eighteenth century may be said to have co-operated in calling forth the metaphysical genius of Scotland; for though Hutcheson spread the taste, and furnished the principles, yet Berkeley undoubtedly produced the scepticism of Hume, which stimulated the instinctive school to activity, and was thought incapable of confutation, otherwise than by their doctrines.'

Butler, Hume, Adam Smith, Hartley and Paley are successively treated at considerable length, and in a very interesting way. The mere mention of their names will be sufficient to prepare the intelligent reader for the rich entertainment, which he will derive from Sir James's account of them. In his observations on the errors of Hume, Hartley and Paley, he is perhaps rather too lenient; but he shows no disposition to adopt them, and charity towards opponents is so rare a quality in controversy, that we can hardly bring ourselves to blame it even in its excess. We quote from the remarks on Abraham Tucker, the eccentric author of 'The Light of Nature Pursued, by Edward Search,' the following passage.

'It has been the remarkable fortune of this writer to have been more prized by the cultivators of the same subjects, and more disregarded by the generality even of those who read books on such matters, than perhaps any other philosopher. He had many of the qualities which might be expected in an affluent country gentleman, living in a privacy undisturbed by political zeal, and with a leisure unbroken by the calls of a profession, at a time when England had not entirely renounced her old taste for metaphysical speculation. He was naturally endowed, not indeed with more than ordinary acuteness or sensibility, nor with a high degree of reach and range of mind, but with a singular capacity for careful observation and original reflection, and with a fancy perhaps unmatched in producing various and happy illustration. The most observable of his moral qualities appear to have been prudence and cheerfulness, good nature and easy temper. The influence of his situation and character is visible in his writings. Indulging his own tastes and fancies, like most English squires of his time, he became, like many of them, a sort of humorist. Hence much of his originality and independence; hence the boldness with which he openly employs illustrations from homely

objects. He wrote to please himself more than the public. He had too little regard for readers, either to sacrifice his sincerity to them, or to curb his own prolixity, repetition and egotism, from the fear of fatiguing them. Hence he became as loose, as rambling, and as much an egotist as Montaigne; but not so agreeably so, notwithstanding a considerable resemblance of genius; because he wrote on subjects where disorder and egotism are unseasonable, and for readers whom they disturb instead of amusing. His prolixity at last increased itself, when his work became so long, that repetition in the latter parts partly arose from forgetfulness of the former; and though his freedom from slavish deference to general opinion is very commendable, it must be owned, that his want of a wholesome fear of the public renders the perusal of a work which is extremely interesting, and even amusing in most of its parts, on the whole a laborious task. He was by early education a believer in Christianity, if not by natural character religious. His calm good sense and accommodating temper led him rather to explain established doctrines in a manner agreeable to his philosophy, than to assail them. Hence he was represented as a time-server by free-thinkers, and as a heretic by the orthodox. Living in a country, where the secure tranquillity flowing from the Revolution was gradually drawing forth all mental activity towards practical pursuits and outward objects, he hastened from the rudiments of mental and moral philosophy, to those branches of it which touch the business of men. Had he recast without changing his thoughts,—had he detached those ethical observations for which he had so peculiar a vocation, from the disputes of his country and his day,—he might have thrown many of his chapters into their proper form of essays, which might have been compared, though not likened, to those of Hume. But the country gentleman, philosophic as he was, had too much fondness for his own humors to engage in a course of drudgery and deference. It may, however, be confidently added, on the authority of all those who have fairly made the experiment, that whoever, unfettered by a previous system, undertakes the labor necessary to discover and relish the high excellencies of this metaphysical Montaigne, will find his toil lightened as he proceeds, by a growing indulgence, if not partiality, for the foibles of the humorist; and at last rewarded, in a greater degree perhaps than by any other writer on mixed and applied philosophy, by being led to commanding stations and new points of view, whence the mind of a moralist can hardly fail to catch some fresh prospects of nature and duty.'

The articles on Bentham, Stewart and Brown are the longest and most elaborate in the work. They will amply

reward the closest attention. The following remarks on the style of Stewart are equally just and beautiful. They furnish the charming spectacle of one master in the art of eloquence, enlarging with nice discrimination, and at the same time with a full and hearty good will, upon the kindred excellence of another. Such criticism not only improves the taste, but warms, exalts and mends the heart.

'Probably no modern ever exceeded him in that species of eloquence, which springs from sensibility to literary beauty and moral excellence; which neither obscures science by prodigal ornament, nor disturbs the serenity of patient attention; but though it rather calms and soothes the feelings, yet exalts the genius, and insensibly inspires a reasonable enthusiasm for whatever is good and fair.

'Amidst excellencies of the highest order, his writings, it must be confessed, leave some room for criticism. He took precautions against offence to the feelings of his contemporaries, more anxious and frequent than the impatient searcher for truth may deem necessary. For the sake of promoting the favorable reception of philosophy itself, he studies perhaps too visibly to avoid whatever might raise up prejudices against it. His gratitude and native modesty dictated a superabundant care in softening and excusing his dissent from those who had been his own instructers, or who were the objects of general reverence. Exposed by his station, both to the assaults of political prejudice, and to the religious animosities of a country where a few sceptics attacked the slumbering zeal of a Calvinistic people, it would have been wonderful if he had not betrayed more wariness than would have been necessary or becoming in a very different position. The fullness of his literature seduced him too much into multiplied illustrations. Too many of the expedients happily used to allure the young may unnecessarily swell his volumes. Perhaps a successive publication in separate parts made him more voluminous than he would have been, if the whole had been at once before his eyes. A peculiar susceptibility and delicacy of taste produced forms of expression, in themselves extremely beautiful, but of which the habitual use is not easily reconcilable with the condensation desirable in works necessarily so extensive. If, however, it must be owned that the caution incident to his temper, his feelings, his philosophy and his station, has somewhat lengthened his composition, it is not less true, that some of the same circumstances have contributed towards those peculiar beauties, which place him at the head of the most adorned writers on philosophy in our language.

'Few writers rise with more grace from a plain ground-work, to the passages which require greater animation or embellishment. He gives to narrative, according to the precept of Bacon, the color of the time, by a selection of happy expressions from original writers. Among the secret arts by which he diffuses elegance over his diction, may be remarked the skill which, by deepening or brightening a shade in a secondary term, by opening partial or preparatory glimpses of a thought to be afterwards unfolded, unobservedly heightens the import of a word, and gives it a new meaning, without any offence against old use. It is in this manner that philosophical originality may be reconciled to purity and stability of speech,—that we may avoid new terms, which are the easy resource of the unskilful or the indolent, and often a characteristic mark of writers who love their language too little to feel its peculiar excellencies, or to study the art of calling forth its powers.

'He reminds us not unfrequently of the character given by Cicero to one of his contemporaries, "who expressed refined and abstruse thought, in soft and transparent diction." His writings are a proof that the mild sentiments have their eloquence as well as the vehement passions. It would be difficult to name works in which so much refined philosophy is joined with so fine a fancy,—so much elegant literature, with such a delicate perception of the distinguishing excellencies of great writers, and with an estimate in general so just of the services rendered to knowledge by a succession of philosophers. They are pervaded by a philosophical benevolence, which keeps up the ardor of his genius, without disturbing the serenity of his mind,—which is felt in his reverence for knowledge, in the generosity of his praise, and in the tenderness of his censure. It is still more sensible in the general tone with which he relates the successful progress of the human understanding, among many formidable enemies. Those readers are not to be envied who limit their admiration to particular parts, or to excellencies merely literary, without being warmed by the glow of that honest triumph in the advancement of knowledge, and of that assured faith in the final prevalence of truth and justice, which breathe through every page of them, and give the unity and dignity of a moral purpose to the whole of these classical works.

'He has often quoted poetical passages, of which some throw much light on our mental operations. If he sometimes prized the moral common-places of Thomson and the speculative fancy of Akenside more highly than the higher poetry of their betters, it was not to be wondered at that the metaphysician and the moralist should sometimes prevail over the lover of poetry. His

natural sensibility was perhaps occasionally cramped by the cold criticism of an unpoetical age; and some of his remarks may be thought to indicate a more constant and exclusive regard to diction, than is agreeable to the men of a generation who have been trained by tremendous events to a passion for daring inventions, and to an irregular enthusiasm, impatient of minute elegancies and refinement. Many of those beauties, which his generous criticism delighted to magnify in the works of his contemporaries, have already faded under the scorching rays of a fiercer sun.'

In the concluding section of the work, Sir James states at some length his own views on the theory of moral science, which are more concisely intimated in several preceding passages. They are summarily recapitulated by himself in the following terms. 'Whatever actions and dispositions are approved by *Conscience*, acquire the name of virtues or duties; they are pronounced to deserve commendation; and we are justly considered as under a moral *obligation* to practise the action, and cultivate the dispositions.' In other words, we possess a distinct and separate Moral Faculty called Conscience, by which we take cognizance of moral distinctions; the characteristics of virtue and vice are, that they are the objects respectively of the favorable and unfavorable decisions of this Faculty, and these decisions we are under an obligation to obey. The nature of this obligation, Sir James no where precisely explains. These principles are not new, nor are they, we believe, supported in the present work by any original arguments. They are substantially the same with those of Stewart, and having had occasion to state our views respecting them somewhat at length in our examination of the Essays of that writer on the Active and Moral Powers of Man,* we deem it unnecessary to repeat them here.

There is, however, one important peculiarity in the views of Sir James Mackintosh, which it may be proper to notice. Stewart and most other writers, who adopt the theory of a Moral Sense or Faculty, consider it as a distinct and original part of our constitution, the germ of which, as of all the other principles of our nature, is born with us, and is gradually developed in the progress of our physical and intellectual culture. Mackintosh supposes, on the contrary, that Conscience or the Moral Faculty is not an original part of our constitution, but a 'secondary formation,' created at a later period of life by the effect of the Association of

* N. A. Review. Vol. XXXI. p. 213.

Ideas, out of a variety of elements existing in the mind. If we understand him rightly, the animal appetites are the only original elements of our constitution. By associating the pleasures we derive from the gratification of these with the persons about us who lend us their aid in gratifying them, we gradually acquire Social Feelings. The actions, whether our own or those of others, which tend to gratify the animal appetites and the social feelings thus formed out of them, of course give us pleasure, and are also recognized by the understanding as tending to promote the general good. These and a variety of other impressions that are made upon the mind by the observation of voluntary actions are gradually amalgamated into a new feeling, entirely distinct from any of the elements composing it, to which we give the name of *Moral Approbation;* and the mind, considered as having the capacity to exercise this new feeling in regard to voluntary actions, is said to possess a new and distinct power, which is called the Moral Faculty or Conscience. Such is a brief outline of Sir James's theory, as far as it is peculiar to himself and as we understand his language. We owe it to the reputation and authority of so distinguished a writer, to quote the most important passages in his own words.

'When the social affections are thus formed, they are naturally followed in every instance by the will to do whatever can promote their object. Compassion excites a voluntary determination to do whatever relieves the person pitied. The like process must occur in every case of gratitude, generosity, and affection. Nothing so uniformly follows the kind disposition as the act of will, because it is the only means by which the benevolent desire can be gratified. The result of what Brown justly calls "a finer analysis," shows a mental contiguity of the affection to the volition to be much closer than appears on a coarser examination of this part of our nature. No wonder, then, that the strongest association, the most active power of reciprocal suggestion, should subsist between them. As all the affections are delightful, so the volitions, voluntary acts, which are the only means of their gratification, become agreeable objects of contemplation to the mind. The habitual disposition to perform them is felt in ourselves, and observed in others, with satisfaction. As these feelings become more lively, the absence of them may be viewed in ourselves as a pain, in others with an alienation capable of indefinite increase. They become entirely independent sentiments; still, however, receiving constant supplies of nourishment from their parent affections, which, in well-balanced minds, reciprocally strengthen each other; unlike the unkind passions, which are constantly

engaged in the most angry conflicts of civil war. In this state we desire to experience these *beneficent volitions*, to cultivate a disposition towards them, and to do every correspondent voluntary act. They are for their own sake the objects of desire. They thus constitute a large portion of those emotions, desires, and affections, which regard certain dispositions of the mind and determinations of the will as their sole and ultimate end. These are what are called the moral sense, the moral sentiments, or best, though most simply, by the ancient name of *Conscience;* which has the merit, in our language, of being applied to no other purpose, which peculiarly marks the strong working of these feelings on conduct, and which, from its solemn and sacred character, is well adapted to denote the venerable authority of the highest principle of human nature.

'Nor is this all: It has already been seen that not only sympathy with the sufferer, but indignation against the wrong-doer, contributes a large and important share towards the moral feelings. We are angry at those who disappoint our wish for the happiness of others. We make the resentment of the innocent person wronged our own. Our moderate anger approves all well-proportioned punishment of the wrong-doer. We hence approve those dispositions and actions of voluntary agents which promote such suitable punishment, and disapprove those which hinder its infliction or destroy its effect; at the head of which may be placed that excess of punishment beyond the average feelings of good men, which turns the indignation of the calm by-stander against the culprit into pity. In this state, when anger is duly moderated,—when it is proportioned to the wrong,—when it is detached from personal considerations,—when *dispositions and actions are its ultimate objects*,—it becomes a sense of justice, and is so purified as to be fitted to be a new element of conscience. There is no part of morality which is so *directly* aided by a conviction of the necessity of its observance to the general interest, as justice. The connexion between them is discoverable by the most common understanding. All public deliberations profess the public welfare to be their object; all laws propose it as their end. This calm principle of public utility serves to mediate between the sometimes repugnant feelings which arise in the punishment of criminals, by repressing undue pity on one hand, and reducing resentment to its proper level on the other. Hence the unspeakable importance of criminal laws, as a part of the moral education of mankind. Whenever they carefully conform to the moral sentiments of the age and country,—when they are withheld from approaching the limits within which the disapprobation of good men would confine punishment, they contribute in the highest degree to increase the ignominy of crimes, to make men

recoil from the first suggestions of criminality, and to nourish and mature the sense of justice, which lends new vigor to the conscience with which it has been united.

'Other contributary streams present themselves. Qualities which are necessary to virtue, but may be subservient to vice, may, independently of that excellence or of that defect, be in themselves admirable. Courage, energy, decision, are of this nature. In their wild state, they are often savage and destructive. When they are tamed by the society of the affections, and trained up in obedience to the moral faculty, they become virtues of the highest order, and, by their name of *magnanimity*, proclaim the general sense of mankind that they are the characteristic qualities of a great soul. They retain whatever was admirable in their unreclaimed state, together with all that they borrow from their new associate and their high ruler. Their nature, it must be owned, is prone to evil; but this propensity does not hinder them from being rendered capable of being ministers of good, in a state where the gentler virtues require to be vigorously guarded against the attacks of daring depravity. It is thus that the strength of the well-educated elephant is sometimes employed in vanquishing the fierceness of the tiger, and sometimes used as a means of defence against the shock of his brethren of the same species. The delightful contemplation, however, of these qualities, when purely applied, becomes one of the sentiments of which the dispositions and actions of voluntary agents are the direct and final object. By this resemblance they are associated with the other moral principles, and with them contribute to form Conscience, which, as the master faculty of the soul, levies such large contributions on every province of human nature.

'It is important, in this point of view, to consider also the moral approbation which is undoubtedly bestowed *on those dispositions and actions of voluntary agents*, which terminate in their own satisfaction, security, and well-being. They have been called duties to ourselves, as absurdly as a regard to our own greatest happiness is called self-love. But it cannot be reasonably doubted, that intemperance, improvidence, timidity, even when considered only in relation to the individual, are not only regretted as imprudent, but blamed as morally wrong. It was excellently observed by Aristotle, that a man is not commended as *temperate*, so long as it costs him efforts of *self-denial* to persevere in the practice of temperance, but only when *he prefers that virtue for its own sake*. He is not meek, nor brave, as long as the most vigorous self-command is necessary to bridle his anger or his fear. On the same principle, he may be judicious or prudent; but he is not benevolent, if he confers benefits with a view to his own greatest happiness. In like manner, it is ascertained by ex-

perience, that all the masters of science and of art,—that all those who have successfully pursued truth and knowledge,—love them for their own sake, without regard to the generally imaginary dower of interest, or even to the dazzling crown which fame may place on their heads. But it may still be reasonably asked, why these useful qualities are morally improved, and how they become capable of being combined with those public and disinterested sentiments, which principally constitute conscience? The answer is, because they are entirely conversant with volitions and voluntary actions, and in that respect resemble the other constituents of conscience, with which they are thereby fitted to mingle and coalesce. Like those other principles, they may be detached from what is personal and outward, and fixed on the dispositions and actions, which are the only means of promoting their ends. The sequence of these principles and acts of will becomes so frequent, that the association between both may be as firm as in the former cases. All those sentiments of which the final object is a state of the will, become thus intimately and inseparably blended; and of that perfect state of solution (if such words may be allowed) the result is *Conscience*,—the judge and arbiter of human conduct; which, though it does not supersede *ordinary motives* of virtuous feelings and habits, which are the ordinary motives of good actions, yet exercises a lawful authority even over them, and ought to blend with them. Whatsoever actions and dispositions are approved by conscience acquire the name of virtues or duties: they are pronounced to deserve commendation; and we are justly considered as under a moral *obligation* to practise the actions and cultivate the dispositions.'

With all our respect for the character and opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, we are compelled to say that we do not consider his innovations upon the theory of morals held by those of his predecessors with whom he most nearly agrees, as improvements. We cannot but regret that, apparently from a too anxious wish to avoid the unnecessary multiplication of original principles,—he should have diminished the weight and value of his own testimony in favor of the doctrines which he seems to be most anxious to establish. He shows throughout extraordinary zeal in sustaining the reality of disinterested benevolence, and makes this principle in a manner the cardinal point in his doctrine; but when he developes his own views more systematically in the closing chapter, we find, with surprise and not without pain, that this disinterested benevolence is after all only a 'secondary formation' out of our animal appetites. He insists, it is true, that 'the pleasures derived from the gratification of a

self-regarding appetite may become a part of a perfectly disinterested desire; and that the disinterested nature and absolute independence of the latter are not in the slightest degree impaired by the consideration that it is so formed.' The reader will judge how far this doctrine is in itself plausible, and how far it is sustained by the reasoning with which it is accompanied in the work. For ourselves, we must own, that we cannot regard it as satisfactory. If the mind, in its mature state, possess the quality of disinterested benevolence, which, by admission, is entirely and totally distinct from any animal appetite, why should we hesitate to admit that the germ of this feeling, as well as of the animal appetites, is an original and inherent part of our nature? Why is it more probable that there should be only one principle, or one set of principles in the mind than two, or more? It is no doubt unphilosophical to admit more causes, than are necessary to account for the phenomena that are to be explained; but it is not less unphilosophical to assign different and entirely opposite effects to the same cause, for no other purpose than to diminish the number of original principles. We can understand, though we cannot agree with those who deny the reality of benevolence, and affirm that selfish gratification is the only possible motive of action. The doctrine which admits the reality of benevolence, and yet denies that it is an original principle of our nature, though more agreeable, is much less consistent and plausible as a theory, and, we must own, is entirely beyond our comprehension.

The same objection applies to Sir James's theory of the Moral Faculty. If we thought it necessary to admit the existence of a separate power of this kind, we should be much more disposed to regard it as an original principle, than as a secondary formation out of other elements. For ourselves, we do not, as we have stated on the occasion above alluded to, find any sufficient evidence of the existence of a separate *Moral Faculty*, whether Intellectual or Sensitive. By *Conscience* we understand the mind itself,—the GOD WITHIN US,—exercising jurisdiction over our actions and those of others through the medium of the understanding and of the natural affections; through the agency, in short, of all those distinct elements of our nature which Sir James supposes to be, for this particular purpose, amalgamated into a new and distinct faculty. The two theories are so far the same, as they both suppose that the mind, in making up its judgments on the moral quali-

ties of actions, employs almost all the various faculties belonging to all. Sir James supposes that, for this purpose, all these various faculties are previously amalgamated into a new and independent power. This theory is not to us distinctly intelligible, and of course does not command our assent. We think it much more natural to suppose that the mind, or in other words, the MAN, in applying his different powers of thought and feeling to the consideration of voluntary actions, exercises each of these powers in turn, as he does for all other purposes, and that when his judgment in regard to a particular action is, as may often be the case, the effect of the exercise of several different powers, the combination is seen not in the process but in the result.

With these brief commentaries, we take our leave for the present of this great and good man. The freedom with which we have dissented from his opinions will have satisfied our readers that we are not the slaves of his authority, nor the blind worshippers of his name. His talents and learning, remarkable as they certainly were, were not superior to those of many of his contemporaries, and are not the points in his character which chiefly command our admiration. We dwell upon his life and writings with peculiar satisfaction, because we recognize in him one of the rare instances in which the highest endowments of intellect, graced and set off by every advantage of education and position in the world, are also associated with correct moral principles and generous sentiments. The contemplation of such characters is delightful, and the description of them tends to elevate the standard of conduct and feeling throughout the community. It is on such characters that we would earnestly exhort the ingenuous and aspiring youth of our country to fix their eyes and fasten their affections. Let them learn from others a stricter prudence in private affairs, and a steadier industry,—the secrets of Fortune;—but let them study in Mackintosh the reverence for Religion and Virtue;—the generous but well-tempered zeal for improvement and liberty; the manly independence; the wide and various learning, and the amiable manners, which rendered his great natural gifts an honor and a blessing to mankind. We feel a sincere pleasure in acknowledging, as far as our feeble powers permit, by this imperfect notice, the pleasure and improvement which we have derived from his conversation and writings; and shall be still more gratified, if the opportunity should be afforded us of resuming the subject with fuller materials hereafter.

ART. VII.—*Noyes's Translation of the Psalms.*

New Translation of the Book of Psalms. With an Introduction. By GEORGE R. NOYES. Boston. 1831.

This book has been for some time before the public, and we have attempted to notice it before, but various circumstances have prevented. We regret this omission the less, however, since we have seen the success of this and the preceding work of the same writer. They are of a kind which have prejudices to encounter and overcome, before they can make way into that general use for which they were designed. But from what we know of their merits, and what we have seen of their circulation, we feel persuaded that the author will be rewarded, by knowing that he has been useful to thousands who desired to read the Scriptures with understanding, and have so often met with difficulties, that they have been almost in despair.

There seems to us to be a little misunderstanding with respect to the plainness of the Scriptures. In all that relates to the doctrines and duties of our religion, particularly the latter, they are plain as the light of heaven can make them. Every one, who sincerely desires to know the truth on these subjects, can easily find it; for, if he find difficulties at first, he moves in a path like that of the just, which shines brighter and brighter as he advances. Undoubtedly many subjects may be suggested, even by the simplest passages of Scripture, which are not easily understood. But if any are disappointed thus, they must be aware that there exists no necessity, on their part, either to agitate or understand them; for, so far as regards the formation of character, the knowledge of practical truth, the right restraint of the passions, and the proper use and cultivation of all the immortal powers, no one is left in doubt or darkness by the written word of God. Moreover, every year that passes over us is throwing light on parts that have been obscure, not only by direct theological investigation, but by the discoveries of science, the researches of travellers, the inquiries of historians,—and, in fact, by every intellectual department, in which the minds of men are vigorously exerted. And in the main purpose which the Scriptures were intended to answer,—that of preparing men for another state of existence, to which all, whether prepared or not, must go,

it is the chief glory of their inspiration, as it is the beauty of the holiness they inspire, that the same truth, which makes the archangel wonder and adore, stoops, with divine simplicity, to the unenlightened and even the infant mind.

But it would not follow, that, because the Scriptures were plain as written, they should be plain as translated. Translation is always a difficult and delicate thing. The idiomatic expressions of one language cannot be translated into another, because, in many cases, when they would convey any meaning, so far from being the true one, it would be precisely the reverse of it. We see examples of this kind in the New Testament, where certain events fulfilled certain ancient predictions; and it is said that such things happened that the prophecy 'might be fulfilled,'—as if they took place on purpose to fulfil the predictions; whereas the wonder was, that the order of events should, without any direct and intended agency, have so directly fulfilled the prediction. By a similar inversion, our Saviour is made to thank his Father 'that thou hast hid these things from the wise' of ages past, when the subject of his gratitude is that, having hid these things from the wise of ancient times, it has pleased God to reveal them in the latter days. Besides expressions and phrases, there are words which cannot be translated for want of a corresponding English term. Thus the Greek verb 'to have,' in some cases signifies use as well as possession, and can only be rendered by our American word 'improve,' which, in this active capacity, 'improving an estate,' for example, has not the honor of being an English word. The common verb 'to be,' also signified often continued existence. Thus Peter said, 'It is good for us to be here,' meaning it is well for us to remain, or to live here. Some words have not merely changed, but absolutely reversed their meaning since the days of King James. This is true of such terms as *let*, signifying *to hinder;* and of the word *prevent*, as sometimes used in the Scriptures. It is true, that such things do not often occur where they would embarrass those who are searching for practical truth and duty, which are by far the most important purposes for which the Scriptures were given. Still it would be better that they should not exist; for unless men can understand the sacred writings, they will not read them; and difficulties of this kind might be serious obstacles to those not much in the habit of reading or thinking, where they would not even be perceived by the learned or the thoughtful.

It is neither our province nor our desire, to discuss the question respecting the necessity or advantage of a new translation of the Scriptures; a question which has been before the world for many years, and debated with ability by members of every party. On the contrary, we wish to recommend this work as one which may be equally acceptable to either side, and to show that those who maintain that a new version of the whole is unnecessary, will do well to encourage every attempt to throw light upon the several parts. For all agree that there are difficult passages in the Bible, which it is well to understand, for the reason given by the highest of all possible authorities, —that when a person reads the word without understanding it, it easily perishes from his heart. That such passages are numerous, and important enough to require the substitution of a new version for the present, is denied by many religious men, who maintain that the present one is excellent, with the exception of a few words and phrases, which have lost their meaning in the lapse of years; and that it is also recommended by many venerable associations, which should not be broken without reasons of the most pressing importance. It is urged, in reply, that much light has been thrown upon the interpretation of the Scriptures in modern times,—that those associations should attach themselves to the truths revealed, and not to the accidental form in which uninspired men translated them from one language to another;—and that to contend, as earnestly as many do, for the present version, shows that they deem words more important than things, forgetting that 'words are the daughters of earth,—things are the sons of heaven.'

Now it strikes us, that to answer the strong reasons of those who propose a substitution, the other party must encourage such works as this, that they may have it in their power to say that there is no need of such a substitution;—for they certainly do not wish to plead for the mistakes and errors. They allow that there is much that might be altered for the better; why not then give a welcome to works which respect and retain what is excellent, and only alter what requires alteration? Why not patronize works, which concede to them that the present translation is in general good, and only change what all allow would be the better for alteration?

This work is founded upon the established version. It differs widely from the former work of the same author, and for good and substantial reasons. The Book of Job requires more of that ex-

planation which a new translation affords, than any book perhaps in all the Scriptures. Its author is wholly unknown, so that no light can be thrown upon his probable meaning in any case, from what we know of his history, character and opinions. The country where the scene is laid, is determined only by doubtful and imperfect conjecture; so that, instead of explaining the local allusions by what we know of the country, we only know the country by the local allusions. The theology of the book has no reference to the Hebrew revelation, so that no knowledge of Jewish antiquities can aid in the interpretation. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the translation of this book in our Bible should have been more defective than that of others; nor that Mr. Noyes, while he acknowledged the general excellence of the English version, and declared that no version ought to succeed, which did not resemble it, should have felt obliged to depart from it as freely and as often as he did. No thoughtful man of any party ever read it without being troubled by difficulties at every step of his way; and the simple endeavor to correct the errors in it was sufficient to lead to a version almost entirely new. The best way of answering the objections founded upon these errors is to confess that they exist; but there are popular works within the reach of every one which will abundantly explain, so that it is not necessary to resort to the revolutionary process of substitution.

In the work before us, Mr. Noyes, without departing from his principle, has departed less from the common version. We commend his judgment in so doing, wherever he found it consistent with his design. For the common version, so far from being, as is generally supposed, the result of a single exertion, owes its excellence in great part to the works of previous translators, whose language was followed in it, as the language of the common version is by translators of the present day. The English translation of the Psalms has passed into universal use, wherever the English language is spoken. Its simple, expressive, and peculiar dialect is music and inspiration to a million hearts. It has been for ages the chosen and sacred channel in which devotion pours itself out to God. Who can wonder, that such associations twine themselves round the tree of life in the soul? They might possibly increase and gather, so as to injure its growth; but so long as they only add to its beauty and verdure, and since they cannot outlast the short season of mortal life, it seems like sacrilege to hew them away.

There are thousands of the most serious and intelligent readers, who admit alteration where it is necessary to throw light upon the page, but would not welcome it for the sake of taste or feeling. Where a word or a phrase gives a wrong impression, they would be willing to give it up; but for a less reason they would hardly consent to its removal, even to replace it with a better. There are so many of the best men, in every religious party, who share this natural feeling, that the judicious translator treats it with the greatest regard; and translators of an opposite description, who carelessly disregard it, find it impossible to gain a hearing,—and thus defeat their own purpose, however good and proper it may be.

But while we name as a recommendation of Mr. Noyes's work, that he has respected the English version of the Psalms, and only departed from it where it was necessary to give the true meaning, it seems to us that his work is not less adapted on that account to the purpose of those who, like Bishop Lowth, are in favor of an entire substitution. For they are well aware that if ever that substitution take place, it will not be by sudden enactment, nor by an arbitrary exertion of power. Their opposers misunderstand their views, when they say, in favor of the present version, that a number of divines, collected like those in James's days, would not be likely to make a better. This is the last course which those in favor of substitution would think of adopting. They would choose that the work should be the slow result of critical interpretation. They would select translations, or parts of translations, on which solitary scholars had spent their lives of labor, not for the sake of profit or pride, but which they have engaged in, heart and soul, from a desire to understand the oracles of God; and which they have published to the world that others might see what they saw, and admire what they admired. And so far from establishing a new version in such a manner that no subsequent improvement could be made, they would enjoin it as a duty on all who come after them to welcome every improvement, however small, and from whatever quarter it comes. They are anxious that truth should not be identified with the medium through which it is conveyed; and they would remove the dust of ages, that we may see in the glass clearly, and not darkly, the substantial truth of the word of God.

While, then, we readily confess ourselves incompetent to decide a question which has been ably debated by other hands,

and think it needless to state the opinion which we have formed, we feel safe in saying, that there is no class of readers who are not interested to encourage such works as this. Those who know the difficulty of translating the Old Testament, arising from the language in which it is written,—a language, of which we have nothing more than the mouldering remains,—from the arbitrary meaning which the Jews affixed to various words, as if on purpose to put them out of the reach of interpretation, —from the injuries which the writings themselves have suffered from the hands of time, which makes dogs' ears that no human power can repair,—from the condition in which the text has been left by careless and ignorant transcribers,—those who can estimate the labor and qualifications which such an enterprise requires, will be aware that they are such as no encouragement can overpay. And those who are quite unable to comprehend either the difficulties or the industry that surmounts them, well know that there are many passages which they do not understand, and which at present they have no means of understanding, since the learning which throws light upon them is locked up in libraries, where it is utterly inaccessible to thousands who are deeply interested to know its results at least, if not the steps by which learned men have reached them. These things can never be within their reach, unless they extend encouragement to those who endeavor to supply their wants,—and, casting aside all local and party prejudices, acknowledge that the efforts of such men are meritorious, and give them a hearty welcome and applause.

No part of the Old Testament is easy to translate, even to the satisfaction of the translator himself; and he cannot be so visionary as to hope to satisfy all others, unless he hopes to accomplish more than ever yet was done. The Psalms present more difficulties than other parts, because they are not the work of a single hand. The great object of the translator is to make himself familiar with the mind, character, habitual expression, and accidental peculiarities of his author; and when he has ascertained these points to his own satisfaction, he proceeds with a rapidity and confidence which he cannot have in other cases. When these things are unknown, he cannot possibly determine in any doubtful passage what would be the probable meaning of the author, which is an indispensable guide in choosing between different interpretations. The Psalms were divided into five books, collected at unknown

times and by unknown hands. Seventy-one of the Psalms were written by David; and the knowledge we have of his character and history throws abundant light upon the obscure parts of his writings; but no such light can be cast upon the great number which remain, some of which are ascribed to Asaph, who is to us nothing but a name, but of which the greater part are nameless and wholly destitute of internal evidence, which would help to determine who the writer may have been. Mr. Noyes represents the editor of the first book as collecting the Psalms of David alone; the second, such psalms of David as were not in the former book, with some others by different hands. The three last were miscellaneous. But as the first collection contains some which appear to have been written during the captivity, it seems probable that even that was not made till after the return from Babylon. Poems, thus covering centuries of the Hebrew history, and abounding in allusions to circumstances and times, it is evident cannot be easily translated; beside that, in the transmigration of the poetical spirit from one language to another, the beauty and power are very apt to be lost.

We say, then, that every thing which tends to explain these writings should be encouraged, and especially such works, as give the results of labor without the detailed process; for they come with but little pretension; not many can be aware of the amount of exertion they must have cost; and the translator sacrifices the display of his learning, which some would consider a loss of one of its best rewards. The Psalms are cherished as a sacred treasure, by the simple and the wise,—by Christian, Mahometan, and Jew,—we may even say by infidels, for cultivated sceptics always profess to admire the lofty poetry of the Old Testament, while they neglect the practical wisdom of the New. These writings are delightful to the cold eye of taste, and passionately dear to the glowing soul of devotion. They are full of the inspiration of genius, which, like the divine inspiration of the prophets, is a glorious gift of God. In truth, genius partakes of the nature of prophecy; it has always something prophetic about it; it is not bound down to its own country and its own time; it is not formed and colored by the events of the day and the hour. When it speaks, its audience is man, and the 'heart universal' listens with rapture to its voice. It is heard beyond the boundaries of mountains,—beyond the broad waste of oceans. Its sounds never die upon the air,—

they echo far down the lapse of time. This is eminently seen in the history of these writings. The sound of their inspiration, not loud, but strangely sweet, comes down to us over ages, which are passing away like the waves of a retiring sea. Mighty vessels of state have gone down, leaving no trace in the waters. Cities and kingdoms have perished, leaving no stone rising above the tide to show where they stood;—but these poems, written by hands that have long been in the dust, are still heard, reverenced and loved, as fervently as in the palaces and halls of Jerusalem thousands of years ago. They are heard in the rolling anthem and the whispered prayer,—they float on the harp's vibration and the organ's swell,—beneath the arches of the cathedral and the rafters of the straw-built shed; and they will be a monument to all future generations, showing what human power and heavenly inspiration can do.

The illustrious men of the Hebrew nation were the best of all possible examples to show this prophetic character, this adaptation to all coming time; for all their attachments were local; they loved their country with even more than affection,—with strong and ungovernable passion; every part of it,—mountain, lake and river, was distinguished by some remarkable tradition, and in their annals the simple truth was more wonderful, than any thing superstition could have invented. The hills round the lake of Galilee were not more clearly reflected in its bosom, than the aspect of their country was reflected in their writings; every thing that related to their own, their native land, was first and nearest to their hearts. We may trace this in the very sound of their inspiration. When they tell of battles fought, and victories gained with God upon their side, their harps ring loud and clear as the silver trumpets of the Temple; when they foretell the misfortunes of their country, the Temple sinking in flames, and the mountains melted in the blood of their inhabitants, they are mournful and affecting as the wail of a broken heart. And yet, such is the power of their inspiration, that their writings, local as they are in style, sentiment and description, are natural and welcome in every coming age; they seem like the property, not of a single nation, but of the whole race of man.

The most interesting of the Psalms are those of David, a man of extraordinary ability, which was displayed not merely in his poetry, but in the active engagements of a life as various

and singular as the imagination ever drew. We know not whether injustice is done to him by those who represent him as an example of religious excellence, or those who, in making up their judgment, remember nothing but his crimes. His life was passed, not in thoughtful solitude, but in wild and romantic adventure; he lived in times which were essentially savage. How is it possible, that any should expect to find in him the evangelical virtue which Christianity alone can inspire? And why should any one wonder, that he should speak of his enemies with bitterness, even in the presence of his God? We see no immediate connexion between inspiration and excellence. Divine power employed those best suited to its purposes. There were many, who were approved for their fidelity in the particular work required at their hands, whether it was resisting idolatry, inflicting vengeance, or redressing wrongs,—whose private life, tried by our standard of morality, would have received stern condemnation. But while we cannot allow that there was any thing surprising in the faults of David, considering when and where he lived, we confess that we are inclined to wonder at his virtues. For example, at the generosity which he manifested when he was suffering under the heat of his burning climate, and three of his brave friends had cut their way through the Philistine army, to bring him water from the well of Bethlehem by the gate. Feeling that he had no right to encourage such needless self-devotion, such prodigal waste of blood, he poured the untasted water on the ground, as an offering to his God. These are things, which none but a generous spirit could do. The advice which he gave to his son, when dying, has generally been thought to imply an atrocious spirit of revenge, when, according to our translators, he charges him to destroy the man whose life he had sworn to spare. But if, as commentators say, the words will bear a different construction, the connexion seems to require it; for after telling Solomon that Shimei was a dangerous man, but that he had pledged his word that he should not die, he says, You are a wise man, and know what to do to him; but his head bring *not* down to the grave with blood. This certainly seems more consistent with his character, than for him openly to declare that he had sworn not to injure Shimei, and then to direct his son to destroy him; more natural, than to tell Solomon that he knows best what should be done, and after leav-

ing all to his judgment, to charge him with his dying voice to take the pardoned offender's blood.

This great man was qualified to be a prophet of the human heart, by his familiarity with human life in every form. He was born in unambitious retirement, and, as a youthful shepherd, was acquainted with the cares and passions of humble stations. He had no preparation of experience for the duties and dangers of the throne; but, when raised at once to that dizzy height, showed that he had ample resources, to fulfil the one and to resist the other. For years he led the life of an oppressed and anxious exile, suffering from the jealousy of Saul, who feared, respected and almost loved him. When he came to the throne, upon the death of his misguided predecessor, he was at once a great and powerful sovereign. The wild natives of the country were successively defeated, and, 'from Egypt to the Euphrates,' the whole region quietly submitted to his power; and he established a fame more brilliant than victories can ever give, by securing the administration of justice in his empire,—by extending the general prosperity from the highest to the humblest dwellings,—by encouraging the elegant arts, poetry, music and architecture, with every thing which could refine the manners and feelings of the fierce Hebrew race. He secured the resources of other countries in addition to his own, by launching his peaceful navies upon the sea. But, at the moment when his glory and success were at the highest, the tide began to turn. The bark, which rode the waves so triumphantly was wrecked, and lay torn and helpless upon the shore. He gave himself up to the sway of his passions; and the consequences of this guilt began to fall upon him. His house was filled with mourning, by the rebellion and death of his favorite son; he became the prey of evil tongues, and a dark and melancholy cloud thenceforth hung over all the setting of his day. By means of these various and unexampled changes, he became intimately acquainted with life, in all its lights and shadows of joy and sorrow, of glory and of shame. Every one can find, in the feelings and circumstances of David, something that resembles his own. His inspiration is adapted in this way to the hall of the monarch, the soldier's tent, and the hermit's cell,—to the solitude of the mourner,—the desolation of the exile,—the humiliation of the penitent, and the triumph of the great. It is welcome in the chamber of the sick, and at the bedside of the dying. It

is suited to every variety of fortune and feeling, and, in one word, to every human heart.

For reasons like this, these admirable writings, even apart from their sacred character, must be valuable and interesting to all; and it is of great importance, that they should be thoroughly understood. There are readers, who have no time nor opportunity to go to the explanations of commentators, and who are compelled to remain in ignorance of the meaning of many passages, on which light might be easily thrown by the alteration of one or two words. When they find that Mr. Noyes has respected their feeling in adopting the common version, and has made no changes simply for the sake of change, we are persuaded that they will feel grateful for his labors, and be ready to testify that he has done a good service, not only to the interests of general improvement, but to the cause of that religion, which he evidently has at heart.

The amount of alteration which Mr. Noyes has found it necessary to make, may be judged by comparing his version of the twenty-third Psalm with that of our Scriptures. This beautiful Psalm is supposed to have been written, when David was driven out from the Holy City. In it he praises God, that when defeated by his rebellious son, and obliged to encamp beyond the river, where he was in danger of perishing, he is still supplied by Divine Providence, and can spread a banquet in the sight of his foes;—for veteran soldiers flocked to his standard, and many, like Barzillai, gave their wealth to sustain his army. We choose this, not because it is the happiest translation, but partly with a view to illustrate that prophetic character, by which the Psalms have overcome their first local application, and suited themselves to all persons and ages.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want!
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside still waters.
He reviveth my spirit;
He leadeth me in the right paths,
For His name's sake.
When I walk through the darkest valley
I fear no evils, for Thou art with me;
Thy crook and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In presence of my enemies.

Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Any one may here observe, how easily the local and personal blessings for which David expresses his gratitude, take a figurative meaning, and supply a voice of thankfulness for every heart. The expression, 'valley of the shadow of death,' is here changed into 'darkest valley,' which is undoubtedly the true meaning; for the writer was not speaking of the darkness of death, but a deathlike darkness, which prevailed in the vales of the wild region where he was. The original expression is best literally rendered 'valley of the shades,' but the proper translation here is that which Mr. Noyes has given. The writer compares himself to a sheep wandering in those deserts, where sheep are in constant danger without the shepherd's care.

We give but one more example, to show how a Psalm, which has conveyed no meaning to most readers, resumes order and connexion when newly translated. The following version of the hundred and tenth Psalm may be compared with that in our Bible.

Jehovah said to my Lord
'Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thy foes thy footstool.'
Jehovah will extend the sceptre of thy power from Zion,
Thou shalt rule in the midst of thine enemies!
Thy people shall be ready, when thou musterest thy forces in holy splendor.
Thy youth shall come forward, like dew from the womb of the morning.

Jehovah hath sworn, and he will not repent,
Thou art a priest forever
After the order of Melchizedek.
The Lord at thy right hand
Shall in his wrath crush the heads of kings;
He shall execute justice among the nations;
He shall fill them with dead bodies,
He shall crush the heads of his enemies over extensive fields,
He shall drink of the brook in the way;
Therefore shall he lift up the head.

If the reader of the common version find passages which convey no meaning to his mind, and if in this he find the place of these passages supplied by others, which, beside being clear, are harmoniously consistent with the spirit and sentiment of the rest of the Psalm, he has reason to believe, that the translator has faithfully discharged his duty. Let this test be applied to the work before us, and we believe it will be approved. There are one or two alterations, which we regretted to see; but they are not very important, and we are confident that its solid merits will secure the favor of all, whose good opinion the author desires to gain.

ART. VIII.—*Bank of the United States.*

1. *Report of the Majority of the Committee of the House of Representatives, appointed on the 14th March, 1832, to inspect the Books, and examine into the Proceedings of the Bank of the United States.*
2. *Report of the Minority of the Select Committee, appointed to examine the Books and Proceedings of the Bank of the United States.*
3. *Report of* MR. ADAMS, *of the Committee appointed to examine and report on the Books and Proceedings of the Bank of the United States.*
4. *Message from the President of the United States, returning to the Senate, with his Objections, a Bill to modify and continue an Act, entitled an Act to incorporate the Subscribers to the Bank of the United States.*

The question, which involves the fate of the Bank of the United States, is now before the country; and no man can say, that the means of forming a just opinion of its merits are withheld from those by whom it is to be decided. The closest scrutiny into the affairs of that institution, which suspicion ought to dictate or prejudice demand, has been already made; none of the instruments, by which public sentiment could be excited against it, have been overlooked, or employed in the spirit of lenity; the counsel on both sides have been fully heard; and the people of the United States, the good men and true, are about to declare their verdict. We hold it to be a great error to maintain, that it is of little consequence at what determina-

tion they may arrive. Be that determination what it may, it will seriously affect the interests of the country, for good or evil, for many years to come. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a great public question, in comparison with which the interests of this party, or that individual, sink into insignificance; and which must be considered, by those who would view it aright, solely in reference to the general welfare. In this light, we have on some former occasions attempted to examine it; and in resuming our observations, we propose to take up the history of the Bank where we left it, and to give as large an account as our limits will allow, of whatever proceedings have been since instituted in relation to it, together with some remarks on the message of the President, in which he refuses his assent to the bill passed by both Houses of Congress, modifying and renewing its charter.

It is well known that the Executive has deemed it expedient, in his communications to Congress at the opening of their several sessions since his induction into office, regularly to express his objections to the Bank, and his hostility to its continued existence, as it is at present constituted. In his introductory message at the last session, after remarking that he had previously, on more than one occasion, felt it his duty to declare his sentiments upon the subject, he added that he thought proper, 'without a more particular reference to the views of the subject then expressed, to leave it for the present to the investigation of an enlightened people, and their representatives.' A remarkable difference of opinion, however, appeared at this time to exist between the President, and one of his official advisers. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury, on the state of the finances, bears date on the day following that of the message. There was no intimation in the latter, that the sentiments of the President had undergone a change; on the contrary, the reference to his former communications indicated, that they remained the same as before; while those of the Secretary of the Treasury were expressed with frankness and decision in favor of the existing Bank. He regarded its constitutionality as clearly and definitively settled; and the experience of the Government had, in his judgment, demonstrated with equal clearness, the indispensable necessity of such an institution to the fiscal operations of the country, the security of commercial transactions, and the safety and utility of the local banks. Without asserting

that the organization of the existing Bank was wholly free from objection, he insisted, that the judicious manner in which its affairs had been conducted, the accommodation which the Government and people had derived from it, and the knowledge it had acquired of the business and wants of the various sections of the country, a knowledge, which could be gained only by time and experience, together with the danger of withdrawing the facilities afforded by it, even for the purpose of transferring them to another institution, gave it strong claims upon the consideration of Congress, in any future legislation on the subject. These considerations induced him 'to recommend the expediency of re-chartering the Bank at the present time, and with such modifications as, without impairing its usefulness to the Government and the community, may be calculated to recommend it to the approbation of the Executive, and,—what is vitally important,—to the confidence of the people.'

So early as December, 1829, the President had recommended this matter to the consideration of Congress, as being, at that time, a proper subject for legislation; and though he has since declared that he considers 'present action premature,' it is not surprising that this circumstance, combined with the energetic exhortation of the Secretary of the Treasury, independently of the fact, that their application had been delayed as long as it could be when there was any hazard of an unfavorable decision, should have induced the officers of the Bank to present a petition for the continuance of their charter. The memorial of the President, Directors and Company of the Bank was accordingly presented early in January last, to the Senate by Mr. Dallas, and to the House of Representatives by Mr. McDuffie. In the Senate, it was referred to a select Committee. Various modes of reference were proposed in the House, but, after some debate, it was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means; who, on the 10th of February, reported a bill, the particular provisions of which it is unnecessary to notice here. Before this bill had been considered by the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Clayton, of Georgia, providing for the appointment of a select committee to examine into the affairs of the Bank, and report thereon, and investing them with power to send for persons and papers. In the speech with which that gentleman introduced this proposition, he presented to the House certain

allegations of misconduct on the part of the officers of the institution, seven of which he considered as involving violations of its charter; while the residue, fifteen in number, were designated by him as 'abuses worthy of inquiring into, not amounting to forfeiture, but going, if true, clearly to show the inexpediency of renewing it.'

Whatever might be the merits of these singular specifications, precision was not among the number. They were designated by Mr. Clayton as an indictment; and among the counts was set forth 'a strong suspicion of secret understanding between the banks and brokers, to job in stocks, contrary to the charter;' a charge, on which none but a flinty attorney-general would put either fellow-being or corporation upon trial. These accusations were represented by Mr. Clayton as demanding an instant and rigorous investigation, which the proposed committee were to institute. On this resolution, a debate arose, which was continued about a fortnight, in the course of which various amendments were offered and successively rejected. It was at length proposed by Mr. Adams to amend the resolution, by striking out all that portion which followed the words providing for the appointment of a committee, and inserting the words 'to inspect the books, and to examine into the proceedings of the Bank of the United States, to report thereon, and to report whether the provisions of its charter have been violated or not.' The amendment also empowered the committee to meet in the city of Philadelphia, invested them with authority to send for persons and papers, and instructed them to make a final report on or before the 21st day of April following. As was intended by the mover, it wholly changed the character of the resolution. The mode of investigation contemplated by that resolution was one, which was regarded by Mr. Adams as neither authorized by the charter of the Bank, nor within the legitimate powers of the House. It would have affected not only the officers of that institution, but the rights, interests and characters of persons not responsible for their proceedings, and over whom the House had no control; and was, therefore, in violation of the security to individual rights, given alike by the charter and the law. His views upon this point are presented in his separate Report with great clearness and strength. It would seem that his reasoning was acquiesced in by the House; a motion, which was made to amend his amendment, so as to authorize the committee to inquire whether the

provisions of the charter had been abused as well as violated, was withdrawn, and the amendment of Mr. Adams was adopted without alteration. In this form, the resolution passed; thus limiting the inquiries of the committee to those objects, the right of investigating which was reserved to Congress, in the charter of the Bank. It was then proposed by Mr. Everett, that the committee should consist of nine members, to be appointed by ballot; but, at the request of others his motion was withdrawn, and the result which he obviously anticipated, took place. A majority of the committee were appointed by the speaker, from the number of those members who had voted in opposition to the amendment of Mr. Adams, and in favor of the resolution, in the form in which it originally stood, and in which it had been rejected by the House.

Under these circumstances, the committee proceeded to Philadelphia, to accomplish the object of their mission. Scarcely had they begun their operations, when a majority of their number thought proper to give a different construction to the resolution, from that which was intended by the House; and determined to inquire, not merely whether the charter of the Bank had been violated, but whether there had been any circumstances of mismanagement in its affairs, from the time of its foundation to that very hour; according to the schedule of abuses and suspicions, which their chairman, Mr. Clayton, had incorporated into the indictment of which we have already spoken. No objection was made to this proceeding on the part of the Bank; its President only reminded the committee of the confidential character of its accounts with its customers; a circumstance, which appeared to be of small moment in the estimation of the majority of their number. Such was the spirit in which the investigation was begun. As if to leave no doubt in regard to its character, the chairman entered a statement on the minutes of the committee, in which he declares that he had sought privately from one of the witnesses under examination, and from every one else likely to furnish it, information respecting the misconduct of the Bank. Far from indicating a bias in favor of the institution on the part of the committee, this proceeding served rather to betray a spirit unfavorable to the proper execution of their duty. The character of such a committee is or ought to be of a judicial, quite as much as an inquisitorial nature; and this determination to find abuses by private research shows very little of the

temper of the judge. At all events, it led the committee into a field of investigation, quite too broad for the limit of any human commission; but as if it were still too contracted, it was resolved, on motion of one of the members, Mr. Cambreleng, 'to proceed to examine the President and Directors of the Bank of the United States, on the question of loans, exchanges, funded debt, banking, specie and paper circulations, and on the general effect of the operations of the Bank and its branches upon the trade, industry, currency, foreign and domestic exchanges and revenue of the United States.' This investigation appears to have been confided to Mr. Cambreleng himself, who executed it in an interminable series of questions, which it cost the President of the Bank as much trouble to correct, as to answer. Our limits will not permit us to follow the committee in their flight through all the circles of earthly knowledge; a task, which belongs rather to the schoolmen of less illuminated ages, than to our humble capacities. All that we can do is very briefly to examine some of the fruits with which the committee were laden, on their descent from these sublime excursions; and we do this principally for the purpose of showing the material, out of which those violations of the charter were fabricated, of which the chairman had in the outset declared the officers of the institution guilty. It was naturally to have been expected, that in preparing his report, that gentleman would have availed himself of the opportunity of declaring their innocence, if the charges should be unsupported by the expected testimony, or if otherwise, of publishing their guilt. He did neither the one thing nor the other; he simply stated, on the part of the majority of the committee, that they would submit to the House, without expressing any opinion, such cases, as had been subjects of imputation against the Bank; or in other words, the alleged violations of its charter. They thus conveyed the impression, that they were persuaded of the validity of these allegations; a fact, which is hardly to be credited. If it were so, it indicates a facility in believing, which they will find very few to share.

The first on the list of supposed violations of the charter was a charge of *usury*, founded on a transaction which occurred ten years ago, since which time more than one generation of presidents and directors have passed away. The branch at Lexington discounted a promissory note, subscribed by William Owens and others, for four thousand dollars,

payable in three years in specie; and this amount was received by him in notes of the Bank of Kentucky, then at a discount of fifty-four per cent., at their nominal value. They were paid to him at his urgent solicitation. He declared, that they would answer his purpose as well as specie, and so in fact they did; being applied by him to the payment of debts at their nominal value. At their nominal value, had the branch at Lexington received them; they recovered that value six months after this transaction; so that, had the branch retained them, it would have received the full amount of them with interest. Under the agreement with Owens, the Bank received nothing more than the nominal value, and he received nothing less. When a suit was instituted on the note, the defendants offered a special plea, in which they averred, that at the time of the loan, the notes of the Bank of Kentucky were generally depreciated, so that one hundred dollars of the nominal value thereof were of the current value of only fifty-four dollars. To this plea, the attorney for the Bank demurred, relying rather on the presumed legal invalidity of the plea, than upon the real merits of the case. The plea was, however, sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Bank was thus made to suffer the penalties of usury, without its guilt. One would think, that the committee need hardly have referred it to Congress to decide, whether there was any violation of the charter here.

The committee next submit the question, whether the issuing of branch drafts can be justified under the provisions of the charter. The notes of the Bank, according to that instrument, are to be signed by the president and cashier; but the labor of preparing the required number, was greater than the physical strength of any two persons could endure. Application was therefore made to Congress in 1823, for authority to issue notes signed by other persons than these officers; and a committee, of whom Mr. Cambreleng was one, reported that the request was reasonable and ought to be granted. This report was made in February, 1823, within a week of the close of the session, and was not acted on. In 1827, a new petition was presented, and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, who made no report upon it. The opinion of eminent counsel was then taken, as to the power of the branches to issue drafts, or bills of exchange, drawn by those branches on the parent Bank; and it was unani-

mous in favor of that power. They were acccordingly issued, in a uniform style, resembling that of the notes of the Bank, and signed by the presidents and cashiers of the respective branches. Though payable only at the parent Bank, the credit of the institution gave them universal circulation. They were in fact an accommodation to the public, who thus effected many of their exchanges without expense, rather than to the Bank, to which, under certain circumstances, they might prove very inconvenient. The only wonder is, that the power of issuing such drafts, in the manner proposed, should ever have been questioned. Except in the fact of their uniformity, they differed in no respect from the drafts which the bank had been, and must have been, in the habit of employing. If they involved a violation of the charter, it might have been suggested by the committee, that it was one, by which the public, rather than the institution, was the gainer. It might at least have been remembered, that an opinion had been pronounced in favor of their legality, by one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The two next charges against the Bank are, that it has sold coin, particularly American coin, and that it has sold stock obtained from Government under special acts of Congress. Of these transactions, the first is supposed to be unauthorized by any provision of the charter, and the second expressly prohibited by the injunction against any dealing of the Bank in stocks. Foreign coins, in the opinion of a majority of the committee, are not bullion; in that of the world at large, they unquestionably are; but the committee argue, that if foreign coins should be considered as bullion, American coins should not, so that in one way or another, the Bank has gone beyond its powers. The right of dealing in bullion, or foreign coins, was expressly given, in order to remove any doubt that might exist respecting the power of the Bank in this particular; while that of dealing in current coin is incident to the very nature of such an institution. These coins are bought by the Bank at their intrinsic value, and sold by it in the same manner; nor could it well be otherwise; for if the Bank were forbidden to allow an advance in purchasing, or to receive any advance in the sale of them, it would be a simple prohibition against paying out, or importing, or purchasing specie, in any case whatever. With respect to the sale of stock, the argument of the majority of the committee appears to be founded on a misconception of the provisions

of the charter. The Bank is prohibited from buying any portion of the public debt, but it is not forbidden to sell any evidences of that debt which it may lawfully possess, and it is expressly authorized to subscribe for government stock; over which it has the same control and the same rights, which appertain to every other owner of all other property. The majority of the committee would not have anticipated much danger from the exercise of the right of selling, if they had adverted to the fact, that the purposes of speculation in stock are poorly answered by the mere privilege of selling, without that of buying also. At all events, it requires more than common sagacity to detect in either of the above operations, any violation of the charter of the Bank. Indeed, the right of selling public stock has been employed by it in seasons of peril, very much for the security of commercial credit, and the general welfare of the country.

The two last supposed violations of the charter, as suggested by the majority of the committee, are the making of donations for roads, canals, and other purposes, and the building of houses to rent or sell, and the erection of other structures in aid of that object. In their statement of these, as in other instances, their Report forgets to state any explanatory circumstances, which might detract something from the guilt of this offending corporation. Express authority is given it by its charter, to purchase real estate, which it may hold in mortgage as security for the payment of debts previously contracted, as well as such as may be sold under executions in its own favor. By the failure of many of its debtors in the Western States, it was some years ago compelled to become the owner of a large amount of real property. The donations here alluded to were small subscriptions made for the improvement of such estate in the vicinity of its own, with the view of enhancing the value of the latter, and small sums contributed to fire insurance companies for its security; and the building in question was executed, in order to put the property of the Bank in a more eligible condition for sale. No persons except the majority of the committee can believe, that the Bank would voluntarily become the purchaser of real estate at all; and it is difficult to conceive, why those gentlemen should have supposed, that it would intermit for a moment its mighty speculations, to lay out a road or build a warehouse for the public detriment. The right of placing property in a

situation to be profitably held, or advantageously sold, is incident to the right of ownership; for it would be strange indeed, if the Bank were only authorized to hold this property on such terms, as may render it entirely worthless.

Such is a cursory survey of the charges, which a majority of a select committee of the House of Representatives have presented to that body, as violations of the charter of the Bank of the United States; in regard to which they do no more than intimate their own opinion, but leave it to the House to appreciate their enormity. It seems almost like ridicule, to bring them forward with the solemnity of criminal accusations. Indeed, if the character of those legislators were not at war with such a supposition, one might imagine them to be indulging themselves in a jest, designed to be at the expense of the Bank, but in reality at their own. We have dwelt upon them thus lightly, because they are examined in the Report of the minority of the committee briefly, but with much ability, and in that of Mr. Adams, with his characteristic force and directness. No stronger evidence could be desired of the correct and judicious manner in which the affairs of the Bank have been conducted, than is afforded by the fact, that these are the foremost offences in the dark catalogue of its crimes. Other accusations there certainly were, but they were not urged as violations of the charter; they came under the head of abuses worth inquiring into, and into which the committee did accordingly inquire with abundant alacrity and zeal. The officers of the bank were charged, among other things, with having loaned large sums to the editors of public journals, with the view of securing the press in aid of their nefarious purposes; and the private affairs of these individuals were accordingly investigated and made public, in order to excite against them some odious suspicions of corruption. It was of no avail, that the loans had been indiscriminately made, as well to those editors whose sentiments were hostile, as to those whose opinions were favorable to the Bank; it was to no purpose, that a case of suspicion, at the worst, was all that could possibly be proved; it was to no purpose, that the minority of the committee remonstrated against this exposure of the private affairs of individuals;—the majority of the committee went triumphantly on in their brilliant career, and at last left it to the better judgment of the House to decide, on the facts which they had collected and spread on the face of their Report, whether such

cases of corruption had any actual existence or not. We do not propose to enter upon the examination of these details; we could add nothing to the considerations which are set forth by Mr. Adams, in his stern and indignant commentary on the examination, and its results. We will only observe, that there is no censor so rigid, as a political partisan. In his list of the virtues, charity has no place; every action is uniformly attributed to the worst imaginable motive, and the possibility of the existence of a good motive, or of the absence of an evil one, is never for a moment admitted. If the Bank loan money to an editor who is opposed to it, it is bribery; if it advance money on competent security to a friendly one, it is the wages of iniquity. Let its officers adopt whatever course they may, they are sure to furnish conclusive evidence of their own guilt. Now there is obviously no reason, why those who happen to pursue the calling of editors of public journals, should be deprived of the facilities for the conduct of their business which they require, and which all other persons possess. It is just as reasonable to suppose that every editor, who opposes the Bank of the United States, is the slave of the State Banks, as to assume that all who support it are bought by its accommodations. Indeed, the mere loaning of money, on adequate security, is not so overpowering a favor, as of necessity to call for the sacrifice of principle and independence in requital. In the particular instance which is dwelt upon with much emphasis by the majority of the committee, we understand that the loan was made on good security, though for a longer term than usual; but when the officers of the Bank, men of unquestioned honor and integrity, whose assertions are not lightly esteemed in the community of which they are members, promptly and indignantly disclaim the motive thus imputed to them, of 'insinuating themselves' in this way into the management of the press, there seems to be no propriety in charging them with falsehood and hypocrisy. We may, perhaps, doubt their prudence; but it is going a little too far, to magnify imprudence into fraud and corruption. There is one fact, relating to this and the other investigations of the committee, which is worthy of remark. So far as we are informed, no argument was founded on their Report, either by friend or foe, in the subsequent debate upon the bill for re-chartering the Bank, in the body of which they were members.

After these Reports had been severally presented to the

House, the Senate resumed the consideration of a bill to modify and continue the charter of the Bank, which had been previously reported by the select committee, to whom the memorial of the President and Directors was referred. It was adopted by that body, after a deliberate and ample discussion. The following is a cursory account of its provisions. It proposed to continue the charter for the term of fifteen years following the third day of March, 1836. Authority was given to the Directors to appoint two or more officers to sign notes for a smaller sum than one hundred dollars, which were to be of the same validity as if signed in the usual manner. No notes, checks or drafts, which were not declared upon their face to be payable at the Bank where they should be issued, were to be put in circulation. The Bank and its branches were required to receive all notes of the Bank, wherever they might be declared payable on their face, in payment of balances due to them from the State Banks. No real estate, except the Bank buildings and lands mortgaged, was to be held by the Bank for a longer term than five years. Two offices only were to be established or continued in any one State. The sum of $200,000 was to be paid annually to the Government, during the period of fifteen years, as a consideration for the benefits resulting from the charter. Congress was to retain the power of preventing the Bank from issuing or keeping in circulation notes of a smaller denomination than twenty dollars. A list of the names of all stockholders, together with a statement of the number of shares held by them respectively, was to be furnished annually to the Secretary of the Treasury, and to the Treasurer of any State, who should apply for it. This bill was also passed by the House of Representatives, with an amendment, allowing the continuance of more than two branches, where they are already established, in any State. The Senate concurred in the amendment; and in this form the bill was sent to the President for his signature. It was shortly afterwards returned by him to the Senate, accompanied with a Message, in which he assigns at length the reasons which induce him to refuse it his assent.

Before we proceed to offer any remarks upon this document, it may be proper to look for a moment at the early history of the institution, the merits of which the President has never yet been able to perceive. Neither in this Message, nor in any allusion which he has heretofore made, is there a single

ray of light, to relieve the dark shadows of the picture he has drawn. It was in 1811, that the charter of the first Bank of the United States expired. The paper of the State Banks was poured out in a deluge, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the loss of its circulation. In two or three years after, every bank, to the South and West of New England, discontinued the payment of its notes in specie. No man needs to be informed of the effects of the depreciation of the currency which followed. In addition to the destruction of business, the interruption of confidence, the loss of credit, and the reckless and fatal spirit of speculation, there was a deep and real distress in some portions of the country, which seemed hardly to admit of any relief. In the midst of the complicated mischiefs growing out of this state of things, and for the purpose, as far as might be, of remedying them, the existing Bank of the United States was established. The renewal of the charter of the former one would probably have prevented their occurrence; but it was not so clear, that the creation of the new one would remove the evil, by restoring the currency from its state of alarming and unprecedented depreciation. Other experiments had been tried, and tried in vain. Peace had returned, but no return of specie payments came with it. Public opinion called loudly for their resumption, but its voice was unheard; the Secretary of the Treasury exhorted, entreated, prayed, but all in vain. Some of the State Banks were willing to adopt the measure; others could not be persuaded to relinquish the golden harvest, which they alone were gathering; nor is there any reason to believe that the object could have been accomplished, without the intervention of the Bank of the United States. The course of that institution was prompt and resolute. Instead of retiring, as it might have done with profit to itself, from a difficult and ungrateful task, it manfully and readily met the exigency; it proposed a compact, by which on the one hand the State Banks pledged themselves to resume specie payments, while the Bank of the United States, on the other, pledged its resources to sustain them in the operation. It did sustain them; it did effect its purpose. We have the testimony of Mr. Dallas, no undistinguished name, and of Mr. Lowndes, a man not apt to be mistaken, and not likely to deceive, in favor of the liberality and good faith with which its engagement was fulfilled. It has ever since preserved the currency of the country in as sound a condition as one which consists in a large proportion of paper can ever be maintained.

Yet the President of the United States was so little impressed by these facts, that he declared the Bank to have failed in the great end of establishing a sound and uniform currency; and in the Message which is now before us, has taken other very unfavorable views of its tendency and operation, which might induce the uninformed to suppose, that it is nothing better than the source of accumulated evils.

Of this paper, we would speak with the respect due to the official station of the President of the United States; but we deem it neither unbecoming nor unjust to say, that his name must have been attached to it under the influence of feelings of stern and unchangeable aversion to the Bank. There is hardly a paragraph, in which these feelings are not betrayed; there is not one, in which its merits are admitted. Throughout, the term monopoly is applied to its privileges, as if they could be designated by no other word, than an unpopular and odious one. But what is this monopoly? Not the privilege of loaning money; that is possessed by every individual in the land. Not a monopoly of the right of issuing notes for circulation; that it enjoys in common with some three or four hundred other institutions, existing under the authority of the several States. The power of issuing notes is one, which is every where, by the policy of our laws, taken from individuals, and conferred on corporations, subject to the supervision and control of the public authorities; and, moreover, paying largely for the privileges thus accorded to them. The Government of the United States, in consideration of a large amount directly paid, and of services rendered of great moment to the public welfare, confers this privilege on a single institution. It employs no more, because no more are needed for the purpose. Beyond this, there is no justice in the application of the term monopoly to the exclusive privileges of the Bank, which are exclusive only, because it could not otherwise exist. The Bank enjoys no monopoly of the foreign and domestic exchanges. Every individual has the same right of dealing in these, that he possessed before it was established; and if he cannot profitably pursue the business, it only proves, that the premium has been reduced by the Bank to the lowest rate, and that the funds of individuals are transferred at the least possible expense. Before it was instituted, the premium of exchange, paid in general at the West for bills on the large commercial cities, as we are assured on competent authority, was 2½ per

cent., and in many instances, much larger: now, at the highest, it is one half of one per cent.; and in a great number of cases, where drafts or notes are used, no premium on the transfer of funds is paid at all. So with respect to foreign exchanges, the operations of the Bank, as a large and constant purchaser of bills, prevent fluctuation in the demand, and, as a seller of them, in the supply; and it purchases and sells upon the most favorable terms, because if it did not, the business would pass into other hands. There is obviously no monopoly here; nothing but an extensive, but not exclusive dealing on the part of the Bank, of great advantage to the community. In various other portions of this document, expressions are used which, if they proceeded from any other source, would seem to have been intended merely to excite unmerited prejudice against the institution. Its stockholders are mentioned as a privileged class, enjoying favors and gratuities, from which the mechanic and the laborer are excluded; as if the same reproach were not just as applicable to those of every local bank. The erection of such an institution is denounced, as an alarming encroachment on the rights of the States; when, if there be any encroachment in the case, the regulation of the currency, which has so long been exercised by the States, might with more justice be termed an encroachment on the rights of the Union; and the constitutional prohibition of the power of directly taxing the Bank by the States is lamented, without any apparent admission of the fact, that such a power to tax is nothing less than a power to annihilate. But we have no room to dwell upon these subjects, and can only express our regret that topics of this sort are introduced into a state-paper, where one would not naturally look for aught resembling an appeal to prejudice.

The first and immediate effect of renewing the charter of the bank, in the manner contemplated by the bill, would, in the judgment of the Executive, be to raise the value of the stock to nearly fifty per cent. above its par value. This advance, equal to seventeen millions, would be, he says, a mere donation to the stockholders; whereas, on the contrary, it should be paid into the treasury of the United States; because, if these monopolies are to be sold at all, they should be sold for precisely what they are worth. It is doubtless true, that the Government, in granting any charter, must act for the benefit of the people, and not of those on whom it is bestowed; and it is universally admitted, that

a reasonable compensation should be paid by the latter, for the privileges thus conferred upon them. When their charter was originally granted, they paid to the Government a million and a half of dollars, and became bound to transfer the national funds, and to transact the business previously performed by the various loan offices, without pecuniary compensation. It is now proposed, that they shall pay the sum of two hundred thousand dollars annually, during the term of their charter. This is the amount, which both Houses of Congress, after much deliberation, have fixed upon as just and reasonable. It should not be forgotten, that the profits which the Bank can derive from the government deposites, since the reduction of the revenue, will be far less than they have been heretofore, while the sum which it pays to the Government will be considerably greater; and it must be remembered also, that if the Government is to receive all the profits of the charter, individuals can have no motive for accepting it. Now, if the suggestions of the President were adopted, it is very obvious that the stockholders, far from receiving any benefit, would experience a positive loss. Nothing but the wildest spirit of speculation could raise the price of the stock, in the manner which he supposes; and if such should be the fact, that price would be but momentary, as it would be far beyond its real value. Admitting, however, that this should be the result, and that the Bank should pay for its privileges one half the amount of its capital stock: it would then require an advance of one hundred per cent. on the remaining amount, to raise the stock even to its nominal value. Under these circumstances, the stockholders could not accept the charter without the certainty of loss. The same remark may be applied to the offers of immense payments to the Government for a new charter, which have been liberally made. If the stock of a new bank, which should be bound to pay ten millions into the treasury, could be subscribed, which we conceive to be absolutely impossible, there could result nothing but loss to those unfortunate enough to be its holders. The fallacy of the argument arises from laying out of view the fact, that the advanced value of the stock has arisen in part from the judicious management of the affairs of the institution, and the hold which it has obtained upon the public confidence; advantages, slowly gained, and not to be readily acquired by a new one. If any persons are to be benefited by the granting of the

charter, the benefit would seem to belong to those who have made the institution what it is, rather than to any other given number of individuals. The suggestion of the President is, that the whole American people should be allowed to become competitors for the purchase; but it is evident that, after all, the privileges must be conferred on a limited number of persons; and there is no reason, why they should not be possessed by the present stockholders, as well as by any other equal number. The only interest which the public at large can have is, that they should be exercised in the manner most likely to promote the general good. This security, as it appears to us, would be found in the renewed existence of the present institution, quite as certainly as in any other way.

Another objection, which stands in the van of the President's long array of objections to the bill, is the danger of allowing foreigners to become proprietors of the stock. Eight millions of it in amount are already in their hands, and, owing to the mode of taxation to which its American holders are subject, he apprehends that nearly the whole will sooner or later be concentrated in the hands of foreigners, and employed by them to effect the ruin of our institutions. In this way, an event, which would not under any circumstances be likely to occur, and which, as the Bank is constituted, never can occur, is represented as an impending and unavoidable evil. Every one knows, that foreigners are prevented, by the charter of the institution itself, from exercising any influence in the management of its affairs; and if they had power to do this, a sufficient motive for undertaking it would still be wanting. Why should they purchase the stock, in order to exercise a control which the purchase of the stock will not give them, and which, in a season of exigency, supposed in the very statement of the objection, would, if they obtained it, be much more likely to expose their property to peril, than the institutions of this country? The foreign holders of American bank stock are not very likely to become conspirators and incendiaries: they would not be ambitious of breaking down the pillars of any temple of Dagon, under whose ruins they would be the first to perish. It would be no sport to these engineers to 'hoist with their own petard;' indeed, of all earthly probabilities, we hold that to be the remotest, which represents a company of merchants and bankers as anxious to spring a mine for the destruction of nations, at their own personal expense. We

have, however, some instructive experience upon this point. Of the twenty-five thousand shares, into which the stock of the first Bank of the United States was divided, eighteen thousand were held by foreigners in the year 1809. Then was the time, if ever, for these enemies of freedom and good order to accomplish their wicked purposes. The cry of foreign influence was ringing from one extremity of the Union to the other; the signs of the times were dark and ominous, and the charter was about to expire; but we have never heard among the rumors of that eventful period, either that this stock was purchased by the secret service money of Great Britain, or that its real owners exhibited any ambition to sacrifice the Government, which gave their property protection. If any danger of the sort existed, it would be quite as likely to arise from the accumulation of the stock of local banks, canal or rail-road stock, or that of any State in the hands of foreigners, as from their possessing that of the Bank of the United States; but we have never heard of objections on the part of any State, that they should become the owners of this species of property. There appears in fact to be some mistake in the premises, which are to lead to so disastrous a conclusion. It is the taxation of stockholders here, while foreigners are believed to be exempted from the burden, which the President thinks likely to accumulate the stock in the hands of the latter. He supposes that the bill concedes to the States the right of taxing the interest of resident stockholders, while that of foreigners, being free from any such exaction, will be the more valuable of the two. But the bill in truth concedes nothing of this kind. If the States did not possess this right of taxation before, no act of Congress can give it to them, because it cannot annul the operation of the constitution of the United States. They always have possessed, and do still possess it, and we know no reason to doubt that it has been exercised. All that the bill proposed to do, was to render it more easy than it is now, to ascertain the precise amount of the interest of resident stockholders; by requiring that a list of their names, with the number of shares held by them respectively, should be furnished on application to the treasurer of any State. But without any such provision, the tax would be no more likely to be evaded, than a tax on money at interest, or various other kinds of property. In the same manner may the foreign stockholder be made liable to similar taxation at home; and

his tax would in all probability not be lighter, than that of the native owner of the stock. The only effect of subjecting the foreign stockholder to taxation here, would be, to render the stock less valuable abroad than it is at home; and in that event, there would be no necessity for adopting the proposition of the President to prohibit its sale to aliens, 'under penalty of absolute forfeiture.' The truth is, that much of this stock is sent abroad in the way of remittance, thus answering the purposes, and saving the exportation of specie, and not simply because it is desired as a means of permanent investment; but if it were sold only to those who wish to retain it, it must be obvious, that they would be interested in the preservation, rather than the destruction of our Government, precisely in proportion to the extent of their interest in the stock.

The error of the Message arises from a supposition, at variance, as we believe, with the observation and experience of practical men, that there is in our country at this moment a superabundance of capital. The increase of capital, however great it may be, is not equal to that of the demands of industry and enterprise. In the absence of our own, that of foreigners comes in to supply the deficiency, which would not be the fact, if it were not wanted and could not be advantageously employed. A nation that neither wants nor requires it, would no more think of procuring it abroad, than he who has money which he wishes to loan, would think of borrowing of his neighbor. Within a few months, a loan to the amount of several millions has been negociated abroad. The capital, thus introduced, animates and quickens industry in all its branches; sets the cars of our rail-roads in motion; impels the boats that crowd our navigable canals; and pours itself through a thousand channels, to swell the broad tide of our national prosperity. We cannot but regret that the President should have thought proper to utter a denunciation, which must, so far as it has any effect at all, diminish the value of American stock in every market in the world.

By one of the provisions of the bill, the notes of the Bank and of its branches, though declared on their faces to be payable at one place only, were required to be every where received in payment of balances due from the State Banks. This provision, in the opinion of the President, though sufficiently just as far as respects those Banks, is yet most odious,

because it confers on these institutions a privilege which is denied to individuals; and because it tends to unite the local Banks and that of the United States in the consummation of any measures, which may conduce to the common benefit of all. From this language it would naturally be inferred, that the people were about to be deprived of some right which the Bank might well be required to allow, and which they may properly claim. But what is this supposed right? Simply, that all the notes issued by the Bank and all its offices, shall be made payable at every office; or, in other words, that each office shall be constantly provided with funds to redeem, not only its own notes, but the notes of all the rest. This would be merely to ordain, that no branches shall be established at all. It would be just as reasonable to require, that each State Bank should redeem the notes of every other. So far as this can be done with safety, it is already done by the Bank of the United States, from a regard to its own interest, and to extend the circulation of its notes; and its extensive dealings in exchange afford it greater facilities for so doing, than any other institution could possess. Its five dollar notes are already paid in this manner; and the instances are rare, in which similar payment has been refused in regard to notes of any denomination. But if it were under an imperative and indispensable obligation to redeem its notes, not merely at the offices whence they are issued, but at every other, the expense and burden of such a requisition, if the thing were practicable, would be too great for any institution to bear. On the occurrence of a pressure in the money-market of any commercial city where a branch may chance to be established, the bills of every branch which could possibly be procured, would be instantly sent to that particular branch for redemption, in addition to its own. These notes are now as valuable as specie; that is, wherever they may be issued, they are any where convertible into it, at a premium which is no greater than the expense of transporting specie; and to require any thing farther, would be to compel the Bank gratuitously to perform the exchanges of every individual in every section of the country. We know not that there is any complaint against its present course in this respect; reasonable complaint, we think, there can be none. Even as respects State Banks, the provision would be wholly nugatory. It is designed to guard against the exercise of a power, which the Bank has never used; that of effecting

a combination among several branches, to send the notes of a particular bank to a branch in its vicinity for collection, while the bank, thus called upon, can offer only in exchange the notes of the branch which demands the payment. The dealings of the Bank of the United States with the State Banks have not been such, as to call for the application of any remedy like this.

It has been urged, says the President, as an argument in favor of re-chartering the Bank, that the calling in of its loans will produce general embarrassment and distress; and he replies to this argument by maintaining, that this cannot be the case, unless its management has been bad; in which event the fault will be its own. The argument, if well founded, will in his opinion never be less powerful than it is now; so that, if it have any force, the Bank must be permitted to endure forever. If, however, the facilities which it gives are required by the industry and commerce of the country; if, as we shall presently attempt to show, they are of indispensable necessity to some particular sections, it by no means follows, that any distress, which might result from the sudden withdrawal of those facilities, would be ascribed with justice to mismanagement on the part of the Bank itself. It would be just as reasonable to prohibit agriculture, and hold the farmer responsible for the injuries of the famine. Some parts of the country are rich in industry and enterprise, but poor in capital; in obedience to one of the purposes of its institution, the Bank pours out its capital there; it cannot be suffered to depart, because there is nothing to supply its place. Undoubtedly, if there be any imperious necessity for destroying it, the evil must be encountered. But shall we destroy it, simply because it must at some time perish, like all things earthly, and because we may chance to think that it can be no more easily destroyed at any future day? A proposition of this kind can only be supported on the ground, that the institution is dangerous as well as useless. The doctrine of the Message in fact is, that it is full of evil in all its tendency and operations.

'The amount of stock held in the nine Western States,' observes the President, is '$140,200, and in the four Southern States is 5,623,100 dollars, and in the Eastern and Middle states about 13,522,000 dollars. The profits of the Bank in 1831, as shown in a statement to Congress, were about 3,455,598 dollars; of this there accrued in the nine Western States about 1,640,048, in

the four Southern States about 352,507 dollars, and in the Middle and Eastern States about 1,463,041 dollars. As little stock is held in the West, it is obvious that the debt of the people in those States is principally a debt to the Eastern and foreign stockholders; that the interest they pay upon it is carried into the Eastern States and into Europe; and that it is a burden upon their industry, and a drain of their currency, which no country can bear without inconvenience and occasional distress.'

If we were called upon to point out the most obvious and striking example of the beneficial operations of the Bank, we hardly know to what quarter we should more readily turn, than to the section thus exhausted and oppressed; or from what facts we should draw a more conclusive argument in its favor, than from those which are here arrayed in testimony of its evils. What was the condition of the Western States a few years ago, and what is it now? Before the operations of the Bank were conducted on their present scale, the people of these States had all the natural advantages, of which they are in possession at present;—the same magical fertility of soil, which hardly asks the aid of patient industry, to yield its golden harvest; the same bold spirit of enterprise, which laughs at danger and privation; the same magnificent rivers, to bear the produce of their labor to the sea. But all these availed them comparatively little, so long as the capital procured by their industry was absorbed in new improvements, and enough could not be afforded, to circulate the productions of their labor. In order to supply this deficiency, banks were established, without any of those salutary restrictions, which experience has shown to be essential to guard the public against the multiplied calamities of failure. Far from being founded upon capital, they were established for the very reason that capital was wanting. For a time, the expedient appeared to answer its intended purpose; but the interest of their proprietors combined with the demands of the public to induce unlimited issues of paper, and the inevitable consequences were soon revealed. It was impossible for the banks to redeem their notes, and their value sunk at once in the hands of the holders. Creditors, however, were compelled to receive them or not be paid at all; for the fatal remedy of stop and relief laws, which always aggravate the evil they are meant to cure, was instantly applied to prevent the utter ruin of the debtor. These measures produced no other effect, than that of taking the

property of one man and giving it to another, of enriching the speculator, and destroying all that confidence, without which the elements of society are feebly held together. Those who would gladly have removed from this scene of ruin found it impossible, because the paper, which was so depreciated in their own State, was absolutely worthless in another. Nothing could be imagined more fatal to industry, than such a state of things as this; and we are confident, that we do not attribute too much to the operation of the Bank of the United States, when we say that it did more than any other cause, to rescue the Western States from these accumulated evils; not indeed in the outset of its operations, but since it has been conducted on its present extensive and judicious plan. But the depreciation of the local currency, though by far the greatest, was not the only evil. The merchant, who carried this depreciated paper beyond the limits of his own State to purchase supplies, was of course compelled to exchange it for such funds as might serve his purpose; and the rate of discount was graduated according to the risk and difficulty of obtaining payment of the notes he carried with him. It is needless to explain the consequences resulting from a necessity of estimating the solvency of banks in establishing that rate, and from conducting the operations of exchange on the basis of an unsound currency.

Under the present system, the mischiefs arising from a depreciated and fluctuating currency are not likely to return. The paper of the Bank of the United States is every where received in payments to the Government, and every where equivalent to specie, and the depreciated currency of other banks cannot be kept for any length of time in circulation. Their issues are thus limited by their ability to redeem them. At present, the beneficial influence of that institution is more distinctly visible in the operations of exchange; and from these, individuals in all sections of the country derive real, if not equal benefit. For all commercial purposes, they are brought into the immediate vicinity of each other. The merchant in New York, who sells goods to the dealer in Cincinnati, draws on the latter for the amount; the Bank purchases his bill on the most favorable terms, and provides him with funds for further operations without hazard or delay. The facilities given to the Western merchant are greater, because he can less easily dispense with them. His trade is in the first instance carried on with the Western and South-

western States, and with the drafts received in return for his produce, he may purchase his supplies in the Atlantic cities. If he send it to New Orleans, his bills, drawn on the proceeds, are bought by the branch in his neighborhood, and remitted to that city. 'When,' says the President of the Bank, 'the notes issued by the several branches find their way in the course of trade to the Atlantic branches, the Western branches pay the Atlantic branches by drafts on their funds accumulated at the branch in New Orleans, which there pay the Atlantic branches by bills growing out of the purchases made in New Orleans on account of the Northern merchants or manufacturers; thus completing the circle of the operations.' The Western dealer is thus enabled immediately to pay to the cultivator the price of his crop, while he himself receives the amount for which he sells it at New Orleans. The influence of these facilities is felt in all departments of the industry of the West. The merchant of the seaboard might obtain less complete accommodation elsewhere; but the people of the West must obtain it from the Bank, or obtain it as they did several years ago, for a price, at the very lowest, five times greater than it is at present. Yet even this, important as it is, is not the only benefit which the Western States derive from the Bank. Their demand for capital, to keep the ponderous wheels of their ever-active industry in motion, is supplied by loans to the amount of many millions of dollars, apart from the acceptances of bills drawn on other parts of the country. The capital, thus furnished by the Bank, cannot be drawn to the same extent from other sources. On the very statement of the President of the United States, the West would obviously not be able to supply its place. It is provided for them by the Bank, at the interest of six per cent., a rate far lower than individuals could easily obtain, far lower than they would readily give; and the lowest portion of the profits upon it is remitted to those by whom it is provided, while its substantial benefits remain, and animate and brighten the prosperity of that singularly favored portion of our land. Such is the picture, in which the President can see nothing but darkness and gloomy shades;—such is the drain upon the currency, and the burden upon the industry of the West!

But what consequences are to follow, when these facilities shall be withdrawn, as withdrawn they must be, so far as we have any understanding of the views of the President of the

United States,—so far, certainly, as the decision of the question rests with him? Even if another similar institution were to be created, they must still be withdrawn, because years must elapse, before the same could be afforded by the new. The term of its charter, now remaining, will hardly be sufficient to enable the present Bank to call in its debts and withdraw its circulation. But the creation of another such institution appears to form no part of the President's design. That design has been already communicated in a former message, in which he proposed to establish a Bank without power to issue notes, without power to make loans, and with authority merely to buy and sell exchange with the deposites of the Government; which, as we have seen, must in future be more limited than they have been heretofore, and derived from revenue, a small portion of which only is collected in the West. For aught, then, that appears, an incalculable amount of money is in the course of less than four years to be remitted in discharge of debts, from the Western States to the Atlantic cities and to foreign countries. The circulation of the Bank, which constitutes the only currency of several of those States and a large proportion of that of all, must disappear. In what manner this debt is to be paid, is beyond the power of the imagination to conceive; but it may safely be predicted, that it will be attended with confusion and distress, in comparison with which, all the calamities which have heretofore beset that portion of our land, would be prosperity and happiness. Nor is the place of that circulation to be supplied by the erection of State Banks, in such a crisis. The capital, on which alone those institutions could be safely founded, would be withdrawn; and they could but ill supply the want of capital, when its deficiency is the very cause of their creation. Such fabrics, 'built in the eclipse,' could show no canvass on a heavy sea. Their notes would rush at once to the branches of the Bank, in payment of the overwhelming debt. Experience is full of lessons on this subject, to which it would be madness not to listen; but eloquent as it is, it cannot adequately tell the danger. It were almost as well, that the magnificent Father of waters, rolling onward to the sea with the golden fruits of a continent upon his bosom, ploughed by a thousand keels, and spreading verdure and prosperity, bright as the sunshine he reflects, in his majestic course, were suddenly exhausted of his mighty flood.

We had ventured to entertain the opinion, that the constitutional power of Congress to incorporate a Bank was as fairly settled, as any power ever can be; but we are informed by the President, that the fact is otherwise; that it is neither settled by precedent, nor by the decision of the Supreme Court; not by precedent, because if the Congresses of 1791 and 1816 decided 'in favor of a bank,' those of 1811, and 1815, decided against it; nor by the decision of the Supreme Court, because, besides that this tribunal has no authority to control Congress or the Executive, when acting in their legislative capacities, it has never decided that 'all the features' of the present Bank are constitutional. It is obvious that the acts of Congress, by which banks have been erected, carry with them an authority, which the rejection by that body of certain bills presented to them for a similar purpose does not. Whenever they use the power, they declare plainly enough that they believe themselves to possess it; but when they decline to use it, their unwillingness may arise from an objection to the particular mode of exercising it which is offered for their consideration, as well as from a conviction that they want the power. Thus in 1815, President Madison, in the same Message in which he refused his assent to a bill for the incorporation of a bank, declared that he waived the constitutional question, as being precluded, in his judgment, 'by repeated recognitions, under varied circumstances, of the validity of such an institution, in acts of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Government, accompanied by indications, in different modes, of a concurrence of the general will of the nation.' His rejection of a particular bill, under these circumstances, could not well be quoted as a proof, that he denied to the Legislature the possession of the constitutional power. The Congress of 1815 doubted it as little, or they would probably not have passed the bill, which the President rejected. In the other instance mentioned in the Message, that of the Congress of 1811, the power was, if not affirmed, at least, not denied. A bill was actually passed by the House of Representatives in that year for the incorporation of a Bank, which was rejected in the Senate by the casting vote of the Vice President; but one of the Senators who voted in opposition to it has declared, that he never at any time entertained a doubt respecting the constitutional power, and that his objection was founded on some particular provisions of the bill. The hostile

precedents therefore vanish, while the power of Congress to incorporate a bank has been affirmed in every conceivable mode, by the almost unanimous opinion of distinguished statesmen, the uniform action of the Government, and the ready acquiescence of the people. With as little justice can it be maintained, that the question is not yet settled by the authority of the judicial tribunals of the United States. The Message declares, that those tribunals have not determined that the provisions of the particular bill of the last session of Congress are constitutional. They have however affirmed the constitutionality of the existing charter, which this bill was intended to renew. We regret to perceive, that the President appears himself to entertain doubts of the constitutional power of Congress to incorporate any other institution, than such an one as he has himself recommended in a former Message; one which would certainly not come within any constitutional prohibition, if any such existed, to incorporate a Bank.

We will here allude to some other portions of the Message, which convince us, that the assent of the President to any bill for the incorporation of a bank, bearing the least resemblance to the existing one, is not to be expected. In attempting to show, that the provisions of the bill are not such as are necessary and proper to enable Congress to carry into execution any of their powers, he points to the section in which it is declared that no other bank shall be established during the continuance of the present one, as an unconstitutional restriction imposed by one Congress on the just authority of several successive future ones. The doctrine is simply this; that Congress can make no contract, which shall be binding on their successors. If this doctrine be well founded, nothing is more certain than the fact, that all certificates of public stock, all pledges of property of the Government for the payment of the public debt, all subscriptions to the stock of incorporated companies for the purposes of internal improvement, all contracts, in short, of every description whatsoever, perish with the Congresses by which they are made. We do not consider it necessary to do more than state this proposition; it is enough for our present purpose to say, that no individual, in the full possession of his senses, could ever become a subscriber to the stock of an institution, which the same power that made, could the next moment destroy. As if the doctrine were not stated with sufficient clearness, the President shortly after de-

clares, that 'every act of Congress which attempts by grants of monopolies, or sales of exclusive privileges for a limited time, or a time without limit, to restrict or extinguish its own discretion in the choice of means to execute its delegated powers, is equivalent to a legislative amendment of the constitution, and palpably unconstitutional.' Again: 'By its silence, in connexion with the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of McCulloch against the State of Maryland,' says the Message, 'this act takes from the States the power to tax a portion of the banking business carried on within their limits, in subversion of one of the strongest barriers which secured them against Federal encroachments;' and this supposed power is declared to be one, to which the States ought 'pertinaciously to cling,' and of which it is unconstitutional to deprive them. It is worthy of remark, that the right of taxing the parent Bank, which is here considered as a clear State right, has not before been claimed; all that has been contended for, is that of taxing its various offices. We have already remarked, that the bill concedes no right of taxation whatever to the States; if they do not possess it, it is denied them by the constitution of the United States; if they do, no act of Congress could take the right away. The right for which the Message contends is that of taxing the circulation of the Bank. The power of taxation is unlimited; it involves that of complete annihilation. There must be some singular confusion of powers, if Congress may do that, which the States may forcibly prevent; if Congress has power to erect an institution, which the States have equal power to overthrow. The argument proceeds upon the assumption, that the power over all banking business, including that of regulating the currency, belongs exclusively to the States; and if the assumption have any foundation, it shows that Congress have no jurisdiction over the subject at all. With such views, how can the assent of the President be given to any bank of circulation, at any future day? How could he approve a bill which, in his judgment, would be equivalent to a deliberate and dangerous assumption on the part of Congress of a right plainly reserved to the several States? Or, if he should consent to do this, how could individuals be induced to invest their property, where, at any moment of dissatisfaction, it could be swept at once into the treasury of any State? We hold, therefore, that on the principles of the Message, not only the days of this Bank are numbered, but

that, so far as depends on the Executive, it would be delusion to look for the creation of any other; excepting such an one, without power to make loans, without power to issue notes, without property and without credit, as he has himself already recommended.

It was not without surprise, that we saw the following doctrine promulgated on the authority of the President of the United States. 'It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President, to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval, as it is of the Supreme Judges, when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. The opinion of the Judges has no more authority over Congress, than the opinion of Congress has over the Judges; and on that point, the President is independent of both. The authority of the Supreme Court must not, therefore, be permitted to control Congress or the Executive, when acting in their legislative capacities, but to have only such influence as the force of their reasoning may deserve.' If by this it be intended to assert, that the Supreme Court have no authority to interpose to prevent the passage of an unconstitutional law, the proposition is doubtless true; but it goes farther. It declares that, after the Supreme Court have declared a law to be unconstitutional, Congress may properly re-enact it, whenever they see fit. If such be its real meaning, a doctrine more fatal to the operation of our Government is not easily to be conceived. Will it be seriously maintained, that if the Supreme Court had at any time decided against the power of the Legislature to create a bank, they might the very next moment establish one, without any violation of the spirit of the constitution? The constitution is nothing more than the recorded will of the people of the Union; in all controversies respecting its intent and meaning, it is ordained by that supreme will, that the Court, and not the Legislature shall decide. By such a doctrine, a legislative body, acting under certain powers, are at liberty to do, not only what the tribunal which is commissioned by the people to decide in doubtful cases respecting the extent of those powers, declare that they do not authorize, but that they explicitly forbid. The judicial power is thus made to rest upon the arm of other authority, and may at any hour be crushed beneath it. All the restrictions by which the wisdom of our fathers would have checked the

unlimited exercise of legislative discretion, are swept away; all the safeguards, which their providence erected as a barrier to shield our civil rights, are prostrate in the dust. The whole action of the system of our Government is converted into a mere battle between its several departments, for power and victory. Indeed, the tone of the Message throughout, as respects the Supreme Court of the United States, is not what we had hoped to see; here, as well as elsewhere, it seems to have fallen on evil days, if not on evil tongues. It is now more than forty years, since that great and dignified tribunal was first erected. During that whole period, some of the wisest and best men of our country have filled its seats; its moral influence, like the invisible attraction which holds the universe together, has preserved, each in its place and order, the various and mighty elements of our social system. The world affords no finer spectacle, than the tranquil but majestic operation of a power like this; relying, not on that force which unintelligent things obey, but on the more exalted and commanding force of truth and wisdom; no nobler example of proud and dignified self-denial, than the act, by which millions consented to do homage at the venerable shrine of reason and of law. Like all things else in the constitution of our Government, it had its birth in the united public will. It may be overthrown by violence, or it may be undermined by the slow efforts of illiberal hostility. But if it be the will of Providence, that its pillars should be shaken, the whole fabric of that Government will perish in a common ruin; the days of our country's glory will be numbered and finished;—her historian may shut the book;—her star will go down in blood.

It is contended in the Message, that the Supreme Court have done no more than to decide, that Congress may incorporate a bank; but that they have never yet decided, that the 'features' of the existing charter are constitutional. The Court, it maintains, in the case of McCulloch against the State of Maryland, observed, that it was the province of the Legislature to decide upon the degree of the necessity of such an institution, and thus admitted, that the details, the particular features of the act, are points with which the Judges conceive themselves to have nothing to do; and it then proceeds to argue, that several of the provisions of the existing act are not necessary to enable the Bank to perform the duties assigned to it as a public agent, and are of course unwarranted by the constitu-

tion. Here is apparently a cold and reluctant assent to the authority of the decision, but it is only given to what we consider a very erroneous representation of it. In the case in question, the language of the Court was, that 'the act incorporating the Bank is constitutional.' This act is the charter of the existing Bank; and it would be a strange inference from these expressions, that the act itself may be constitutional, while its provisions are altogether at war with the constitution. The import of the terms is obviously, not merely that Congress may incorporate a bank, but that the act of incorporation, in its present form, is within the just limits of their authority; and not that the question, whether Congress have exercised their power in conformity with the constitution, is one with which they have nothing to do, or that the Legislature may have used a constitutional power in an unconstitutional way. Undoubtedly, the Court disclaimed all right of judging of the degree of the necessity for the exercise of this power; that is, whether Congress should or should not use their constitutional discretion. This would have been a plain assumption of legislative authority; but it is difficult to imagine, how this can be mistaken for a declaration, that, as Congress may use such means as are suitable and proper for the due execution of their rightful powers, the Court cannot interfere when they employ improper ones. Still less did the Court determine, that an act, in execution of any of the powers of Congress, in order to be 'necessary and proper' within the meaning of the constitution, must be of absolute and indispensable necessity. Were this the fact, our Government would soon be at an end. Not a single provision of the penal code of the Union is indispensably and absolutely necessary. There are, in fact, no means by which the powers of Congress are ever exercised, for which others might not be substituted. The Message admits, that such is not the opinion of the Court. 'The Court,' it observes, 'have satisfied themselves that the word "necessary," in the constitution, means "needful," "requisite," "essential," "conducive to;"' and then proceeds to maintain, that certain provisions of the existing charter, not being indispensably necessary, are unconstitutional. In its terms, therefore, the Message very unwillingly admits the authority of the Court; but the argument forgets the admission. The Court declare, that the Bank is exempt from liability to State taxation; that it may lawfully be invested with exclusive privi-

leges; that it possesses the right to establish branches where it pleases; all this the Message pronounces plainly unconstitutional, and in doing it, expresses of course the same opinion of the existing charter, as a whole.

It seems hardly necessary to enter into an argument to defend that, which the authorized expounder of constitutional law, the Supreme Court of the United States, has already vindicated with all the force of authority and reasoning. We shall not attempt to do this; but simply express our conviction, already intimated more than once, that they must greatly deceive themselves, who entertain the hope that the President can ever give his assent to any bill bearing the slightest relation, in any of its essential provisions, to the existing charter. He says, indeed, that had the Executive been called upon to furnish the project of an institution, not liable to any constitutional objections, the duty would have been cheerfully performed. That task has already been performed, and the result is not such, as to inspire Congress with any passion for soliciting the Executive further. Such is not the province of the Executive; such applications are not in the usual nor appropriate course of the proceedings of Congress. Had they, however, thought fit to adopt the intimation, and to call upon the Secretary of the Treasury, the organ of the Executive on financial subjects, for such a project, what could he have done more than to refer them to his Report at the beginning of the late session, in which he has urgently recommended the renewal of the existing charter?

We have thus adverted to those portions of the Message of the President, which appeared to us most open to objection. There are other portions, as well as other considerations which have been frequently urged elsewhere, to which our limits will not permit us even to allude. The subject is not easily comprehended within the compass of a few pages; and, in the remarks we have already made, we have found ourselves compelled to treat it more in the way of suggestion, than of ample and extended investigation.

Even if the question were simply between the continuance of the existing Bank, and some other with similar powers, there are considerations of importance which plead strongly in favor of the former. The profits of the stockholders, including the advanced value of the stock, have not been large; their affairs have been conducted with judgment,

prudence and liberality of spirit; besides the price originally paid for their charter, they have performed services for the nation, in supplying it with loans, in the transfer of its funds, and in the restoration of a sound and uniform currency, and performed them faithfully and well. But, more than this, the danger of a transfer of their privileges and duties to another institution, a danger which the Secretary of the Treasury has so clearly and strongly pointed out, ought not causelessly to be incurred. The hazards consequent upon a change of this sort would be great and numerous; what benefit the country could derive from it, it is beyond our comprehension to perceive.

If, however, it should be determined that no bank shall exist, we know not how the country is to be preserved from that wretched state of distrust, confusion and disaster, from which the efforts of years were heretofore required to redeem it. What reason is there to believe, that the long train of ills, which followed the dissolution of the last Bank, will not attend the extinction of the present one,—wild and reckless speculation, ruined confidence, worthless currency, and prostrate and broken credit? Let the people attend to the warnings of experience. If there be truth in her voice, or wisdom in her instruction, there will be nothing auspicious in the hour, which shall witness the downfal of the Bank.

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